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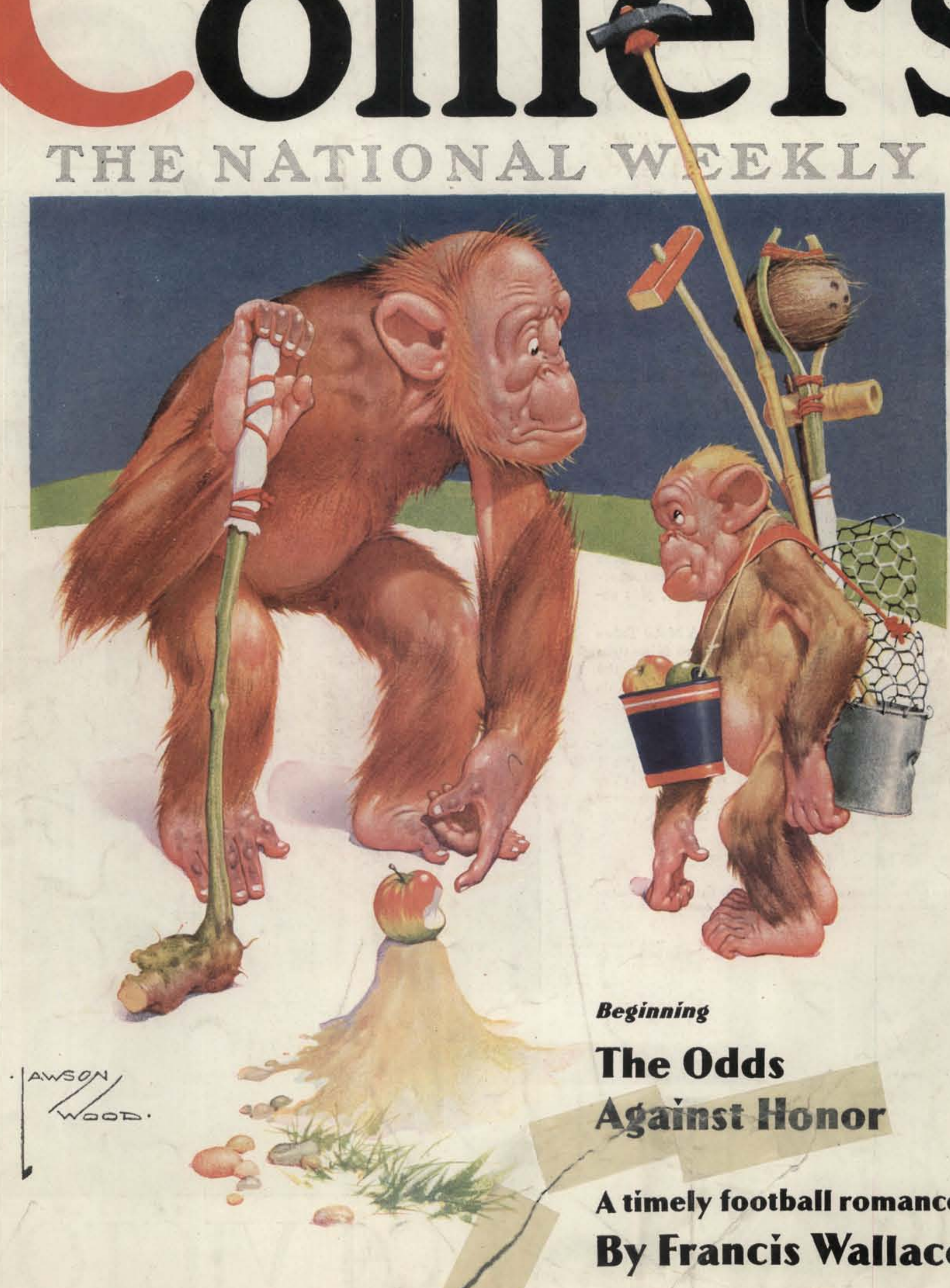
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★



Beginning

The Odds Against Honor

A timely football romance

By Francis Wallace

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cT. 26, 1935

RCA's New 1936 "Magic Brain" has an Eye!

Thrilling new sets bring you even greater performance by the famous "Magic Brain" and the "Magic Eye"

—ANOTHER RCA VICTOR FIRST!

RCA Victor's "Magic Brain" brings you the finished, realistic performance you've long wanted! And, in addition to a startling "Magic Brain", the 1936 models also have a new, scientific development—the "Magic Eye"!

New Precision of Reception—The "Magic Brain" offers a new thrill in home radio—"Studio Tone"! Reproduction so clear and true, so vivid it actually seems to seat you right in the broadcast studio. This sharp, precise reception is possible because the "Brain" *concentrates* on the program you want. It may come from foreign lands . . . may be a flyer above the clouds . . . police in pursuit of a criminal . . . amateurs . . . or a domestic station nearby. Whatever it is, wherever it is, you get the best reception possible, giving you full tone, making reception really *live!* Annoying noises, and other interferences, are reduced more than ever by the "armoured watchman" tube, a vital part of all "Magic Brain" receivers!

Micro-matic Tuning—RCA's latest scientific achievement—the "Magic Eye"—makes tuning a real pleasure. Through this supersensitive electronic eye you, at last, get *silent tuning*, plus obtaining stations with new ease and accuracy.

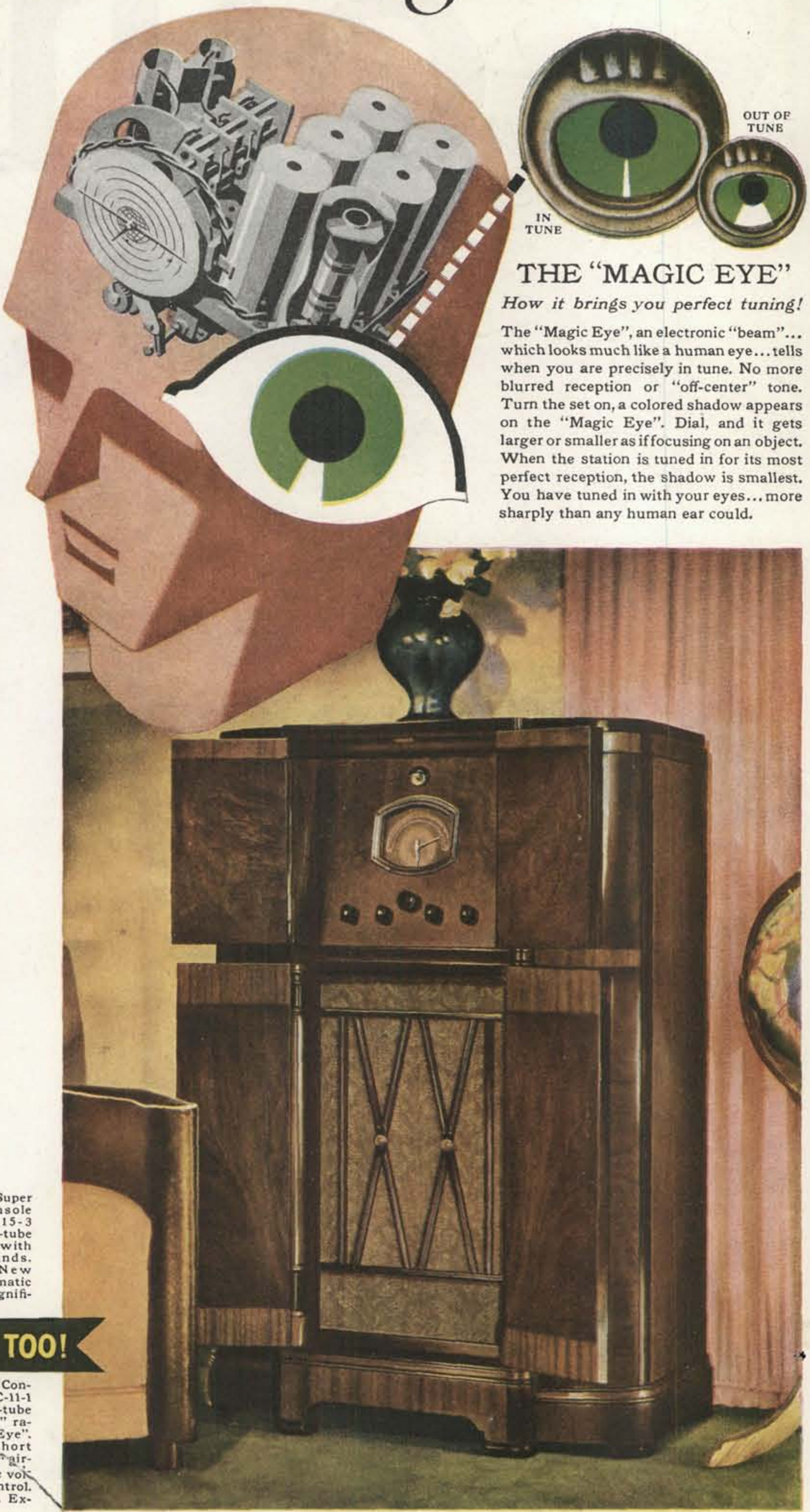
Still more features—The new radios have RCA Metal Tubes—the greatest tube development in 28 years. *More* tubes than ever. The "Selector", a new range dial which exposes *only* the wave band in use. New cabinet design which scientifically affords better tone reproduction. Advanced cabinet styling for truly luxurious beauty. And prices to please your purse!

See and hear these magnificent sets at your RCA Victor dealer's today. And meet the miraculous "Magic Eye"—eye to "eye"! RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America. . . . *Put new life in your present radio—install RCA Radio Tubes!* . . . You can buy RCA Victor radios on C. I. T. Corp. easy payment plan.

PRICES FROM $19.95 to $550.00

(subject to change without notice)

f. o. b. Camden, New Jersey, including home, automobile and farm radios and radio-phonographs. And remember, any set works better with RCA Antenna systems.



THE "MAGIC EYE"

How it brings you perfect tuning!

The "Magic Eye", an electronic "beam"... which looks much like a human eye... tells when you are precisely in tune. No more blurred reception or "off-center" tone. Turn the set on, a colored shadow appears on the "Magic Eye". Dial, and it gets larger or smaller as if focusing on an object. When the station is tuned in for its most perfect reception, the shadow is smallest. You have tuned in with your eyes... more sharply than any human ear could.

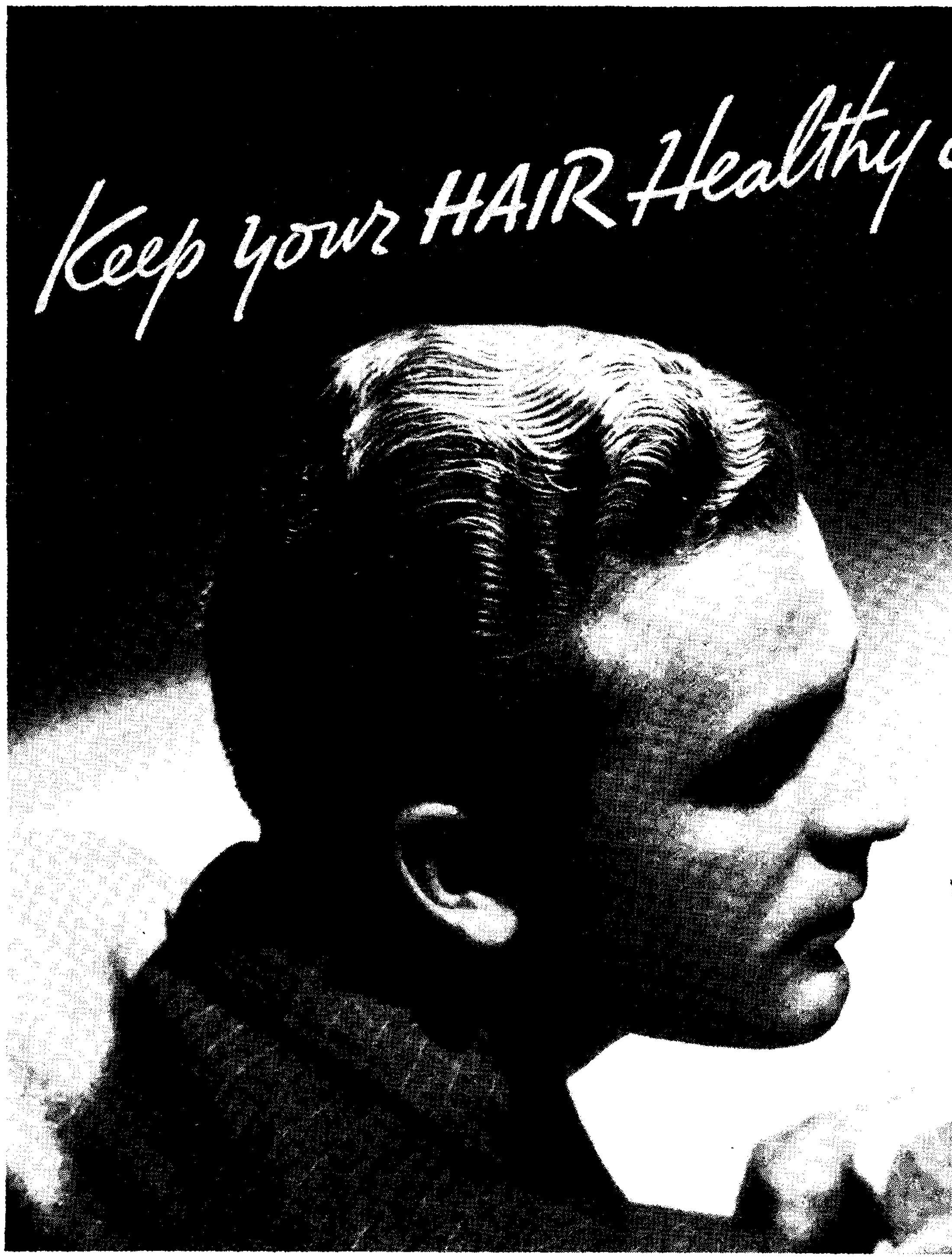
RCA Victor Super De Luxe Console Model C-15-3 (Right). A 15-tube "Magic Brain" radio with "Magic Eye". 5 bands. 12-inch speaker. New "Selector" dial. Automatic volume control. Magnificent cabinetry. $250.

METAL TUBES TOO!

RCA Victor Console Model C-11-1 (Left). An 11-tube "Magic Brain" radio with new "Magic Eye". 3 bands, long and short wave. New "Selector" airplane dial. Automatic volume, high tone control. Music-speech control. Exquisite cabinet. $150.

RCA VICTOR

The world's greatest artists are on Victor Records


Keep your HAIR Healthy and Handsome...

with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

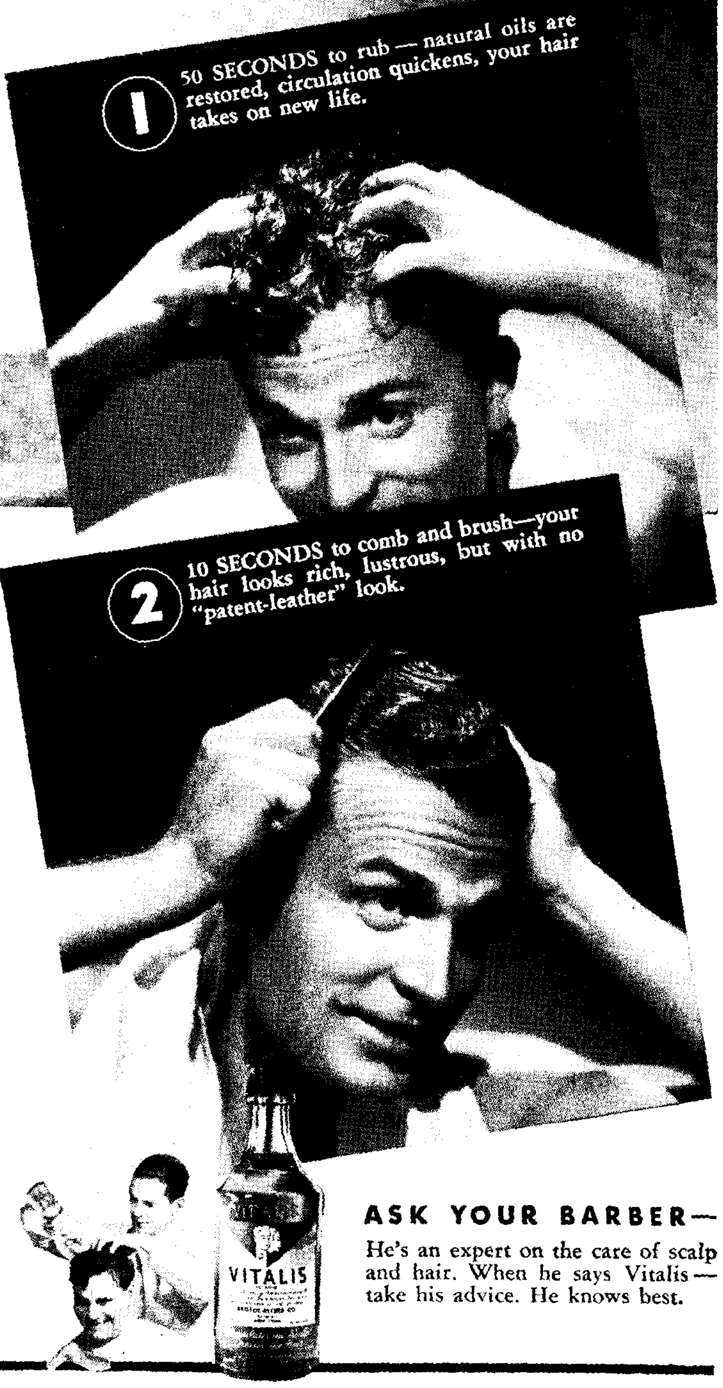
THE way to healthy, handsome hair is to go right down into the scalp after it—right down to the hair roots themselves. And that's why Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" is so splendidly effective. It loosens your tight scalp . . . speeds up circulation . . . stimulates the hair roots . . . the actual *source* of hair health.

And the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis not only stimulate and loosen the scalp . . . they also help to replenish the natural oils so necessary to a healthy scalp and to healthy hair.

Vitalis helps your scalp to *help* itself. It helps your hair to *save* itself. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair looks lustrous and alive. It stays in place. No "patent-leather" shine —just a well-kept, well-groomed look to it.

Use the "60-Second Workout" twice a week —or more often if you want to. And here's another suggestion with good sound sense in it:

For a perfectly *clean* scalp, use Vitalis and a vigorous massage just *before* your regular shampoo—and just after, too. For Vitalis with massage breaks up any oily deposits, loosens any dandruff present—makes it easy for the shampoo to float *all* away. Then Vitalis and a swift massage—and you're set—with a clean, healthy, good-looking, well-groomed head of hair that any man would be proud of.



① 50 SECONDS to rub — natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life.

② 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.

ASK YOUR BARBER—
He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

TRUCKS that carry high explosives are, by requirement of law, painted red. Usually they are equipped with a governor so that the driver cannot go zooming about the country. The truck that Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan drove was both painted and governed. That made no difference to Messrs. Linn and Dunnevan.

They didn't know their cargo was "Dynamite." They were just doing a favor for a fair Irish colleen and they were in a hurry. Out came the governor, and the pair sped north at seventy miles an hour, thus becoming heroes. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan shows you this perplexing triumph of force and brains.

THE air of happy expectancy that has recently taken possession of the Republican party is based on the confident hope that a Right Wing revolt will split the Democrats wide open in 1936. Names are named and issues declared. In an important article George Creel describes and analyzes the opposition to Roosevelt policies within the Democratic party and forecasts its effect on next year's election.

TOM HYATT appeared suddenly from the high brush of Llano Blanco to play regularly in the line-up of a great polo four. He flashed across the polo sky like a meteor. What becomes of a cowboy who finds himself riding against men with great names and in love with a millionaire's daughter? The answer, in Tom Hyatt's case, is to be found in "The Glory Riders," by Frederick Mertz.

THE hardest job in the field of sport belongs to the football referee. We have Coach Lou Little's word for it. But that's difficult for a coach to remember when he has to sit and see the referee, by a wrong ruling, throw away a game that may cost the coach his job. "So I Said to the Referee" is by Mr. Little. He tells you not only what he said but what he thought.

JAMES LEE, before he became a Department of Justice man, had a very thorough training in the Chinese classics. It was thanks to that circumstance that he was able to solve the baffling murder of Alan Markham. In "Three Words" by Hugh Wiley you will see your favorite Chinese detective functioning at his subtle best.

ROARK BRADFORD, Quentin Reynolds, Doris Montague, Francis Wallace, the Countess de Forceville, Alan LeMay, Freling Foster and others bring you selected gifts. The best of the best.

This Week

●

October 26, 1935

Cover by Lawson Wood

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FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
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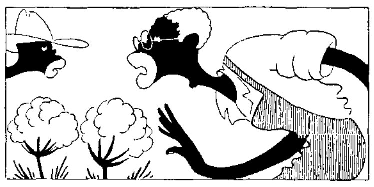
●

Any Week

IT ALL reminds Mr. Roy O'Brien of Webster City, Iowa, of an ancient politician who, when Mr. O'Brien was a lad, made a fine success of being candid as well as a candidate. "He used to tell us," says Mr. O'Brien, "that if you have a good candidate and a poor platform play up the candidate; if you have a good platform and a poor candidate play up the platform; but if you have neither, stand on the Constitution and wave the flag."

AND no more complete confession of "the mess they've made of America" could be made, says Mr. George F. Connaughton of Wilmington, Delaware, than that "the New Deal is hiring a couple of thousand investigators and writers to write a new Guide to America." Mr. Connaughton says: "This is an admission that the Roosevelt Administration doesn't know where it's at. So they are hiring all these writers and other experts to unravel the mess he's got us into and write it down in a series of books so they can tell what's happening to us. I am for Herbert Hoover for President. Under Herbert Hoover nothing will happen that will make it necessary to write a book."

BUT there are others who take a far simpler view of whatever it is that has happened to us. Mrs. Fred D. Main of Perote, Alabama, reports that we don't know what it means to be puzzled until we've seen some of the Negroes down her way "try to understand why their cotton-gin permits don't cover all the cotton they've worked so hard to raise. As one old Negro said: 'Well, Lawd, dey's jest two things I know I gotta do and dat's stay black and die.' "



HOWEVER, we can't squander all our time on such trivialities. Here's Mr. John W. Larimore of Nogales, Arizona, with an accusation that we don't discriminate properly between the terms desert rat and sourdough. "The sourdough," says he, "came into existence in the Alaska gold rush. The desert rat spends ninety per cent of his time hunting for his burros. The rest of his time is consumed in hunting for firewood to cook his bacon and beans. The sourdough spends ninety per cent of his time trying to keep warm. The rest of his time is taken up in rustling enough to eat."

FURTHERMORE, we have to ponder such questions as justice for amateur radio artists. Miss Eunice Norcross of Miami, Florida, confesses she is "an amateur radio entertainer by profession. I am asking you to get back of a movement to have the government set aside a part of its work relief money to encourage and develop amateur radio entertainers. By doing so the government will make many talented young people self-sustaining and at the same time keep the public's mind off politics. I would like to see a minimum-wage code for amateur-hour artists also."

MINIMUM WAGE

IN THE meantime you might go duck-shooting. This is a very pleasant sport, according to Mr. Joe K. Niehaus of Minneapolis, Minnesota, "and can be practiced almost anywhere ducks are." We believe Mr. Niehaus. We recall the time the late Mr. W. O. McGeehan, the famous sports writer of New York, went duck hunting on a small lake in Ontario. In vain did the natives assure Mr. McGeehan that there were no ducks thereabout. Mr. McGeehan knew better. For three days he sat alone in his boat, gun across his knees. But no ducks. The only break in the monotony was that thrice something buffeted Mr. McGeehan on the back of his head. The fourth time, quite annoyed, Mr. McGeehan turned savagely and let go blindly with both barrels. And a duck fell into the water.

AND just as we were getting along so nicely, Mrs. F. Kretschmar of Chicago, Illinois, has to sink us. "How," demands she, "are we to know when recovery is here and everything is all right again? Will the White House tell us or will we have to wait until the Republicans elect a President? Or will we have to decide for ourselves and if so how are we all going to decide together?"

MR. MARSHALL CHAPIN of Knoxville, Tennessee, caught us talking about states' rights and explodes: "What did the states do about gangster lawlessness? What did the states do to fight the depression? What did the states do about relief for the unemployed and unemployables? What did the states do about state bank failures?"

NO MORE space. Hooray!

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Cancer of the Breast?

Many women who fear that they have breast cancer are worrying without cause

Most "lumps" in the breast are not cancer. But the dangers of untreated cancer of the breast are so great that every woman owes it to herself to discover the true nature of any lump, or other unusual condition, as soon as she becomes aware of it.

Breast cancers are being treated successfully—frequently without disfigurement. It appears, from the experience of a large number of cancer experts, that about 70 per cent of all cases, when treated properly and before the cancer has spread beyond the breast, show no return after five years. The chances of permanent cure are greatly increased if the condition is treated in the very earliest stage.

Breast cancer occurs at almost any age but mainly among women over forty. After a woman reaches the age of thirty, careful examination of the breasts should always be a part of her periodic health examination. Husbands should urge their wives to have examinations regularly.

Whenever a lump is discovered in the breast, a careful and exact study should be made to determine whether it is definitely cancer, possibly cancer, or not cancer at all. Your physician will probably recommend that the diagnosis be made by a specialist. In its early stages a breast cancer usually yields to expert use of surgery, with or without the help of X-rays or radium. Safety lies in prompt action.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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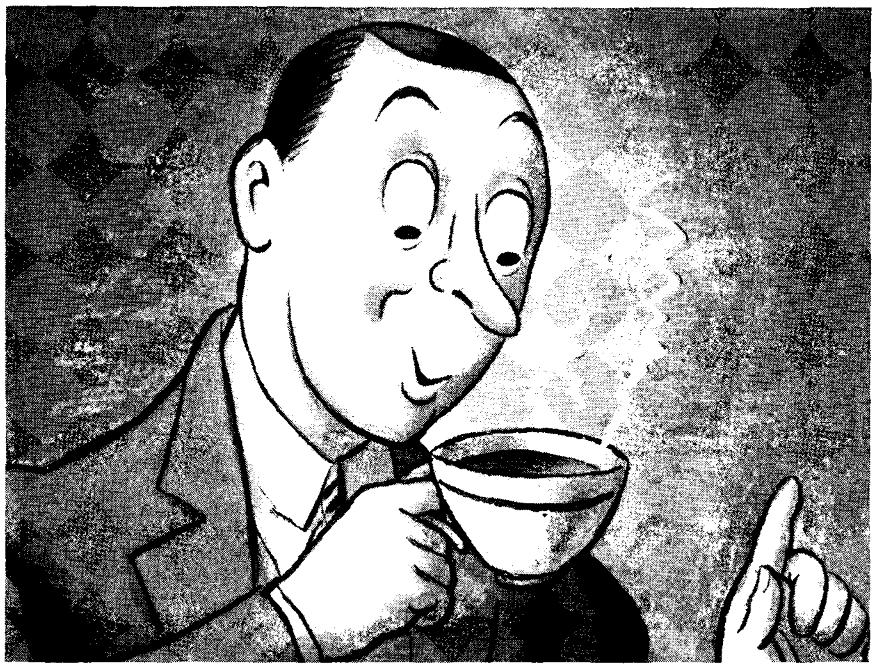
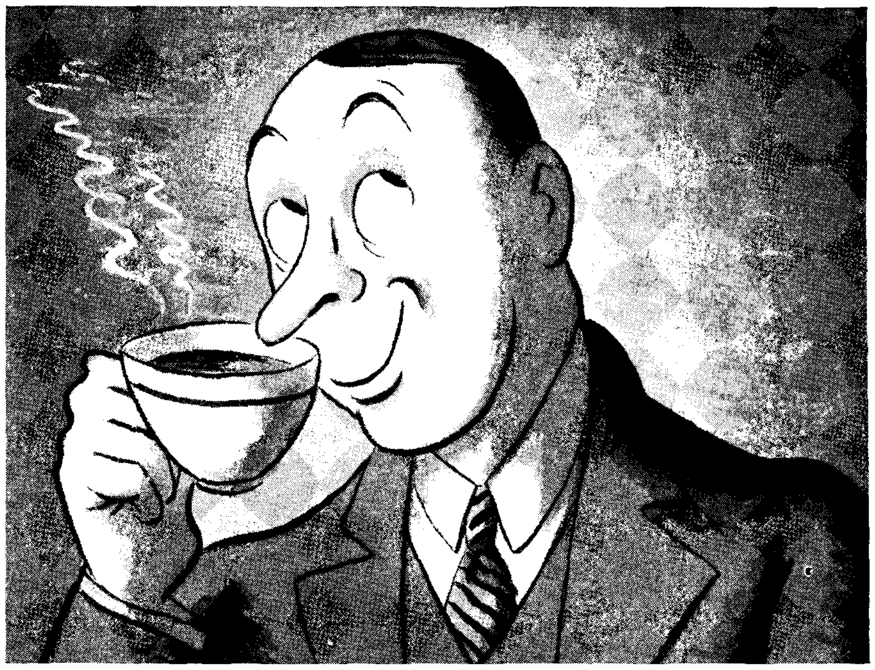
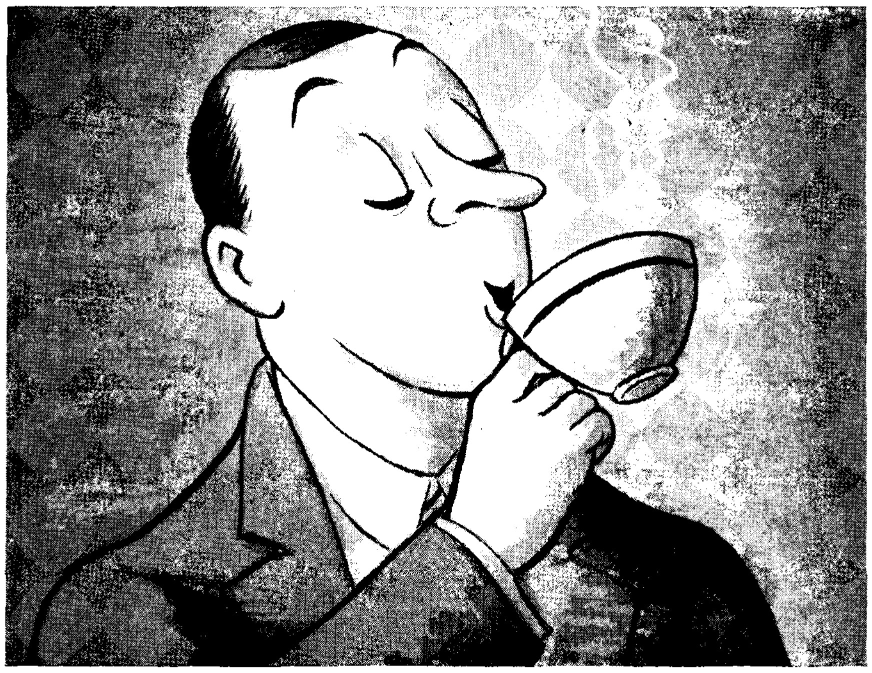


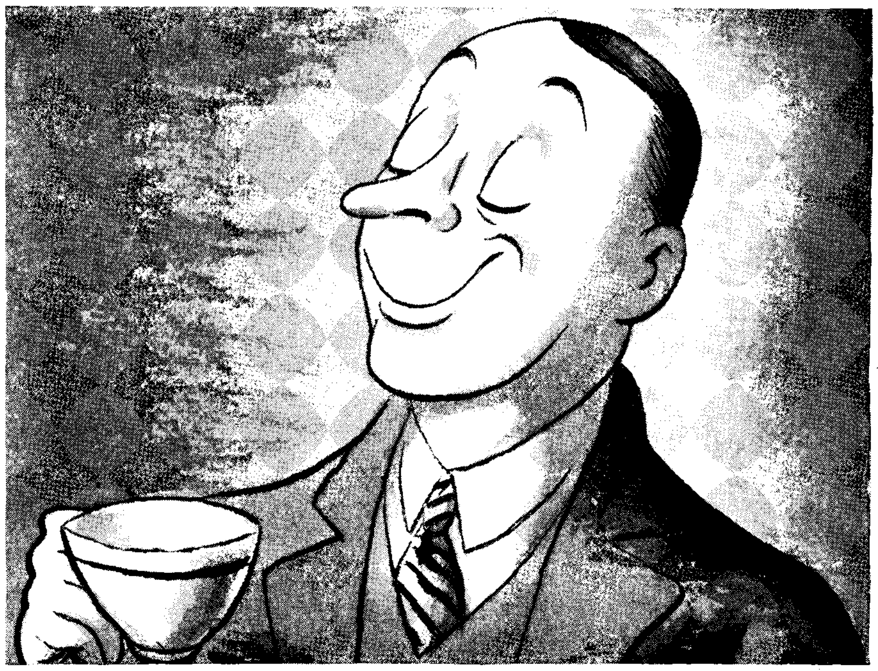
Introduction—Witness the keen light of desire in this coffee-lover's eyes. Sanka Coffee is coming into his life for the very first time.



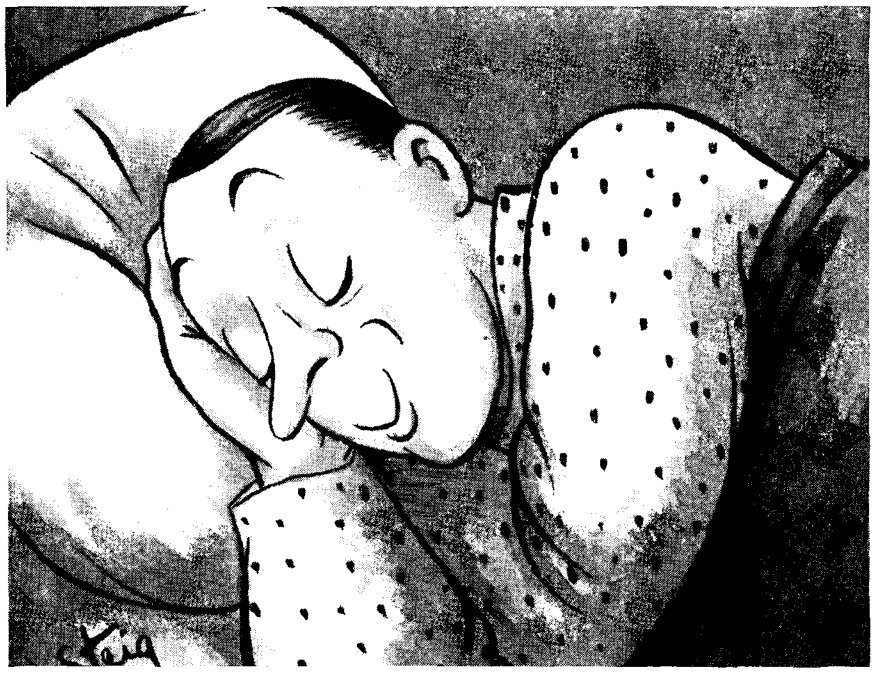
Anticipation—Behold that noble Roman nose fairly quivering with anticipation as the fragrant coffee aroma arises from the steaming cup.



Investigation—Observe the dawning light of joy as his lips first meet Sanka Coffee. What a blend! What richness! What goodness!



Appreciation—Mark the satisfaction as he glows with the at-peace-with-the-world feeling that only the finest coffees can bestow.



Relaxation—Look at the same coffee lover, if you please. Fast asleep, five minutes after his head hits the pillow, peaceful as a babe, perhaps dreaming of this wonderful coffee that *lets him sleep*.

IF YOU love coffee but are affected by the caffein it contains, you ought to discover Sanka Coffee!

It's a "great" coffee. And you never need hesitate about saying "Yes" to it, for 97% of the sleep-robbing caffein has been removed.

Coffee with your dinner? Of course. Coffee as a nightcap? Certainly! *Any*time, if it's Sanka Coffee.

And as its flavor opens your eyes at dinner time, its freedom from caffein will let them close again at bed time. Yes, thanks to Sanka, coffee is yours again to delight in as you will!

Make Sanka Coffee the way any fine coffee tastes best—good and *strong*. Use a heaping tablespoonful—as much coffee as the spoon will hold—for each cup. And give it a few minutes extra "on the fire."

Yes, drink it black at night, for it won't, it *can't*, keep you awake. Get a can of Sanka Coffee from your grocer today. Sanka Coffee is a product of General Foods.

PACKED IN VACUUM
ALL PURPOSE GRIND
SANKA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COFFEE
97% of the CAFFEIN REMOVED

Collier's The National Weekly for October 26, 1935

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The Odds Against Honor

By Francis Wallace

A stirring romance of football in the shadow of the underworld

THE Mad Melodians poured out pulsing pash. Dancers, touring the floor, lingered before the Bailey table as though it were a shrine.

Lingered and talked as they swished obediently to the merry caprices of the Mad Melodians.

That's Jim *Bai*ley, the real-estate and race-track man. His horse won a *der*by or a darby or whate*v*er you call it, remember? No—but it's all right with me. The old lady in the black dress must be Clark Jenkins' mother. *Poor* old thing. She looks *tir*ed. *You*'d look tired, *too.*

Which one is *he*? What do you mean, *he*—there's a lot of *hes.* You know who I *mean,* Clark *Jenk*ins. Why, *he* doesn't look like the kind to get mixed up in—

In *what?* Well, you know all that stuff in the *pa*pers. Don't believe everything you read in the papers.

And who's that one next to him? So *that's* Cal Cal*houn.* Isn't he *hand*some?

My, that be*yew*tiful girl. That *dress.*

Oh, I bet I know who *she* is. She must be Lois Mont*gom*ery, the society artist engaged to Cal Calhoun. Re*mem*ber, *Win*chell had them in his *col*umn?

I tell you the one I want to see—Bailey's *daugh*ter, the one that's supposed to go with Clark Jenkins? You know, they had her *pic*ture in the paper when there was all that stuff about him?

That must be she next to his mother. Pretty, isn't she? Probably trying to find out how he likes his stuff cooked. Swell chance of catching *her* in the kitchen. *She*'ll probably have about eighteen servants with two extra for Sundays and holidays. Well, if *you* had all that money. Say if *I* had all that money—

That's Joe Gates, the coach. *He's* having his troubles, too. Well, that's what a coach gets paid for—having troubles.

I don't see anybody that looks like that gambler, though—

They wouldn't want *him* around here. anyhow.

Well, just the same, all that *stuff*—

*Ev*erybody bets on *foot*ball games.

Oh, did you see Cal Calhoun look down at her then? If he would ever look at *me* like that—*ooooh!*

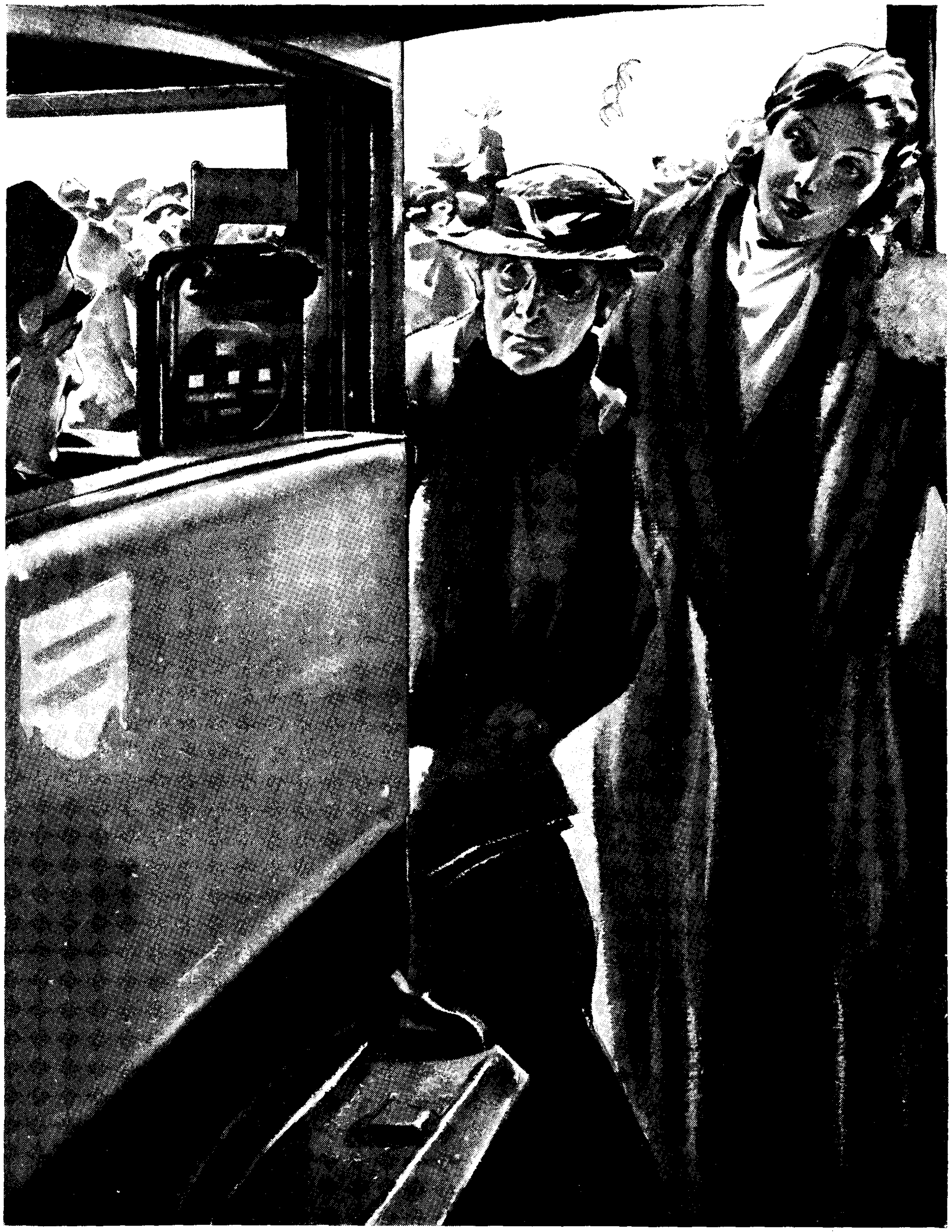
Say, have *you* gone *nuts?*

It's *so* romantic—*he* from the coal mines and *she*—

Come on, let's *dance.*

THERE would be thousands like her in the city that day—young, fresh, red-cheeked, bright-eyed and furry. Except for one circumstance, she would have drawn but brief glances from even the most dashing young man.

But this was a young lady who had been stood up in a hotel lobby. She didn't like it. Some man was going to be in for it. So the dashing young men, starting for the stadium, chuckled.



"Come, now," Margaret said, "we'll show these men we don't have to sit around"

The old lady was of more than casual interest, obviously out of place in this mob, except that, in one woolen glove, she clutched a football ticket. Her dark cloth coat was not sufficient for the temper of the day. The little black hat, once stylish, perhaps, was now just the hat of a little old lady who owned one little hat. She hunched against the wall, as if apologizing for her presence.

In the noisy, shifting melee, a seat was vacated. The girl reached it, got the attention of the lady, signaled with one finger and firmly sat her down.

"We seem to be in the same difficulty. I'm waiting for my brother—and when I get him, I'll boil him."

THE little old lady seemed neither so little nor old, then. Wrinkles melted into smoothness. Her eyes were a soft, patient blue.

"I'm waiting for my son—I suppose it's hard to get through these crowds. They'll be here."

The girl glanced at the lobby clock, checked it against the tiny watch at her wrist. "My name is Margaret Bailey."

The old lady gave her a tired smile and quick, agreeable nod. "That's a pretty name. Mine is Mis' Jenkins."

"We have a Clark Jenkins on the team."

"He's my boy." She said it simply, proudly, with obvious trust and confidence.

"Then it's no wonder he isn't here. It's not long before the game and—"

"Oh, it's not Clark I'm waiting for. It's Pete, my other son. It *is* good to sit down. We left home early this morning."

In a little while her eyes closed and she slept as a suddenly exhausted baby in the middle of confusion. Watching her, the girl meditated.

The stadium was ten minutes away under ordinary conditions but the trip might take an hour when heavy traffic choked the narrow streets. The early ones were already leaving the lobby, carrying blankets and heavy coats. Outside it was mid-October, crisp, with a whipping wind.

Margaret Bailey, of an age and generation neither subservient to nor dependent upon men, planned action. It might be more merciful, she thought, to allow this old lady to rest here than to take her into the commotion and the cold of the stadium; but she had evidently come a long distance to see her son.

THE old lady awoke with a start. "Oh, I must have been dozing." A quiet disappointment was in her patient voice. "They haven't come?"

Margaret spoke firmly. "No. And it's one o'clock."

"I have never seen Clark play the football—but Pete will come." But Margaret guessed, from the sad look that crept over the features of the old woman, that Pete was not a person of too great reliability.

"Now, Mrs. Jenkins, you trust me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, honey, you're so awful nice even to bother—"

"All right. Think of how Clark would feel if he were showing off for you and you were not there. Now my brother can just look out for himself. I have his ticket. We're going to the stadium."

"But Pete will worry."

"After the game I'll take you to Clark and Pete can find you there. If he worries in the meantime it will do him good."

The little old lady was trembling, but more excited than frightened. There was strength in this independent but serious young girl. The young ones were different nowadays—and they were right. Mrs. Jenkins stood. This was adventure, of a sort. There had been much trouble in her life but little adventure. "Come now," Margaret said. "We'll show these men we don't have to sit around."

They found a cab in the hawking, honking traffic, now beginning its maddest swirl. The old lady sat back, wrapped in a blanket, and watched the nickels mount extravagantly on the clock. She said: "Do you know Clark?"

"No. He's a big football hero. I'm just the unknown freshman. Do you mind a girl's smoking?"

"No. Didn't my grandmother smoke? There's lots worse things a girl can do. Do you know, this is the first time I've ever been in a taxicab?"

She was coming out of her shell. Her smile was merry, her eyes lively, her voice stronger and more positive. She was neither so little nor so old, not much over fifty.

"Is Clark nice?"

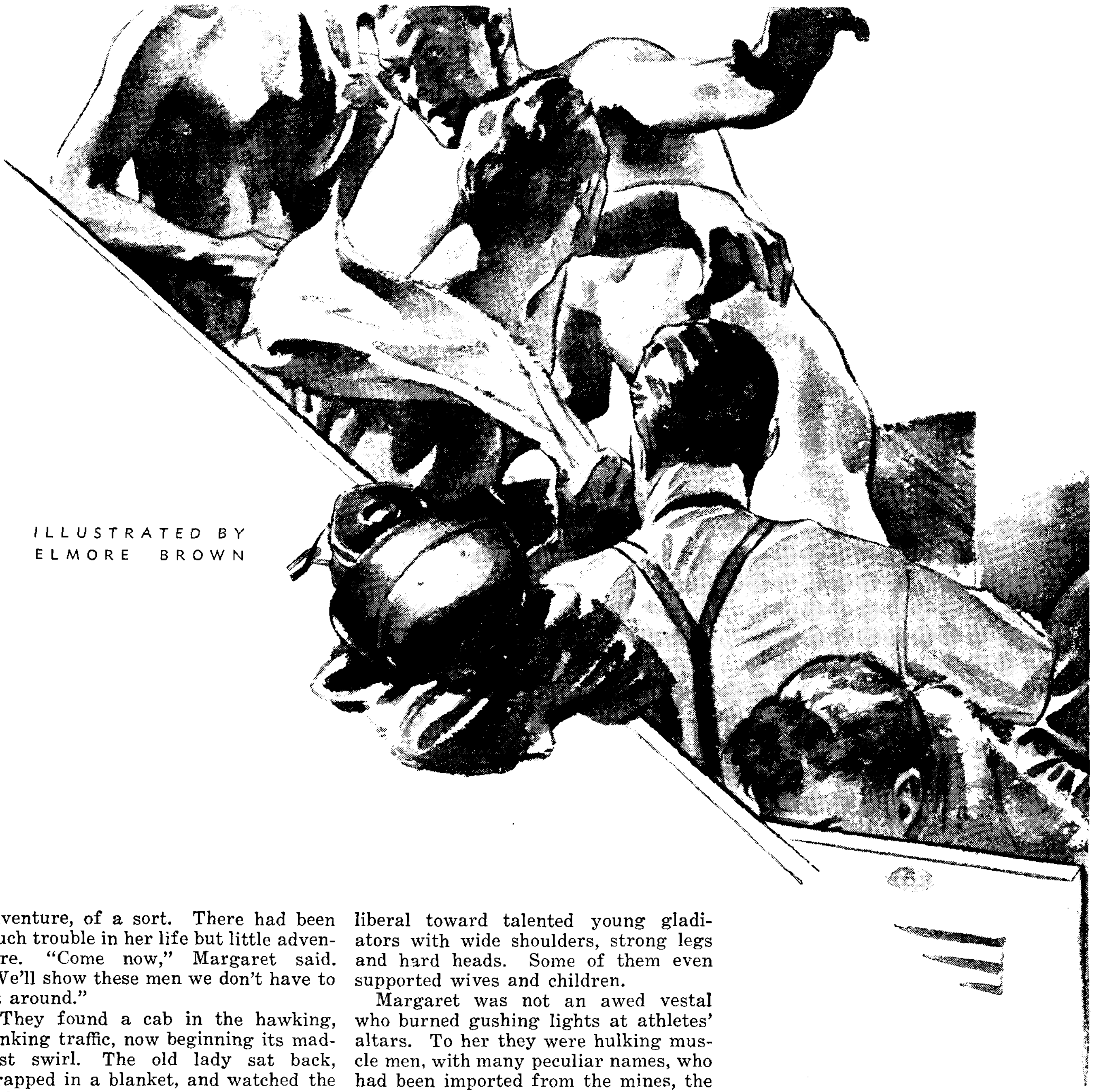
"Oh, he's a fine boy, Margaret. He's the same kind of a person you are."

She enthusiastically described the virtues of her son. He had always been a good boy; had brought home his money when working; was in college to make a man of himself so he could take care of his parents when he finished. His father was a cripple, from an accident in the coal mines, and his compensation money wasn't much.

She finally answered the unspoken question in Margaret's mind: If Clark was such a fine boy, what was he doing in college? Why wasn't he at home working so that he could take some of the burden off these stooped shoulders?

Clark sent money. It paid the rent and the store bill and there was usually some left over. He had a job at college which paid him well, some kind of a job. It was very hard on him, studying, playing the football and working hard enough to pay his expenses and theirs.

Margaret agreed that indeed it must be; but she had her own ideas about Clark's job. She knew that the athletic policy of Atlantic University was quite liberal toward talented young gladiators with wide shoulders, strong legs and hard heads. Some of them even supported wives and children.



ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Margaret was not an awed vestal who burned gushing lights at athletes' altars. To her they were hulking muscle men, with many peculiar names, who had been imported from the mines, the mills and the farms to fight the battles of legitimate students, such as her dear brother, who preferred to spend their time in gin mills.

They reached the stadium.

"We'll just take one more look here for the prodigal males."

THERE were honking horns; chattering voices of souvenir hawkers; strident calls of newsboys; there were people, people, people; but there were no prodigals.

The old lady was breathless when they finally reached their seats, high up in the student section near the thirty-yard line. Margaret draped a blanket about the thin shoulders, wrapped it around her legs. She bought an extra program and placed it under the high-topped shoes of her protesting charge. The cement attracted dampness and retained cold.

The great oval of the amphitheater was a panorama of wonder to Mrs. Jenkins. Her eyes were still good and she used them as a child does at his first Christmas tree. She wanted to know how many people were there. Sixty-five thousand. My! That was more than five times as many as lived in the entire town of Riverside. It was certainly a sight worth traveling so far to see.

She had come by car with Pete and another man and they would drive back again that night—if she found them. The other man was Tony Scotti. He kept a poolroom in Riverside and gambled on things but he wasn't a bad man and he never got in trouble and he had been very good to Clark. He had helped him in high school and had fixed it up some way for him to go to college.

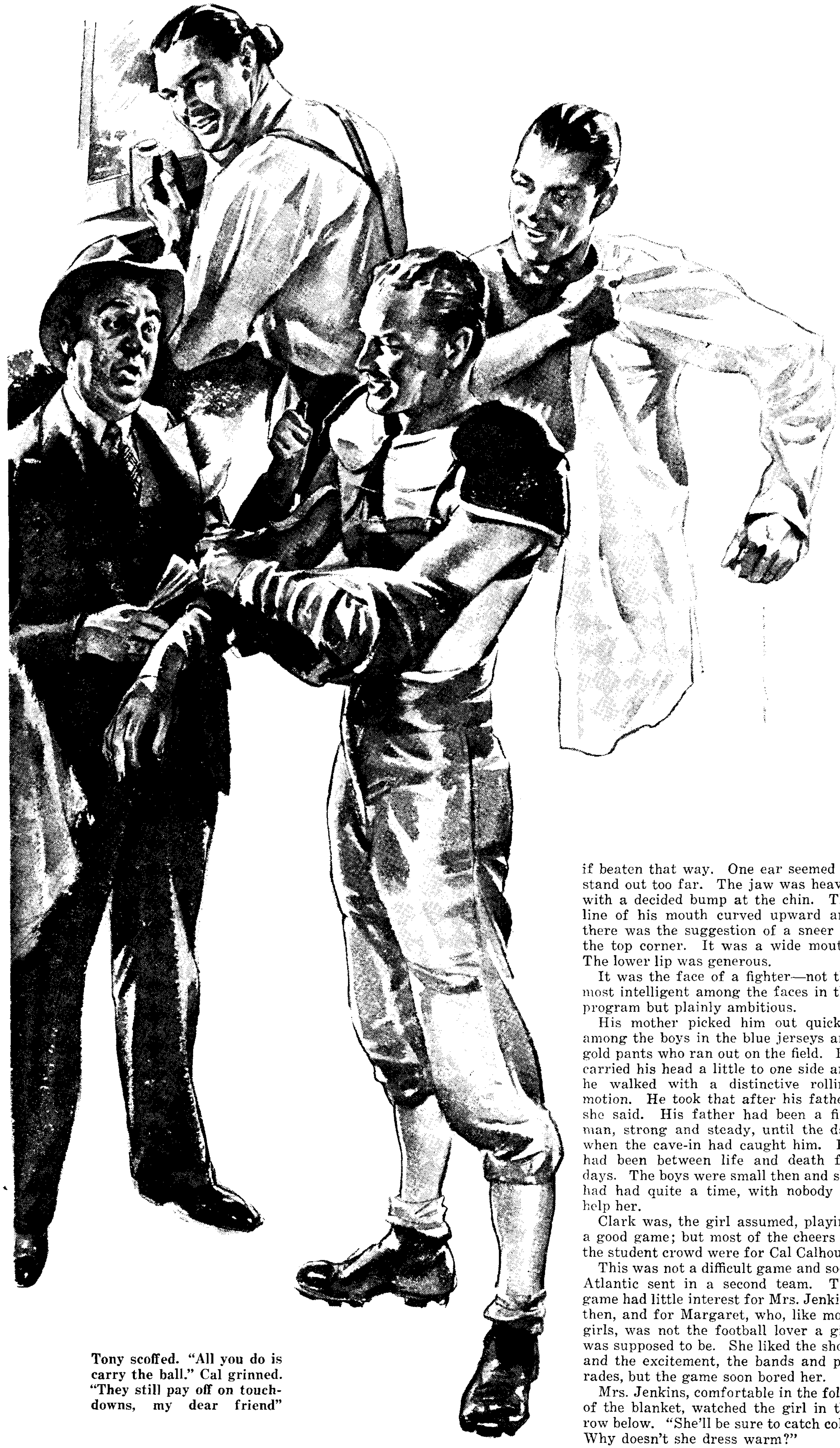
Tony bet a lot on the football. Pete bet too, when he had anything to bet. Pete was a prize fighter and for a while he made good money. He had bought her this hat and coat when he had won the fight in Pittsburgh. He had his picture in the papers then and did very well until he got knocked out. After that he would not train. She was glad of that. She hated to see his good looks spoiled.

But he was a good boy—wild but never got into any trouble except that when he was drinking he might punch somebody; but he was always sorry after and sometimes he cried and told her he was no good and he would do better. He had a good heart but he wasn't much to depend on.

The girls were always crazy about Pete but Clark didn't have any girls. He always said his Mom was his girl and he wouldn't have time for any others for a long while. She would be glad when he was through with the football, though. She had never seen it before because, somehow, it worried her.

Margaret Bailey found herself looking at the program picture of Clark Jenkins, age 22, senior in the College of Arts and Letters. Five feet, eleven inches, weight 182. Quarterback, punter, blocking back and defensive player. Third year on squad. Letter man two years.

His eyes were strong, black disks with no bright spots in the pupils, although this might have been due to the photography. A wavy mop of hair was brushed back from a high forehead. His nose was a little flat and crooked at the end, pushed a trifle toward one side, as



Tony scoffed. "All you do is carry the ball." Cal grinned. "They still pay off on touchdowns, my dear friend"

if beaten that way. One ear seemed to stand out too far. The jaw was heavy, with a decided bump at the chin. The line of his mouth curved upward and there was the suggestion of a sneer at the top corner. It was a wide mouth. The lower lip was generous.

It was the face of a fighter—not the most intelligent among the faces in the program but plainly ambitious.

His mother picked him out quickly among the boys in the blue jerseys and gold pants who ran out on the field. He carried his head a little to one side and he walked with a distinctive rolling motion. He took that after his father, she said. His father had been a fine man, strong and steady, until the day when the cave-in had caught him. He had been between life and death for days. The boys were small then and she had had quite a time, with nobody to help her.

Clark was, the girl assumed, playing a good game; but most of the cheers of the student crowd were for Cal Calhoun.

This was not a difficult game and soon Atlantic sent in a second team. The game had little interest for Mrs. Jenkins then, and for Margaret, who, like most girls, was not the football lover a girl was supposed to be. She liked the show and the excitement, the bands and parades, but the game soon bored her.

Mrs. Jenkins, comfortable in the folds of the blanket, watched the girl in the row below. "She'll be sure to catch cold. Why doesn't she dress warm?"

Such a girl, Margaret thought, was never cold while basking in the sun of masculine adoration. Godiva could have ridden in a blizzard, if this girl in the cocoa-brown kidskin jacket were Godiva, and the sidewalks were lined with men. The snug little coat did not hide, as a longer one would have hidden, slim, beautiful legs and diagonal plaid skirt of tile and brown. A tiny hat, of the same soft skin as her coat, might have belonged, appropriately enough, Margaret thought, to a baby pirate. A childish bow at the throat framed her face.

The girl turned. Her eyes were warm brown, so deep and luminous as to be almost russet, vital eyes which could say everything or nothing with equal ease. Delicately flared lips were in accord. She cupped her chin, the small, rounded apex of a harmonious triangle, in a small hand gloved in doeskin, with gauntlet cuff of fur.

THE camels, wolves, raccoons and other men in animal clothing were devouring her with eyes, furtive, bold, fatuous, obviously weighing the possibility of a gradual stupor falling upon her furry escort.

He was a tall, totally unimportant young man, with a dilapidated face, full of long, irregular hollows, like the side of a mountain after a landside. A black bowler rested precariously upon the narrow summit of his thin head. A bearskin coat hung to his heels like a cassock. At intervals he joined in the hosannas for Cal Calhoun. He always stood for this rite, as if he could not cheer sitting down.

The girl opened the bag in her narrow lap. Margaret guessed that it would contain, approximately, lipstick, compact, kerchief, eyebrow pencil, forty cents in change, three twenty-dollar bills, a sample of material, a notebook and cigarettes. The cigarette came out and, imperiously, it was indicated that a light was required.

The black bear performed some hocus-pocus among the folds of his furry robe and out of the depths came a silver lighter.

Margaret heard the girl say: "Swell trick, Freddy. Now could you make the hat go away?"

Freddy gazed at her legs. "Lois, I don't understand why you don't die—"

She was looking at her program. "Freddy—this Calhoun boy—will he be around tonight?"

"Naw!"

"You dig him up, won't you, darling?"

Freddy was annoyed. "Why the rave? If it's action you want—"

"I want to sketch him. He has a swell head."

Freddy roared. "He has a swell head, all right. Ha!"

His tone required discipline. "It is so refreshing to see an Atlantic aristocrat who can stand on his own feet over the week end."

"Ha. Aristocrat. Ha! You and your sketching. Ha!"

BETWEEN halves Freddy exchanged violent wavings with somebody below and left on a handshaking tour of Section F, Rows 1 to 27. Margaret observed that, true to the talents of the bear, he made much better time going up or down the hill than crosswise.

Freddy returned with a blanket. He wrapped his tiny bundle in it, tucked her in carefully. She told him he was a dear boy. He said it was his reputation he was thinking of, for Freddy never left 'em cold and he would not live it down if one of his women got pneumonia.

When he had finished, she carefully rearranged the blanket so that the golden A shone out resplendently, and also the shining legs.

Freddy said:

"All right. Go ahead and die."

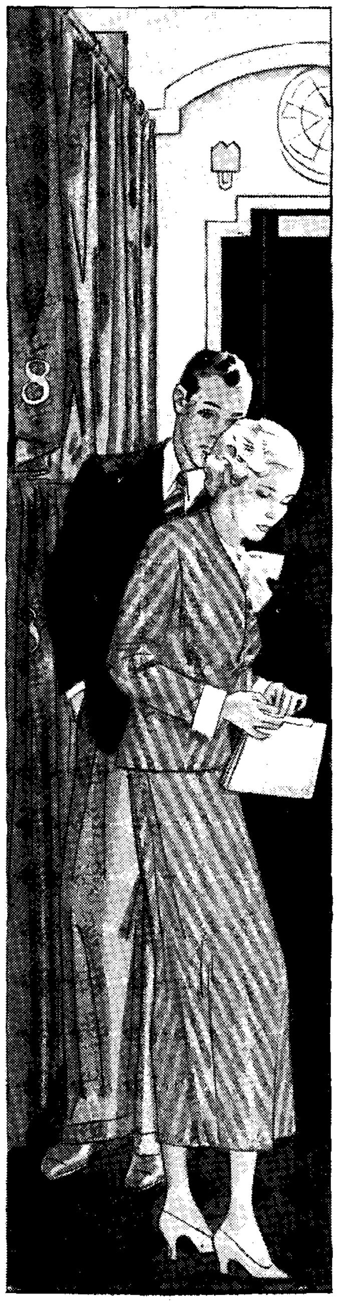
(Continued on page 55)

Shadowed

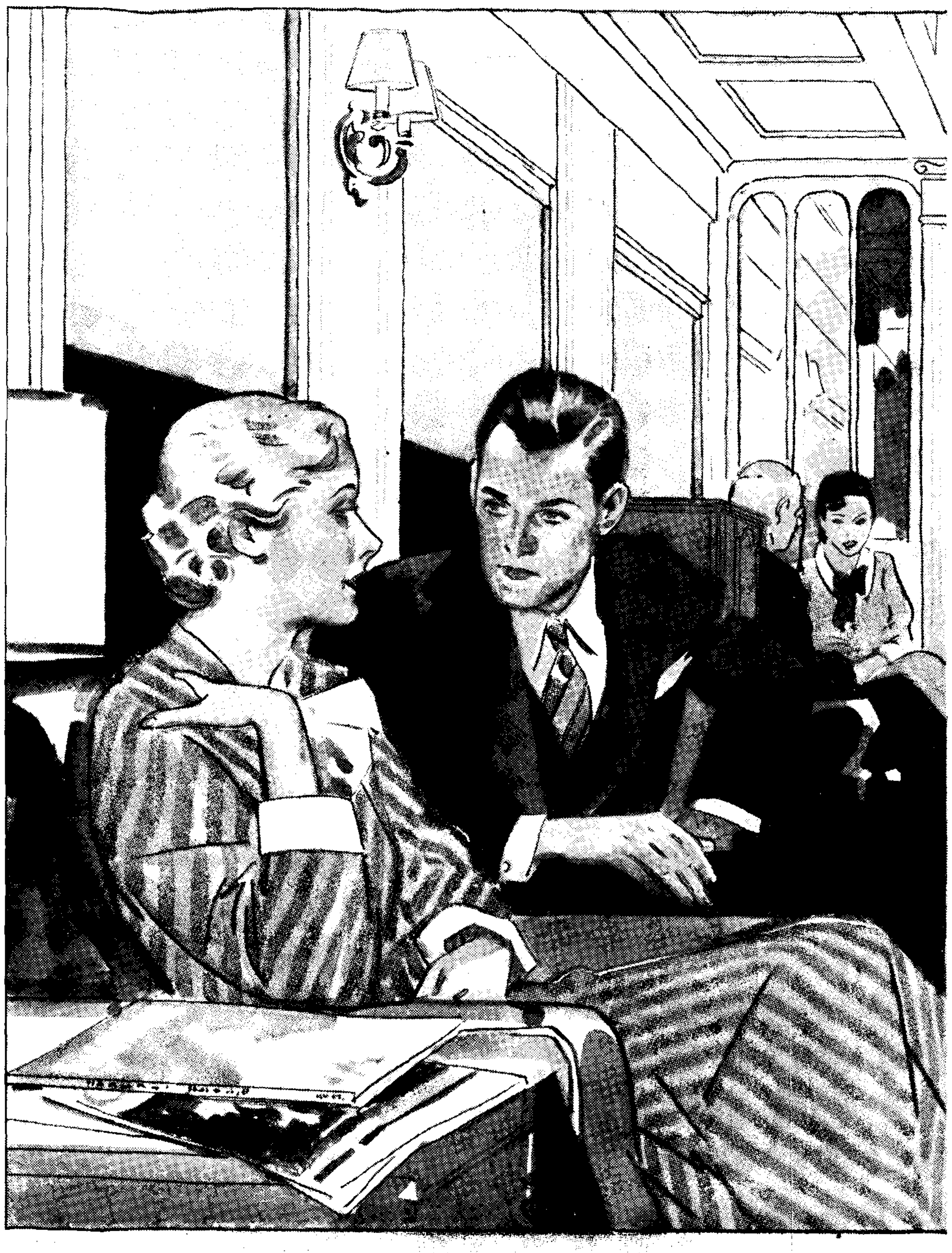
By

William MacHarg

Johnnie Romar meets a girl in peril—a story that moves with all the speed of the transcontinental train on which it begins



She snapped the bag open to be sure what it contained



"See here!" he exclaimed. "You know, you ought not to have told me that!"

JOHNNIE ROMAR first met that girl on the transcontinental train. The whole matter, from the beginning, was perplexing to him. Johnnie had taken the train the night before at Salt Lake City. He was up early and was the second person to appear for breakfast in the diner. She was the first. He was very much aware of her, seated at the large table across from the small one to which the waiter showed him—an ashen blonde, slender, dainty, very pretty, very young.

Blond girls had a big effect on Johnnie. The girls he saw were mostly squatty, dark, usually fat and unpleasing to the eye—women who, with their menfolk, farmed the rented lands along the great irrigating ditch which he superintended for its eastern owners.

"Hold tight, Johnnie," he warned himself, when he saw this one. "There's lots of other girls like this—only you've not been seeing them!"

But it seemed he wasn't in much danger. She ate her breakfast without looking at him, gazing at dusty Wyoming on her own side of the train, and he pretended, without interest, to gaze out on his side. But he kept on thinking about her. She paid her check and left the car without knowing he was there, so far as he could tell, and for the first time he began to taste his breakfast. When he had paid his check, he saw that she had left her handbag. It was a big bag, and to get it out of the way she had put it on the floor beside her chair, and she had forgotten it. Johnnie swept it up with a long, bony arm and started after her through the curtained aisles of the train, most of whose occupants still were sleeping, and in the second car he met her hurrying back, pale and shaken, very frightened. A lot of emotion, it seemed to him, to waste over a handbag, and there was still more emotion in the way that she received it.

"Oh," she gasped, choking in her relief, "Oh, my bag! Oh, thank you!"

She clutched it to her, turned partly away from him, snapped it open to be sure what it contained. She hadn't meant Johnnie to see what was in the bag, but he had seen it—a thick bundle of greenish papers, tied tightly together, on the top one of which he read the figure 1,000; bonds. She flushed when she realized he had seen it.

"Oh, thank you!" she repeated, rather stiffly. Then he was looking at her back departing.

For some time, Johnnie's mind was quite filled with her, and, a half hour later, deciding to go to the observation car, he looked for her as he passed through her car. She wasn't there, but in the observation car he found her. He sat down at quite a distance from her. She seemed not to have noticed him come in, and he couldn't decide whether returning her handbag made it allowable for him to speak to her or not. He wanted to so much it made him doubtful. An unexpected circumstance made him decide.

A RED-HAIRED man dressed in brown and some half-dozen years older than Johnnie, which would make him just over thirty, was reading a Denver newspaper at the other side of the car. Only just now he wasn't reading it. Under cover of his newspaper he was studying the girl, so speculatively that Johnnie felt that some project was behind it. But it wasn't flirtation the man meant; he wasn't trying to attract her attention; he was taking particular care that neither she nor any of the passengers should notice him. Johnnie watched until he was quite sure of this, then he got up and dropped into the seat beside her.

"I'm glad I found your bag," he said diffidently. "Under the circumstances maybe you ought to know who I am."

She listened without speaking while he told her his name and what his business was. "I'm known in Salt Lake City and Denver," he concluded.

She still didn't say anything, and for a moment he was afraid she did not understand why he had told her. But he was sure she knew he had seen what was in the bag.

"That's very nice of you," she said finally, with a queer little smile. "I wasn't worried. I know why you tell me. It was simply crazy of me to leave the bag in the dining-car, and I can't see how I came to do it. Everything I've got is in the bag—a lot of jewelry, but I don't know what that's worth because it was my mother's, and there's twelve thousand dollars in securities—and then, all at once, I found I didn't have it!"

"See here!" he exclaimed, aghast that she should tell it. "You know, you ought not to have told me that! It's all right with me, because I certainly won't tell anybody else, but please don't let anyone else on the train know it."

"I have no intention of telling anybody else," she replied with demure dignity.

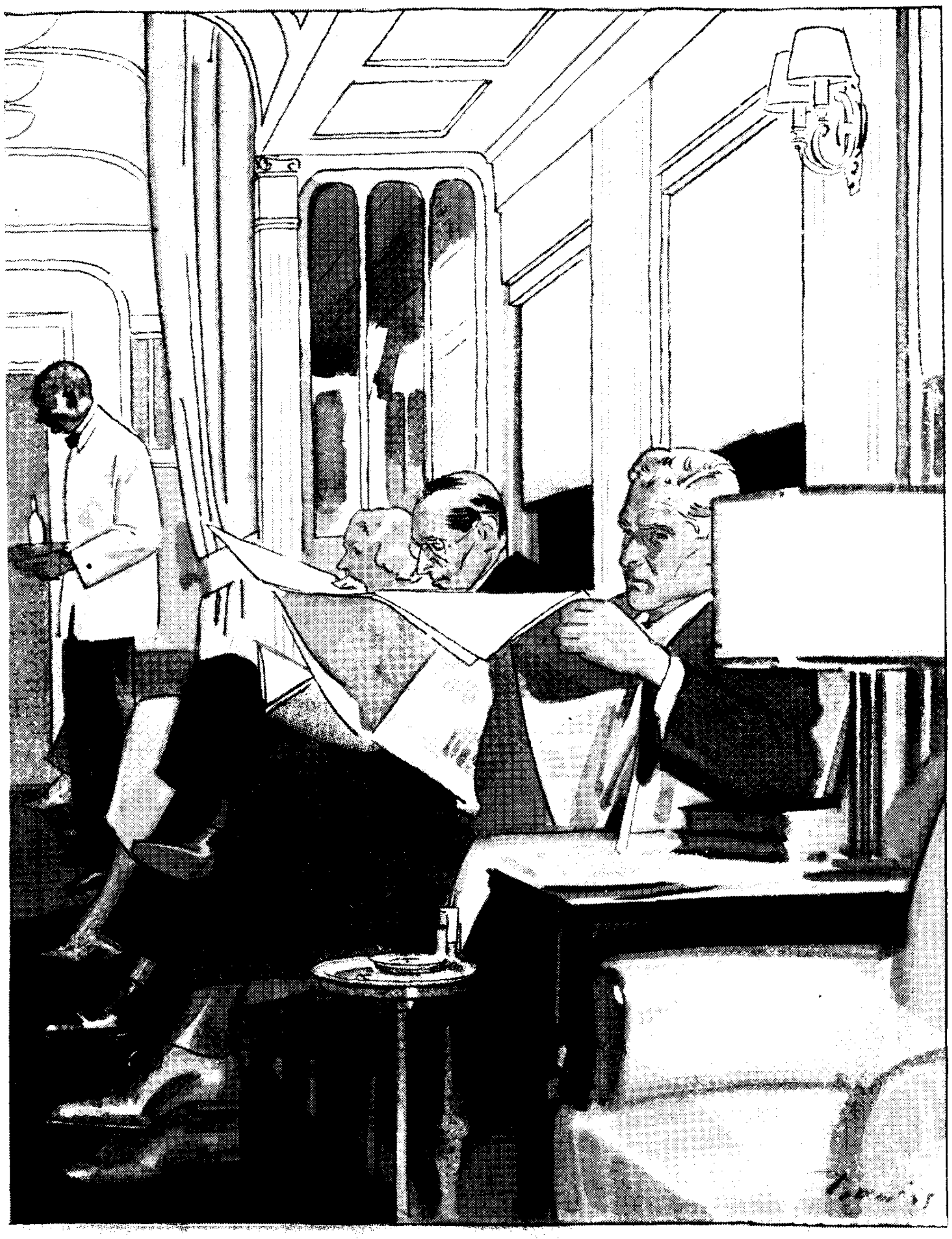
He was still anxious. "I beg pardon, but—you haven't told anybody else already?"

"Of course I haven't."

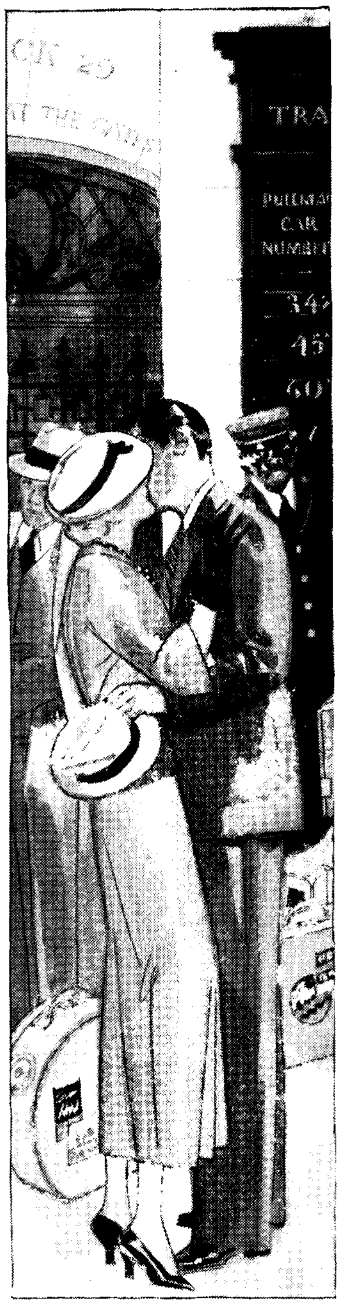
He got up after a few minutes and returned to the seat he had vacated; he didn't want her to think he was forcing himself on her. She had a nice voice and an attractive manner. She was natural and sweet and innocent. She hadn't told him her name when he told her his, or said anything about where she was going. As Johnnie thought of it, it seemed to him that events had put a responsibility upon him and it was up to him to see that she and her handbag arrived safely at her destination. So over the edge of his magazine he considered the man in brown—a solidly built person, both active-looking and massive, and a tough opponent in a rough-and-tumble, Johnnie decided, though he felt a little foolish thinking of that with no more than he had to go on. What he noticed most was the man's face, intelligent but wholly inexpressive. "The old original stone-mug, or granite-face," Johnnie told himself, but then he found a better name for him—"Dead Pan"; you couldn't tell by looking at him anything at all about what the man might be thinking.

JOHNNIE saw, during the morning, that whenever the train stopped Dead Pan was where he could see the girl or he was pacing the station platform, noting whoever got off. There couldn't be the slightest doubt that it was the girl whom he was watching. It was plain she didn't know it, though. Johnnie didn't speak to her again during the morning or early afternoon, but later, with the flatness of Nebraska all about them, he went and found her.

"Would it offend you," he asked her with embarrassment, "if I asked you to have dinner with me?"



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



He kissed her tenderly before they moved away

Her eyes crinkled with amusement at his hesitation. She liked him pretty well. "It would please me terribly," she told him.

He went and got her a little after six and they went to the diner, and later, while the train was standing in the Omaha station, they paced the station platform together. They were getting better acquainted now, and he told her why he was going to New York, hoping she would respond with some information about herself, but she didn't. When the train was ready to start again they went to the observation car.

"There's something I want to ask you," Johnnie said. "Is there anybody on the train you ever saw before?"

"Before?" she questioned. "I saw a lot of these people yesterday, of course, because they had taken the train in Los Angeles the night before when I did."

"I mean before you took the train."

"No; not anybody."

Dead Pan was in the observation car and sat where she could see him, but she didn't notice him. Dead Pan had been so smart about his observation of her, Johnnie realized, that if Johnnie had not happened to surprise the man's gaze on her at the very first, he would not have suspected since that he was watching her.

"You haven't told me how far you're going," Johnnie said to her.

"I'm going to New York," she said, "the same as you are."

They compared their tickets. They both were leaving Chicago on the first connecting train. If they had not been, he would have wired ahead to change his reservation.

"Perhaps I'll be able to see you in New York," he suggested.

"I don't think so. It's nice to have met you on the train. I'm going to New York to be married."

HE FELT depressed and knew the reason, and knew also that it was ridiculous to have such feelings. She was a nice girl whom he had met on the train, but there was no reason to think that the meeting would mean anything later to either of them.

"I guess you're pretty happy, then," he hazarded.

"I'm more happy than I can tell."

"I don't have to ask what kind of guy he is," he told her. "Anybody you thought that much of would have to be a pretty fine kind of person."

"He's—wonderful!"

The moon was shining in her eyes. Maybe the moon affected her. She was young and naïve, and she wanted to talk about her happiness. Well, Johnnie could listen to her rave about some other guy; it wouldn't hurt him, he told himself.

"It's been the sort of thing," she said, "that a girl hears about or reads about, and thinks how wonderful it would be, but doesn't think it could ever happen to her. It's a—romance. My aunt and I were driving in the mountains and something went wrong with the car, and a man who was driving past stopped to see if he could help us. That was the first time I saw him. He took us to the nearest town and sent somebody to fix our car, and he waited with us until the car was brought there and was all right again. He was the kindest and most considerate person I had ever met and I thought a lot about him. Of course I supposed I was never going to see him again. Then one day I was going along the street in Los Angeles and he passed me, driving in his car, and he asked if I wouldn't take a ride with him; so I did, and we drove to the beach and sat and looked at the ocean; and after that I met him quite a few times and we took drives or went to the beach. He loves the ocean.

"I hadn't ever met anybody like him before. I thought probably people like him didn't really exist—they were just something that girls imagined sometimes. He told me all about himself and his business, and I told him all about myself. I knew a man like him couldn't be in just some ordinary business, and he wasn't. His business had to be only with beautiful things. He travels about and buys pictures and old china and old furniture for people who collect those things. Going around like that he didn't have any place he could call home, and he was always terribly lonesome. I'd never met anybody who had such fine feelings about things as he did, or loved beautiful things so much, or had such kind thoughts about other people. Well, after a time he had to go back East.

"He wasn't able to let me know when he was going, but he wrote to me from Chicago. Then I had letters from him from several different places, and they were beautiful letters; they were like himself—no girl has ever had such letters. Then last week I heard from him in New York. He has to go to Europe because of some furniture he has heard of there. He wrote to me that when he knew he was going to cross the ocean, he felt that he couldn't go without me; he knew that he had to have me with him all the time. That was the most beautiful letter of them all. He asked me to meet him in New York and we would get married and then we would go abroad together. So of course I'm going, and I'm so happy I can hardly talk about it."

"DIDN'T any of your folks want to come with you?" Johnnie asked.

"I haven't anyone except my aunt and she doesn't know about it. I didn't tell her about meeting him after the first time, because it is all so wonderful and sweet and sacred that I couldn't talk about it even to her. He feels the same way about it too. It is something between just us two, and if you were someone I knew or would ever see again, I wouldn't be telling you about it now. Of course, after he wrote to me to come to him, I couldn't tell her, because it would have been all a surprise to her and she wouldn't have known what to think, and she might not have wanted me to go. I couldn't bear arguing and discussing it with her, and besides there wasn't time for that. He has to sail next week. Some friends of mine in San Francisco had been asking me to visit them, so I told her I was going there.

"This jewelry that I have with me and the bonds and things that had been left me by my father were in a safe-deposit box and my aunt had the key because she has always taken care of them for me. So I told her I wanted to wear some of the jewelry in San Francisco and she let me have the key and I went and got all of it, because of course I ought to take it with me when I get married. My aunt wouldn't expect to hear from me in San Francisco for about a week, and as soon as I am married I'm going to wire her from New York, so she won't have a chance to worry."

"DOES anybody know you took the stuff out of the safety box?"

"Not anybody in Los Angeles."

"Somebody could have seen you go to the safe deposit, though."

"I suppose so. I don't see why that would matter. I guess you have wondered why I didn't tell you my name, but you can understand now that I didn't want to be very communicative about myself."

"Yes; I see," said Johnnie.

Johnnie Romar was the first person off the train in New York. In the wide space of the Grand Central station, he motioned the redcap to set down his bag while he stood and watched the other passengers—among them, Dead Pan. The girl came out presently. Her face lighted and her eyes grew misty, as she

(Continued on page 52)

High-Tension Jitters

By Walter Davenport

Those shouts of joy are coming from way down East. And for a good reason. Thirty-six million dollars of federal money is on its way into the state of Maine. The object of those dollars is to harness the tides of Fundy. There have been experts who said that the Quoddy project was unsound. But to the thrifty sons of Maine this seemed a narrow and bigoted point of view. And Maine won out

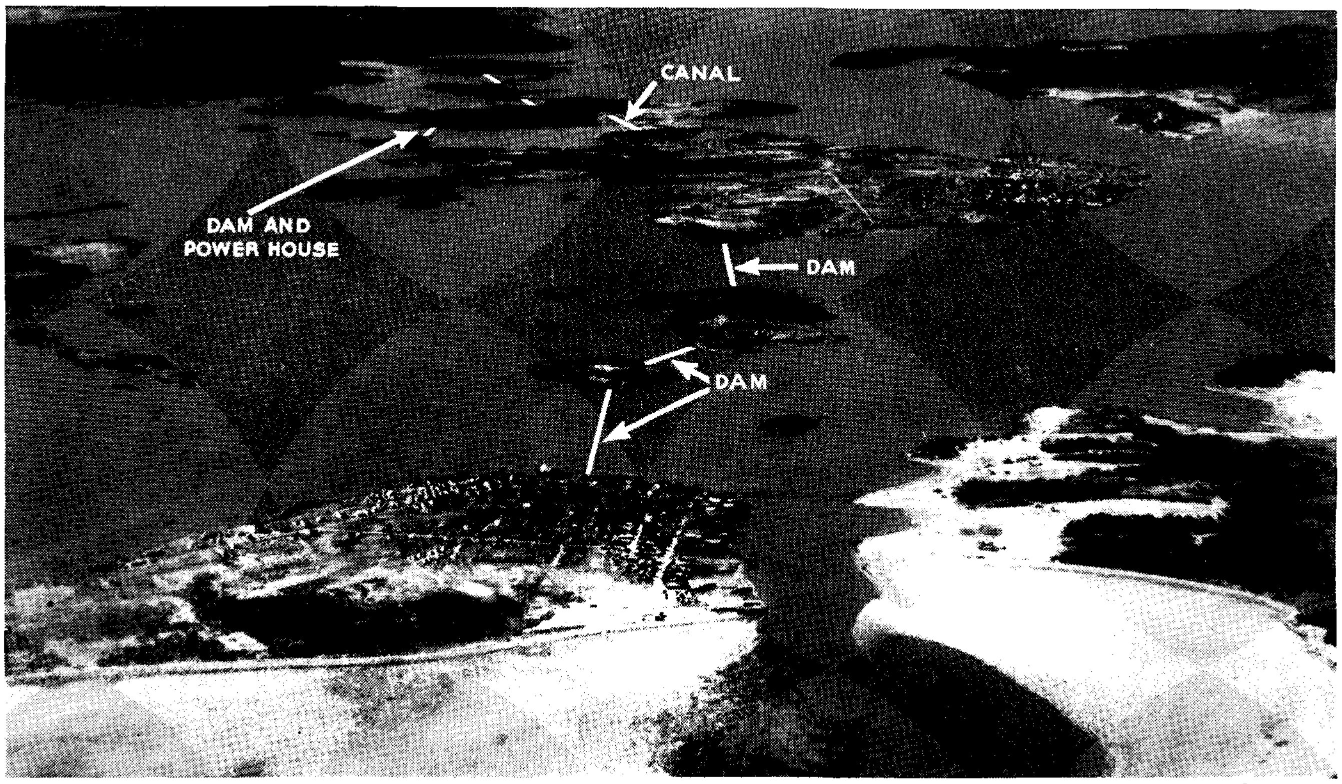
ON THE fourth of July last a large but orderly concourse of people assembled at Eastport, Maine. There are sectors of the world which we might mention, if pressed, where agitation would have been clearly visible; but here in Eastport where, they told us, virtually nothing is conceded to have happened until it is at least two years old and where Connecticut is considered to be out west, the populace was managing without difficulty to keep its emotions in hand.

The program was to be a brave one, marked with considerable dash and noise. There was to be music as well as patriotic singing. There was to be oratory, owing to the presence of several legislators, including a couple of congressmen. But best of all, there was to be an explosion followed by a downpour of thirty-six million dollars. This last was, of course, what the folks had come out to see—not that they had any intention of being surprised. When it rains in Eastport it is well to be prepared for the unusual. It has rained herring, potatoes and soldiers' and sailors' monuments at various times. And one of the more mature residents, a sprightly fellow of ninety-seven, told us that once during a particularly vigorous storm a whole whale descended upon the town, nearly astonishing several children.

Ruhrs on Every Side

We are concerned solely with the early part of the program, although all of it came off promptly and without diverting disaster. On the second, the Honorable John Nance Garner, Vice President of the United States—telling Mrs. Garner to wait just a minute—pressed a button on his desk in Washington, releasing a dart of electricity which set off the before-mentioned explosion. In Eastport a large wet rock flew to pieces under the impact and in no time the orators were bellowing forth the news that thus had begun the building of the great Passamaquoddy hydroelectric power project. Within thirty months, they said, that bleak and oddly frontierish section of our country would be ready to become the Ruhr of America, thus making the United States the undisputed Ruhr champion. In the state of Washington you are informed that the Grand Coulee and Bonneville power developments will transform that sector into a Ruhr of America. Another Ruhr is predicted for the Tennessee Valley. Birmingham, Alabama, has long claimed to be the real Ruhr of America. And there are several others, existing and projected, including Pittsburgh, which, however, will contend that there is such a thing as being over-Ruhrish.

The enthusiasm that prevailed in Eastport was not countrywide. The outlook for the great Passamaquoddy tide-harnessing and moon-hitching enterprise was not universally conceded to be cloudless. It is wholly possible that the Honorable Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, was devoting Independence Day to rest and relaxation and giving no thought whatever to American Ruhrs and in particular to Passamaquoddy. But it is conceivable that had the latter's inauguration entered his thoughts that day he might have indulged in a mild but complete shudder. And similarly it is likely that the Federal Power Commission, having been informed of the birth of a brand-new Ruhr, did not give tongue to even a damp cheer. Both Mr. Ickes, as chief of the Public Works Administration, and the Federal Power Commission, as surveyors and licensers of new power projects, had written reports wherein it was granted that as an engineering feat Passamaquoddy was wholly feasible but as an economic venture it was well worth avoiding.



R. I. NESMITH

Passamaquoddy Bay, Maine, where a $36,000,000 power dam will harness the spectacular tides that rush between Lubec (foreground) and Eastport

Now it may come to pass that, some day not yet visible on our horizon, we shall rejoice that one of the fruits of this honeydew revolution of ours was Passamaquoddy. Similarly our children may sing the praises of the social consciousness of the Administration which gave us such power producers as Bonneville, the Grand Coulee, Wheeler, Norris and other dams to light us to our destiny. But it will be just as well to remember that the adverse reports made on Passamaquoddy (or Quoddy as they call her fondly and otherwise) were the work of exceedingly practical engineers who probably like a bit of dreaming as well as the next man but who are at extraordinary pains to weave none of such gossamer stuff into their literary burlap.

Their reports dealt with the moment. Being engineers and therefore almost axiomatically poor politicians, they set down what they believed to be fact—today's fact and not tomorrow's possibility. There is no evidence that any of them knew that such completely Maine gentlemen as Governor Louis J. Brann and Congressman Ralph O. Brewster, respectively New Deal Democrat and Old Guard Republican, were wearing out the White House steps and the knees of their trousers praying to President Roosevelt for Passamaquoddy and the $36,000,000 that the building thereof would mean.

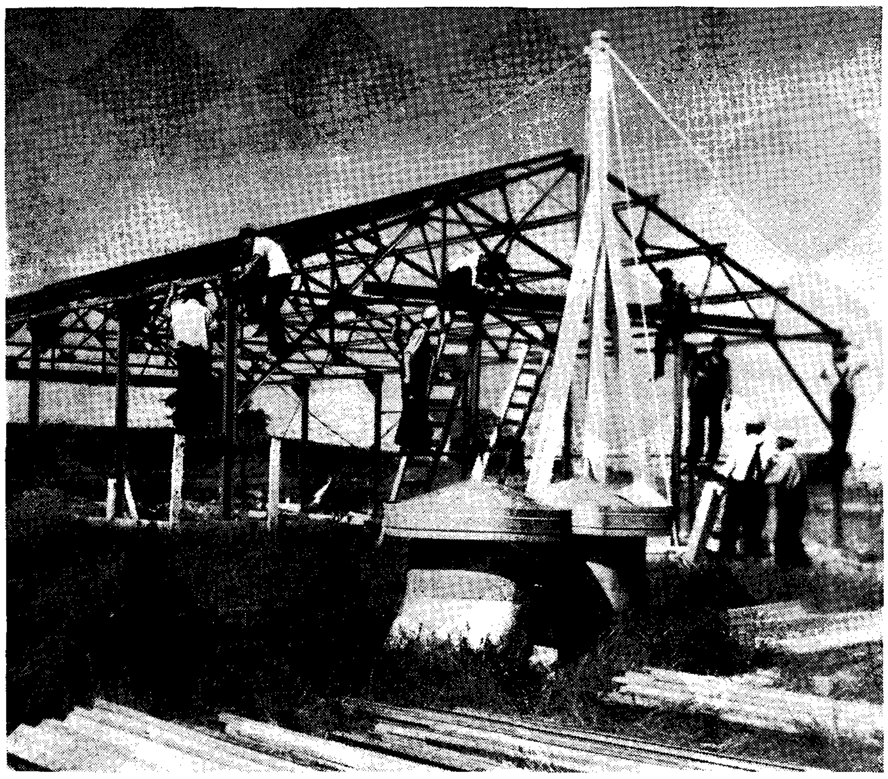
Fun, But Not Much Use

Several of these surveying engineers became pretty obnoxious. None, of course, contended that the mighty tides of Passamaquoddy Bay could not be hitched to electric generators. Men like these, given a few wheels and a brookful of water, could turn out a power plant in no time. But almost unanimously they agreed that as a self-liquidating project, to say nothing of a dividend producer, the Passamaquoddy project was destined to be a reverberating flop.

As far as one can learn, a considerable amount of secrecy and mystery having been thrown about the whole affair, Quoddy was thrice rejected by Washington. The PWA Board of Review turned down the project on economic grounds in March, 1934. PWA engineers, having rechecked their facts, reported again late in 1934 that Quoddy would be a bad investment. And in January, 1935, the Federal Power Commission said the same thing all over again. As a matter of fact, reports on a tremendous variety of schemes for harnessing the tides of the Bay of Fundy and Passamaquoddy have been written and torn up. But Maine, never for a moment forgetting that the now current project meant to her something like $36,000,000, implored Washington to pay no further attention to a pack of hair-splitting and emotionless engineers but to go ahead with Quoddy anyway and see what happened. And still Mr. Ickes' head shook the wrong way.

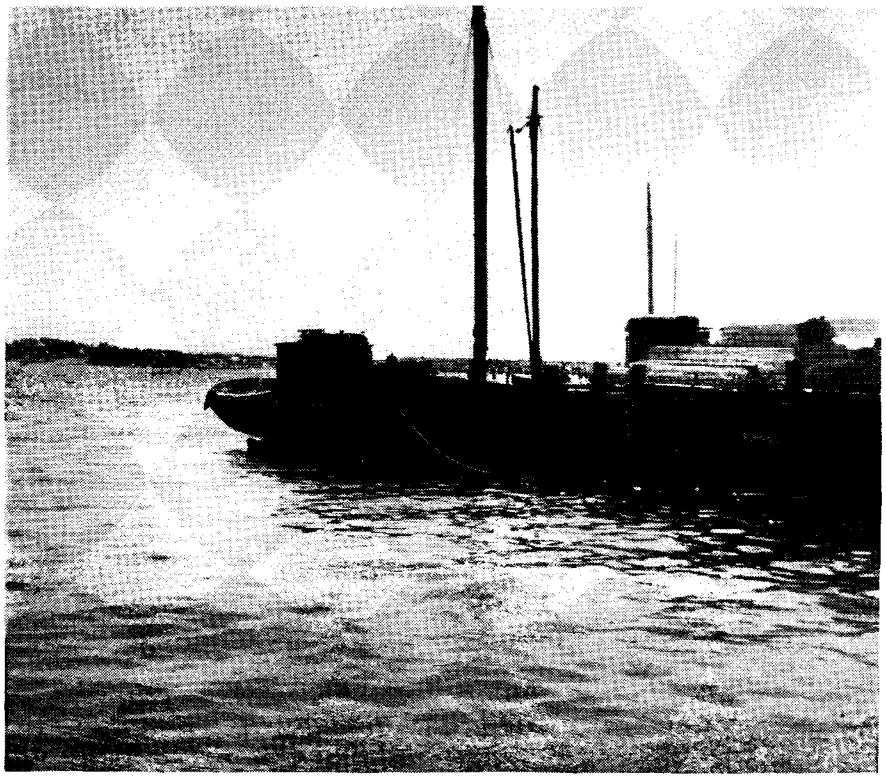
This naturally furnished Passamaquoddy's friends with no comfort. Governor Brann invited Mr. Ickes to come to Maine to look over the situation for himself and Mr. Ickes consented, admitting, however, that he had never doubted that a situation existed. From various political quarters a certain amount of discreet pressure was brought to bear upon Mr. Ickes to remember that Quoddy, like other power developments of the New Deal, was not to be regarded as an emergency measure nor by any means an immediate revenue producer. And to buck up and think of the future.

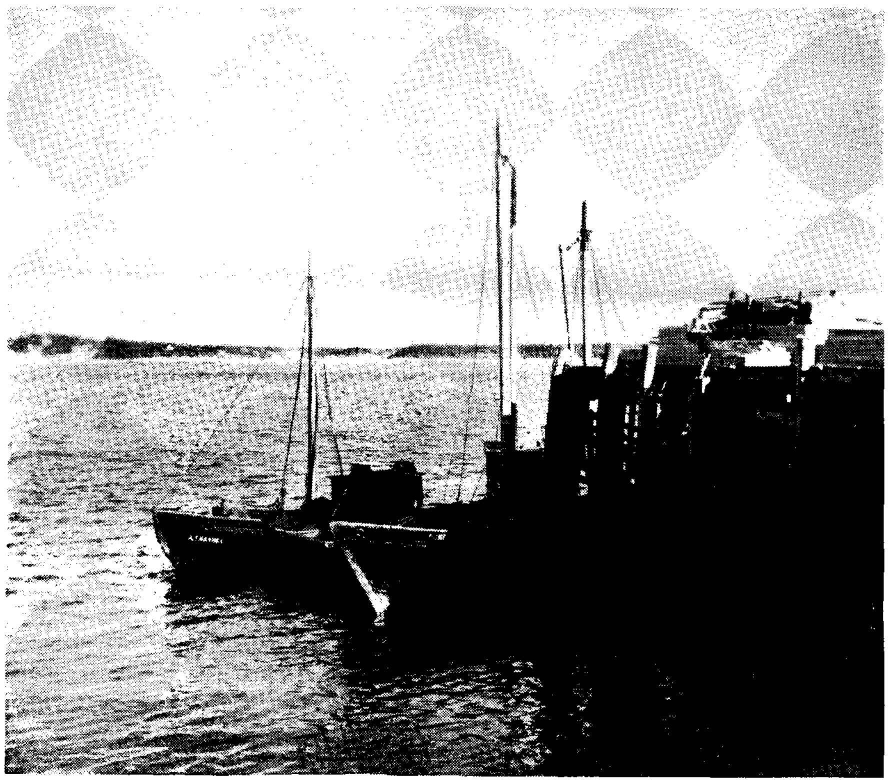
Mr. Ickes, who has no need to yield to any member of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet as a long-vision idealist, thus discovered himself at the opposing mercies of the literal and immediate-minded engineers



Swift action followed federal approval of the Passamaquoddy project. Left, preliminary construction at Eastport. Below, high and low levels of Passamaquoddy's tides, whose swift flow will provide 200,000 electric horsepower for Maine

PHOTOS BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING





and the vision-weavers who helped him write the frequently poetic report of the National Resources Board, a massive volume devoted to national planning and physical and' moral realignments from New York's Battery to San Francisco's Embarcadero.

In such circumstances, torn between today and tomorrow, Mr. Ickes' PWA report on Passamaquoddy was of great length and exceeding skill. And yet, thickly cocooned as it was in phraseology, it was clear to all readers that Mr. Ickes harbored doubts as to the advisability of an immediate Quoddy., Thirty-six million dollars might do Maine a great deal of good and Quoddy might do Maine no harm. But there were numerous advocates of municipal power plants besieging Mr. Ickes' office, the White House and Capitol Hill for loans. Vigorously and with considerable logic they maintained that while Quoddy might fit nicely into a national plan for the future, it offered no contribution to the President's yearning for cheaper power. Virtually all of the engineers contributing to the several reports were insisting that Quoddy power would not be cheap power, the tide-harnessing feature being an expensive process and the results possibly less than dependable. In Quoddy there are experimental features. One may not say now whether power generated by tides will be as dependable as that ground out at the conventional hydro plant. And the cost of maintaining and operating a moon-governed hydro plant might be bad news. In short, there were other and perhaps more profitable ways of spending $36,000,000 (and maybe $50,000,000) in the interests of recovery, relief, cheap power—and national planning. Thus spake the engineers.

But Maine didn't think so. And neither did the President. You need not take it too seriously that the President was impressed by those bell-pulling politicians who went about saying that $36,000,000 spent in Maine would do much to save that state and possibly other units of New England to the New Deal in 1936. The President was away ahead of the current political ballyhoo. On July 1, 1934, while PWA engineers and Federal Power Commission slide-rulers were solemnly dismissing Passamaquoddy from their list of desirable public enterprises, Mr. Roosevelt assured Governor Brann that: "There is for the time being a considerable amount of government funds available for public works, some of which of course could be diverted for this (Passamaquoddy) purpose should it be found, first, that the creation of the power is practical and economical and, second, that it can be made available for various definite uses, and will not lie idle for many years to come, after it has been created."

Designed to benefit the people of Maine, Passamaquoddy brings its first prosperity to this down-East version of refreshment stand for workmen

Perhaps the government's engineers who were finding it impossible to recommend Quoddy as a desirable economic enterprise did not interpret this section of the President's letter to Governor Brann as broadly as Maine hoped for. It is extremely difficult, we find, to divert such scientific fellows from the results their pencils and computing gadgets grind out. You can't blame local politicians, with constituencies to placate and land to sell, for regarding them as public enemies.

Further on in his letter of July first, Mr. Roosevelt told Mr. Brann: "Of course public money must first go to those projects which will employ the greatest number of people in the shortest time and on works which, when created, will bring the most lasting and certain benefits to the people of this country. I have high hopes that the Quoddy project, after proper investigation, will prove to come under this category."

At the same time the President told Governor Brann that he agreed that the governor himself should appoint a commission to report upon the desirability of the Quoddy project. And, while

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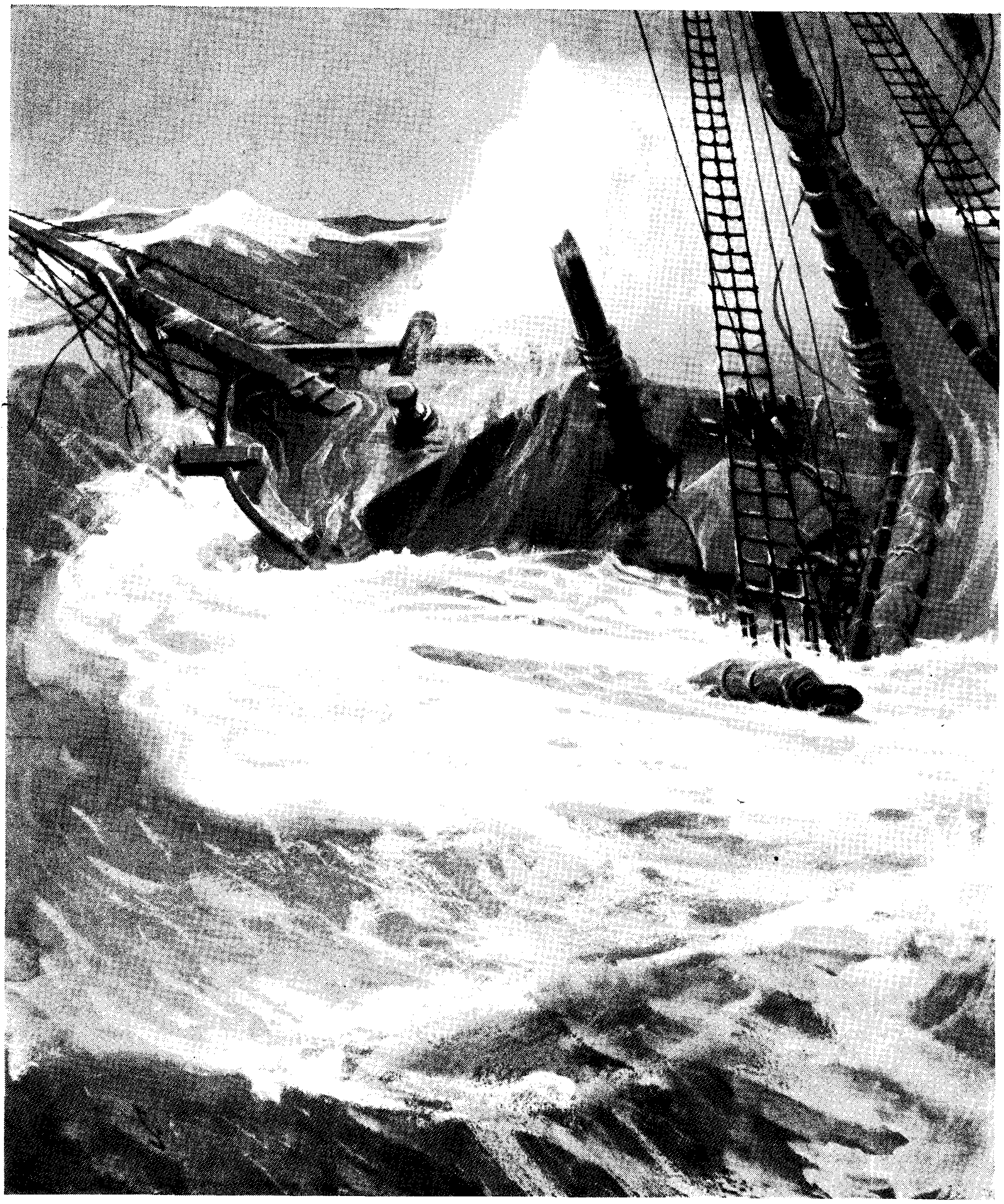


In the stern sheets Farmer Tony's huge bulk loomed, erect and powerful, patient in the face of danger

Anthony Kenlon goes to sea — a romance of New England, where they still breed men who are strong

The Amsterdam Maid

By Jacland Marmur

ANTHONY KENLON put down his battered straw suitcase in the anteroom of the shipping office, wondering solemnly what he ought to do next. The place was so strange to him; a dark-paneled room with tall windows giving a soiled prospect of the river busy with shipping. He could hear the nasal blare of a steamer and the thinner hooting of tugs. But the other men there paid no heed to those familiar sounds. They stood about in little crowds beneath clouds of tobacco smoke, talking, growling, passing along the reputations of ships and mates and owners. Tony listened attentively, because he wanted to learn. He tried to make some sense out of all that buzzing drone.

They spoke of fabulous things in matter-of-fact voices, harsh and deep. One fellow was saying something about Semarang, and another about a river bore in Calcutta on the Hooghly. Quite calmly, expecting to be believed, as though they'd been there and seen things like that themselves. But Tony knew those places were just names someone had made up. He could make nothing of it at all.

Then a thin face with a pencil stuck behind the flap of an ear poked out in the crack of a far door.

"The Belinda is ready to sign!" he called stridently into that foggy room. "Step along, you Belinda men. The Belinda signs! . . . Belinda. . . ."

The face disappeared, abrupt and angry. Some of the groups broke up, moved at once by that summons, filing through the doorway. The others, without so much as looking up, went on with their talk. But in front of Tony a fellow nodded to his companion.

"S'long, Joe," he drawled. "See you in Rio, maybe. Hey?"

WELL, Tony thought, that was something. That fellow there with the broad shoulders, his name was Joe. Maybe Joe could give him the right of the thing. No use standing there like a fool. He touched a solid forearm.

"Joe," he said in his stolid voice, "excuse me, please."

Joe turned around without hurry and drew the pipe from his mouth. "Yes?"

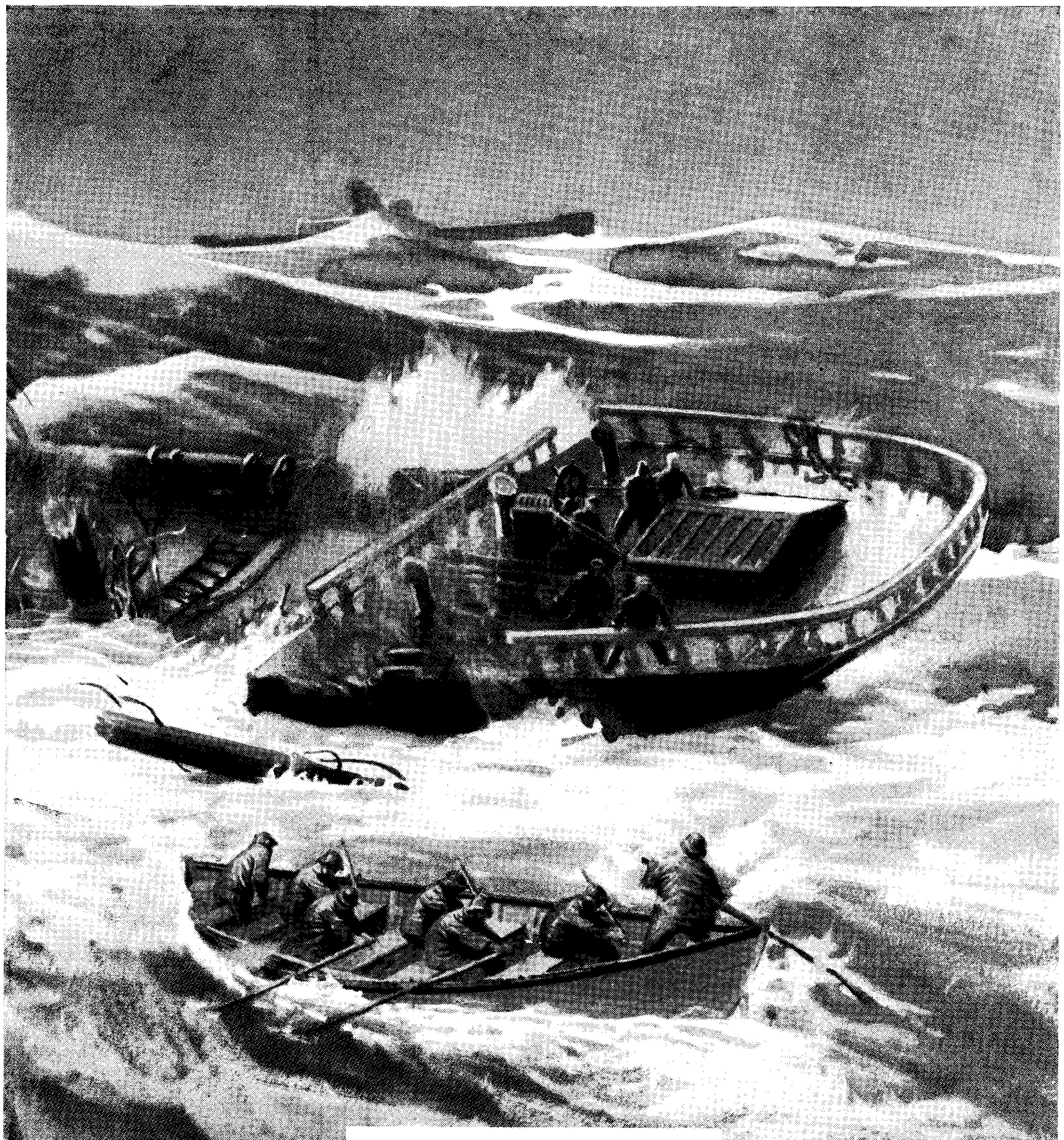
Tony smiled, a little apologetically. "I'm a stranger here. I heard that fellow call you Joe," he explained with serious calm. "Can you help me? I want to study to be a captain."

Joe, who had just signed off as bosun of a coasting schooner, drew his brows together heavily. He didn't like having his leg pulled that way. He resisted an impulse at belligerence.

"You want to . . . what?" he demanded.

"I want to study to be a captain," Tony said again, quietly, shifting his awkward feet. "But I don't know how to go about it. I'm a stranger, you see. My name's Tony Kenlon."

Joe's lower jaw dropped. He controlled himself with effort, and then



"I am taking the boat over myself," was all he said at last

slowly replaced his pipestem between his teeth, biting on it hard. He wanted to laugh. But somehow he couldn't. The fellow actually meant it! There was no mistake about that at all. Joe looked him over with deliberate appraisal.

He saw a tall youth, perhaps eighteen, built already to weight and power, with wide-set eyes in a face ingenuous and completely without guile. He looked lumbering, as though his great shoulders and his strength had grown on him unexpectedly, all of a sudden, and he had not yet learned the full control and coördinated use of them. He was slow and deliberate in his movements, nerveless; the slowness of great strength, and not of dullness or phlegm. He meant what he said: his jaw was a little too heavy for anything else. The derisive laughter went out of the bosun's eyes.

"You take my advice, Tony," he said, "and go back to the farm where you belong."

"Oh, I can't do that, Joe." Tony shook his head. "There are too many of us; and the land is poor and stony, like all New England land."

He said it quite simply, as a man of frankness would answer any question. Joe, who was a sailor, recognized that rare quality in the solemn fellow who announced so naïvely his purpose and his goal. That wasn't any way to get on in the world. It wasn't statesmanlike. Even the bosun had learned that. It got you nothing but a contemptuous clout, and a sneer from the profitable Martian gods. Of course, it wasn't any of the bosun's business, and inwardly he shrugged, a little sadly. But if some smart crimp, now, were to get hold of that fellow! . . . Joe poked the stem of his pipe toward a blackboard facing him.

"They'd soon take it out of you in the Arcturus," he ventured dryly.

Anthony Kenlon followed the bosun's gesture, and read the legend chalked upon a wall. It told that the bark Arcturus, loading for a west coast voyage around Cape Horn, was in need of a crew of square-rig men. Tony had no way of knowing what that meant, or what a bark was, or why the men in that room paid no heed to that call. Joe knew. He knew the ship, the trade and the mate. But what was the use of talking to a clod like that? He turned away.

"Thanks, Joe."

The bosun heard Tony's quiet voice, and looked quickly at him again. He was picking up his bag and heading for the door, lumbering patiently through the crowd. Joe cursed under his breath and went after him.

"Look here, you!" he growled. "You don't know what you're in for."

"I reckon it'll be hard work, all right. But I'm not afraid of that." Tony paused long enough to grin his guileless, broad-faced grin. "Milly ain't fit for farmin' anyhow," he murmured soberly.

"Great gosh!" the bosun groaned. But something inside of him fell neatly into place, like a cog coming back where it belonged. He was sick of the coasters anyway. He was a little hungry for deep blue water. And someone had to take care of an innocent babe like this. Impulsively he jammed his hand into the crook of Tony's arm. "Come along then, farmer," he growled savagely. "Let's both be fools and join the damned old tub. . . . But tell me, Tony. Who in blazes is Milly?"

ON THE way to the loading berth of the bark Arcturus, Tony Kenlon told him.

Milly was a girl with soft eyes and wheat-colored hair who lived in a town called Amsterdam, some miles from the Kenlon acres over Connecticut way; and whatever Tony thought about things was right enough for her. Tony had been thinking it over for fully a year at least, ever since the old man died. And he didn't see any other way out of it. There were five of them, all full-grown now, the Kenlon boys, and the land was tough and stony. John would be getting married soon, and the best piece would go to him. That was traditional. He was the oldest, and a man must be his own master when he brings his woman home. But it did things to womenfolk, that parsimonious land, when there wasn't enough of it. It baked them up, hard and joyless, and Tony didn't think that right. Not for Milly. She was too fine. He was the youngest. So he decided he would go to sea.

WHATEVER put the sea in his head is a mystery. He had never even seen it. Perhaps it was only his instinct for roominess, or the extremes of land and water. But he settled it all with himself and with Milly, and told his brothers very solemnly one night at supper that he had made up his mind to study to be a sea captain. There was no childish illusion of grandeur in his putting it that way. He was too simple and honest. He expected hardship and toil, but he was used to that. He had been trained to believe that, if a man was able, when he reached maturity he must own his land and be the master of it. And it followed quite naturally in his heart that if he chose the sea he must be the master of that, too. So he put it directly and with simple frankness. He was going to study to be a captain. That was all there was about it. The rest was incidental, a part of training to be endured, knowledge and skill to acquire. He meant it just that way. It didn't sound strange to Milly, because she believed in him.

So he joined the bark Arcturus as ordinary seaman, because the mate had an experienced eye for tough muscle and beef that could be tailed on the end of a lee brace in the latitudes south of forty. And Tony wrote Milly the day

(Continued on page 42)

The Big Shotgun Wedding

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A romance which moves with the placidity of a jack rabbit that discovers he's sitting on a hornet's nest

THERE had been a shotgun wedding in Bushwhacker; and I knew it was a big affair. Bushwhacker grows the hardiest red hogs and the best sorghum beer in the whole state of Missouri. When it's dry in Bushwhacker a dust storm out of Kansas feels like a spring rain and when it's wet in Bushwhacker the downpour drowns mature Indian Runner ducks in the gully-washes. Nothing ever happens by halves in Bushwhacker, and a shotgun wedding there—

Alas, all my questions addressed to Bushwhacker residents were met with a deliberate understatement, to wit: "Don't reckon it'd be fitten." This meant that anyone heard giving or receiving information about the big shotgun wedding was apt to depart this life with a pistol-whupping, a skunking, a tar-and-feathering, a hanging and a dose of buckshot to top it off.

I therefore abandoned my investigations in Bushwhacker proper and remembered my old friend, Doc Samuel Fraser, veterinarian and justice of the peace at Eolia. Doc Fraser lives in Pike County; he is an unterrified Democrat and fears no man; moreover, he has an abiding professional interest in weddings, shotgun or otherwise. So I tackled Doc. . . .

The big shotgun wedding? said Doc. Why, you must be talking about Alwyna Shipp and Benjie Yackey from up to Bushwhacker. And what are you grinning on the offside of your face about? Thet wasn't no ordinary common white trash shotgun wedding. Thet was a plumb respectable affair all the way through. Nothin' off-color about it. Fact.

Why, son, thet wedding was 'way above the usual run of sech affairs. It made legal history in these parts. It mighty nigh caused a civil war between Pike County and Bushwhacker. There was talk of callin' out the U. S. soldiers at one creetical p'int. Strange and wonderful things has come down outer Bushwhacker afore this, but for gener'l public excitement and hoo-raw thet wedding has 'em all laid in the shade.

Y'SEE, it's allus been the *boy* in the case, hereabouts. But this time it was the *gal*. Fact. It was Alwyna Shipp who got the shotgun pulled on her. Innercent as a lamb she was, too. Both her and Benjie was innercent. Plumb unusual, I know; but God's own sweet truth. I can tell you're still a mite dubious, so I'll apply the final sockdolager to your low-minded city smart-aleck idees. It ain't gener'lly known, *but I officiated at thet wedding both times!*

Yep, and besides thet Alwyna Shipp is my brother Oliver's wife's second cousin. Us Frasers has our faults, but lyin' ain't one of 'em. If you was to meet Alwyna you'd see how it ain't possible for her to tell a lie. She's a pretty little gal with eyes like patches of aster petals and a wide-open face thet'd be a dead give-away to a lie. A sharp tongue in her head, I'll have to admit, but not a yarning tongue. Allus been too truthful for her own good, any Fraser will tell you.

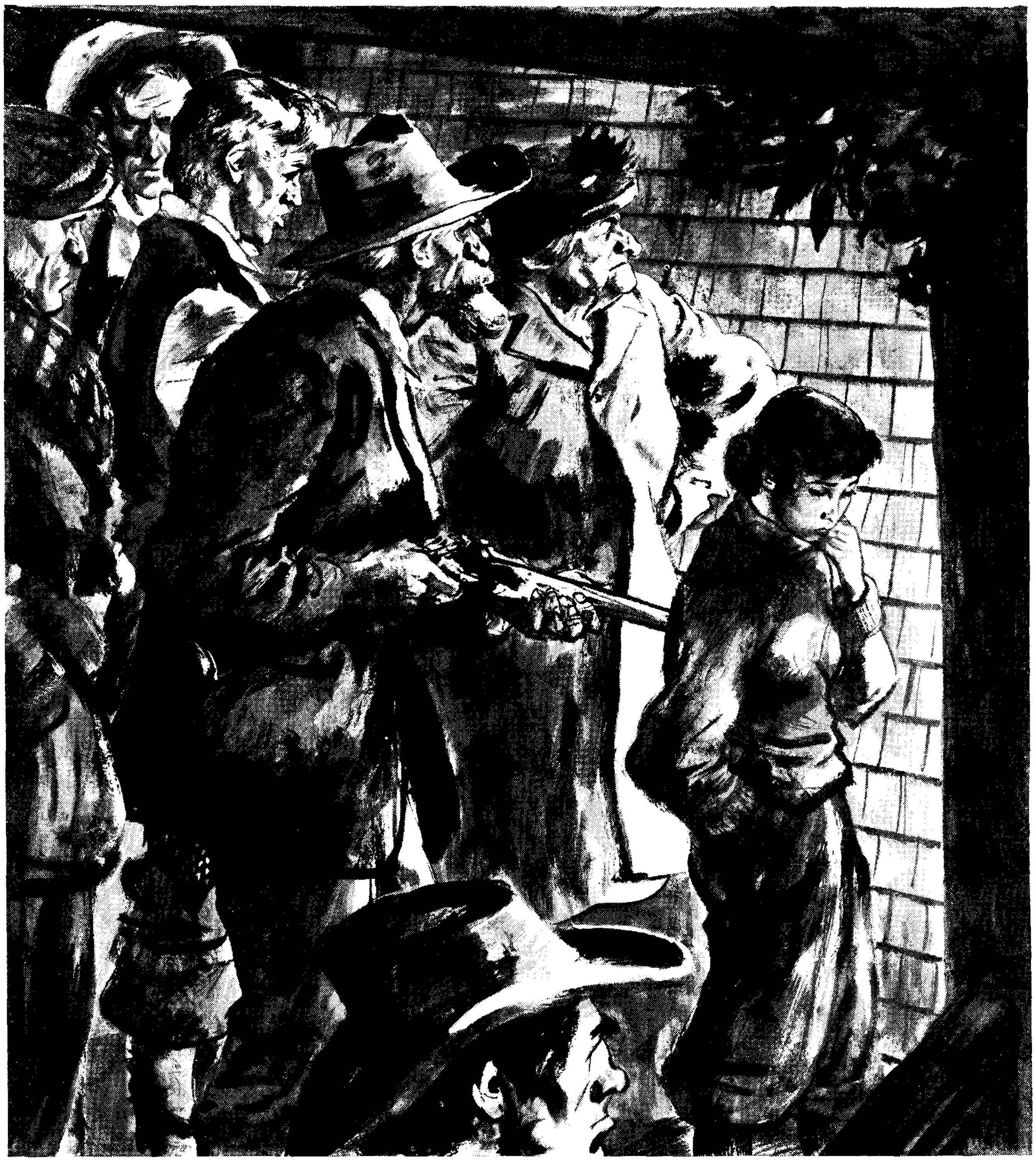
A man who will claim hindsight will suck eggs; and I don't allow to have warned Alwyna pussonal agin taking up with Benjie Yackey. Alwyna was raised on her daddy's farm, which is about a third in Pike County and another third in Lincoln County and the rest in Bushwhacker. But Benjie Yackey growed up *all* in Bushwhacker. Thet makes a heap sight of difference. Plenty of Alwyna's Pike County women relations told her it wouldn't do. Not with a Yackey. A Yackey is Bushwhackerish as a red hog or a sorghum tub.

Old man Cunningham Yackey, who is Benjie's daddy, stands six foot six in his socks, though I don't reckon he ever wears socks. His missus may be a leetle shorter—half an inch, I'd say. They're a mite bent down with age at thet. Benjie, the baby of the family, will crowd a seven-foot ceiling and he sidles through smokehouse doors. But when I tell you them Yackeys is all big folks I don't mean in phee-zeek alone. Old man Cunningham and his missus has raised nine sons and I don't reckon they kept strict track of all the datters.

I NEVER heard old man Cunningham Yackey figger his land by acres. He figgers it by hills, a-raring back and hollering, "I got me seven hills an' seven hills, by Joe!" Them Yackeys kill twenty-two red hogs each hog-killing time. They cook a thrashing-size dinner every day and set it up for any relations or strangers passing by. You don't hear tell of old man Cunningham or his boys whupping jest one man. It's allus two or three men to a Yackey. Those folks' idee of good fun is to tickle a mule and catch his kick with their bare hands. Fact.

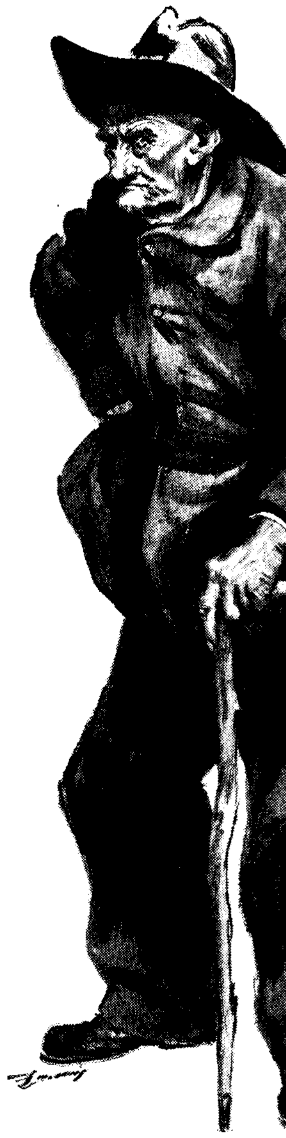
But all thet wasn't the main reason why Alwyna's Pike County relations warned her agin Benjie Yackey. It was mostly on account of old man Cunningham's religious views. Old man Cunningham and his missus has allus follered the Good Book, chapter, verse and word. They tell how last year during the big dry the worms took old man Yackey's sorghum mash and it was so dry it wouldn't run beer. But he toted a strict tenth of thet mash to the Knob preacher's house and yells: "Parson, be sure an' count them worms; and if they're shy of the Lord's rightful share, I'll send ye another bucketful afore sun-up!" Thet's tithing, son.

The trouble was thet Alwyna couldn't see the p'int of the warning agin the Yackeys. She's an independent little piece. Alwyna looked over all the Pike County boys thet sparked her and al-



"Sam'l Fraser," says old man Cunningham Yackey, "I got a leetle job for yer"

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

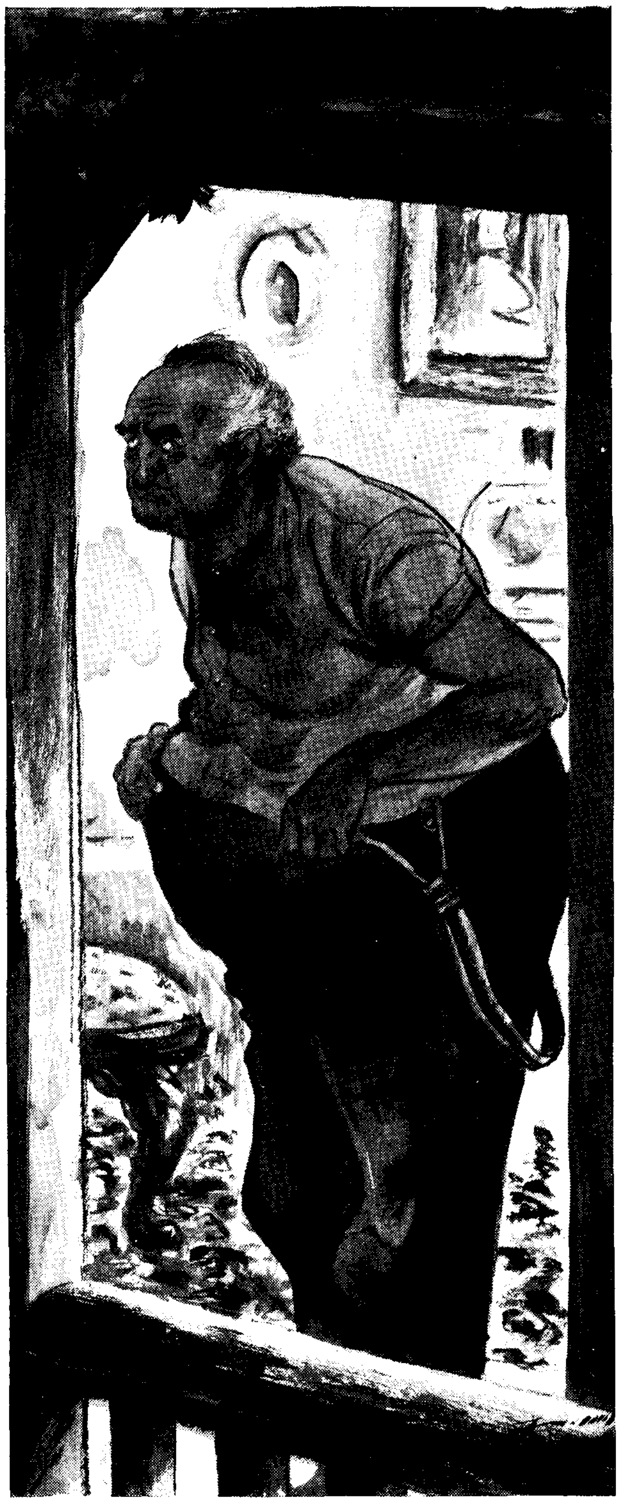


Even Uncle Ted Smith, eighty years old if a day, had a revolver in his pants

lowed they couldn't hold a candle to Benjie Yackey. And I'll say this for Benjie: he's a fine figger of a boy. Nothin' turkey-necked nor scraggle-toothed about Benjie. Bein' the baby of the family an' the pet of old man Cunningham and his missus, they'd raised him extry careful. I've seen many of these movie actors less likely-lookin' than Benjie.

WHAT say? Oh, I was coming to thet. Alwyna plumb overlooked the religious side of it. A Pike County gal of nineteen thet's been through the high school at Louisiana jest ain't studying about religion much. Besides, we're all plumb enlightened here in ol' Pike, meanin' we take the parts of the Good Book thet suits our ornery cussedness and allow the rest is out of date. But back there in the tall timber an' high hills of Bushwhacker it's plumb different.

Well, son, I was sleeping as good as my conscience allows, 'long about five-thutty one morning, when there come a God-a-caution pounding on my front door. I pulled on my trousers and opened up.



Right there stood old man Cunningham Yackey and his missus and four or five Yackey sons and Benjie Yackey and Alwyna Shipp smack in the midst of 'em.

Old man Cunningham Yackey was toting his 8-gauge turkey gun. And he had the muzzle of it agin Alwyna's ribs.

"Sam'l Fraser, justice of the peace," says old man Cunningham Yackey, "I got a leetle job for yer!"

Them Yackeys heighted above me and Alwyna by two heads and they throwed deep shadders on my front porch. I tried to get my breath, lookin' to Alwyna for the whys and wherefores of it. Alwyna was diked out in knee pants and high-topped shoes and a sweater. She was covered with yaller mud and looked plumb tuckered. Benjie Yackey was covered with the same kind of mud and Old Missus Yackey was holding Benjie by the hand.

"What's wrong?" I stammers.

Benjie jest hangs his head plumb ashamed. But Alwyna had got her second wind and she spoke up:

"Mister Cunningham Yackey thinks he's going to force you to marry Benjie and me, Cousin Doc!"

"Reckon I more'n think it, gal," drawls old man Cunningham, his scraggy whiskers shining with frost.

"Let's git 'long inter the parlor, Paw," says Missus Yackey. "It's a mite chilly out here and I'm afeared Benjie will catch the pneumonie." Then, she turns to them other big sons of hers and says, "You, Tom, hand Benjie yer coat. Can't you see yer baby brother shivering?"

TOM he hands Benjie his coat and Missus Yackey grabs Benjie's two big paws and starts rubbing 'em for circulation. Benjie he jest gulps and says kind of weak, "I'm all right, Maw." Old Missus Yackey had put on her clothes over her flannel nightgown, and the hem of it was hanging down five inches, but she didn't pay no attention. She and them brothers of Benjie's clustered around him, chafing his arms and legs and sech a fluster you never seed. I'd come back to my right senses by this time and I looked straight and hard at old man Cunningham Yackey.

"What have these young folks done for you to be marching 'em around at the p'int of a shotgun, Mister Yackey?" says I.

Alwyna says right quick, "We haven't done anything, Cousin Doc. We were all back in the hills on a coon hunt and one of the coons ran into Possum Belly Cave. Benjie and I went after it and got lost in the cave. That's every last thing that happened."

Benjie he ducks his head and pulls away from his maw and says, "Thet's right, Doc."

"Shet up, Benjie!" yells old man Cunningham Yackey. "Ye're our innercent baby boy an' this Jezebel has plumb bewitched ye!"

Missus Yackey jerks Benjie farther away from Alwyna and puts her arm around him.

"Ye've destroyed our baby's innercence, thet's what ye've done," she says, real grim, "and I reckon you're a-going to do the right thing by him!"

Alwyna held her chin up and sassed 'em both.

"You're a couple of old ninnies," she said. "I haven't done anything to Benjie except maybe kiss him a couple of times. And that's no reason for trying to stage a shotgun wedding."

Benjie he ducked his head again. I never seed seven foot of man more ashamed. His face was burning fitten to set fire to his hair. He started to say something, but old man Cunningham gives him a gentle shove and says, "Git to the fire afore ye ketch the pneumonie, son."

All them Yackeys come piling into my front hall and I had to give ground afore 'em or be run over in the stampede. Poor little Alwyna looked like a ten-year-old boy lost in the midst of white oak trees. Bein' a Fraser, howsomever, she had right smart spunk.

"I agreed to come here peaceable, Cousin Doc," she says, "because I knew I'd be safe here. Tell Mister Cunningham Yackey that he's making a darn' fool of himself and let me go home. I'm tired and cold and sleepy."

"Not till ye've married my boy Benjie," says old man Cunningham, cocking his old 8-gauge.

"Then ye kin go home an' stay there!" snaps old Missus Yackey.

She steps over to Benjie, who was trying to hide his feet under my parlor rug and begins fussing with his leather windbreaker to button him up tight. Benjie's five brothers stood in a cluster around him, giving him slaps to keep him warm that'd of knocked an ordinary man to the floor.

"You got a marriage license, Mister Yackey?" says I, polite.

"Thet'll be arranged soon as the courthouse at Troy opens," says he. "In the meantime we'll git this marriage attended to accordin' to the law and the Scriptures!"

Alwyna turns on Benjie.

"Where's *your* spunk, Benjie Yackey?" she says. "Why are you standing here like a big baby and letting your daddy and mother call me names and blacken my character? Why don't you *do* something?"

BENJIE he's got a pair of big brown eyes like a shorthorn calf and a topknot of curly hair. He blinks at Alwyna and takes a yank at his hair.

"Paw and Maw—" he says, real weak, "I ain't aiming to go agin your judgment, but I don't think you oughter *make* her marry me."

Missus Yackey, who's got a face like it's chiseled out of a walnut log, grabs up one of Benjie's hands and holds it agin her.

"Benjie, baby," she says, "we allus done whut's best fer you. It plumb makes my heart sick to hear you turn agin yore pore old mother and pappy."

Old man Cunningham Yackey looks sad and shakes his head.

"Honor thy father and thy mother in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Yea . . . an' ingratitude is sharper than a sarpent's sting . . . yea, 'tis!"

Thet finished Benjie. All his brothers dragged off their caps and said "Amen." Benjie he got big tears in his eyes and he hugged his mother.

"Don't feel bad, Maw," he says, "I'll do jest like you and Paw says!"

All them Yackeys clustered around Benjie closer than ticks. Their voices praisin' him shook my house. Fact.

Alwyna looks at me.

"Are you a coward, Cousin Doc?" she asks, real quiet.

Well, sir, I'd been watching thet old turkey gun in old man Cunningham's right hand. He'd turned it away so's to pat Benjie on the shoulder with his left hand. Quick as a wink, I slips over to my parlor organ where I keep the old horse pistol. I snatches it quiet from under the music sheets.

"Put down thet shotgun, Mister Yackey," says I. "Put it down easy but quick!"

Old man Cunningham Yackey turned around and takes a look into the muzzle of my pistol. He knows us Frasers by repertation. We don't run much to heft, but when we're packing the difference we're plumb pizen.

He laid the shotgun down on my parlor rug.

"Now, then," says I, "there ain't going to be no marriage between Alwyna and Benjie—now or ever."

"Not in front of a shotgun, anyway," says Alwyna, right quick.

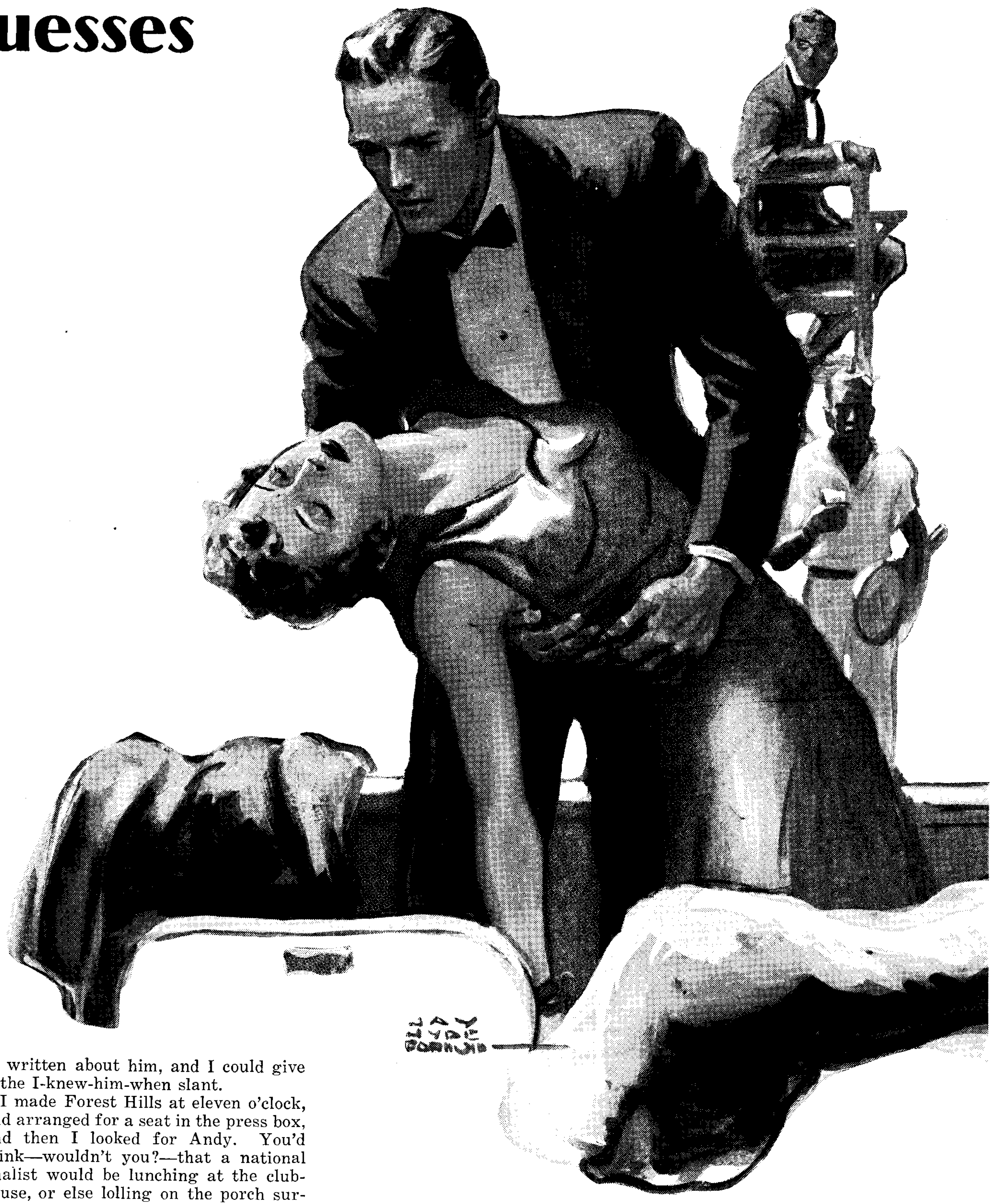
Them Yackey boys started edging

(Continued on page 59)

The Girl Guesses

By Matt Taylor

A tennis story with a twist that is certain to surprise you—it made the heroine scream!



WHEN the news wire ticked out word that Andy Willard had crashed through the semifinals, I beat it to the city editor as fast as I could. "Local boy upsets another apple cart," I said. "You'd better send one of your bright young men to Forest Hills to look the situation over. I can leave in the morning."

He gave me a cold eye and I figured he was doing some mental arithmetic. Carfare to New York, plus expenses, plus wire charges. "This wonder man may be local," he said, "but who ever heard of him?"

"That's the angle," I argued. "There's no swanky club in back of him, and he doesn't come out on the courts in a monogrammed tennis sweater with six rackets under his arm. He's a local public courts' product. Don't you want the neighborly slant in your stuff?"

He looked at me again and said, "I'll think it over," and I made another stab at mind reading. "Some of your staff may know more about tennis," I said, "but I know more about Andy. I was in high school with him. I can tell you how many times he flunked geometry, and the name of his first sweetheart."

This last wasn't quite true. I remembered the girl as a wide-eyed, quiet kid with straight bobbed hair and a warming smile, and that's all I remembered. But Andy I knew, as well as anyone could. He was a hard youngster to get to.

I had watched him win his first tournament when he was a solemn-faced, string-bean kid of fifteen. He was arms and legs all over the place then, but he was hard-hitting and accurate. During the next three years he copped every tournament that he could reach on a ten-cent bus fare. And then he disappeared for five years.

I heard he was off somewhere studying dentistry, and I forgot about him. At odd times there was other gossip—you know how local news goes the rounds. His girl—the sweet-sixteen one he used to moon around with—told me he was bellhopping at a hotel one summer, and I heard somewhere else his father had died and he was on his own.

But this spring I began to read about him. He fixed himself up a tough tennis schedule and went to work. The big-time was none too big, and his name figured in tournaments in Buffalo, Philadelphia, Chicago and on Long Island. I decided he had come into some money and was making up for lost time, or else that he'd found some sponsor who was financing him around the circuit for the good of the game and that sort of thing. There didn't seem to be any other explanation.

He made a nice record during the summer, supplying one or two upsets that attracted attention. But no one took him seriously at the nationals. That's why it was such hot news when he dark-horsed himself right to the finals. There were columns waiting to be written about him, and I could give it the I-knew-him-when slant.

I made Forest Hills at eleven o'clock, and arranged for a seat in the press box, and then I looked for Andy. You'd think—wouldn't you?—that a national finalist would be lunching at the clubhouse, or else lolling on the porch surrounded by the usual admiring bevy? Instead of that, they didn't know where he was. All they had was an address in Manhattan that sounded rooming-housey to me. I sat around and wondered where he got the entrance fee.

AT ONE o'clock he showed—and hanging on to his arm was the swellest-looking girl on Long Island. I went closer, and had a shock. It was the little straight-bobbed sweetheart in full bloom. Sometimes those high school things last a long time.

He seemed glad to see me, and Peg Banning remembered me and gave a smile that packed ten times the voltage it used to. She was wearing a ring with a stone about the size of a pin's head, and she looked at Andy adoringly, and I knew I had a romantic top for my news story.

Andy grabbed my arm and pulled me off to a deserted corner of the porch. "I'm glad I found you," he said. "There's something I want to ask you: If I win the championship, would you want to act as my manager?"

"What is there to manage?" I said.

"Oh, everything. I couldn't pay any salary, but if you would be content with some percentage of my earnings—"

"Slow up!" I interrupted. "I had an idea you were an amateur."

"I am, at the moment," he said shortly. "If I win today I turn pro."

I whistled. "So soon?"

"Got to," he said. "I was graduated from dentistry last June. Do you know what a dentist's equipment costs?"

"One thing I haven't worried about," I grinned.

"It costs plenty. Also"—he smiled across at Peg—"I want to marry the girl. I knew I wouldn't rate as a big-money pro unless I attracted attention as an amateur first. So this summer I made an investment." He chuckled quietly. "I have enough left to get back home."

"So that's the answer!" I said. "I've been wondering."

"I've never pretended it was anything else. I waited on table at college. How could I afford tournament tennis? Might as well be honest about it. I gambled all I had on a build-up to grab some quick money. As soon as I can make enough to set up my own office, I quit the pro game."

I liked him for that. He didn't promise to make me a million if I handled him. "What do you think I can do for you?" I asked.

"If I win this match I'll be national champion, and a drawing card. You could find me a spot in some barnstorming troupe for the indoor season. I'd like to start right away."

"Hold it a minute. That wouldn't be formula. First we'd let the newspapers discuss you as Davis Cup material. Then we'd start a rumor you were turning pro. Then we'd deny it. Then—"

"I'd rather be honest," he broke in sharply.

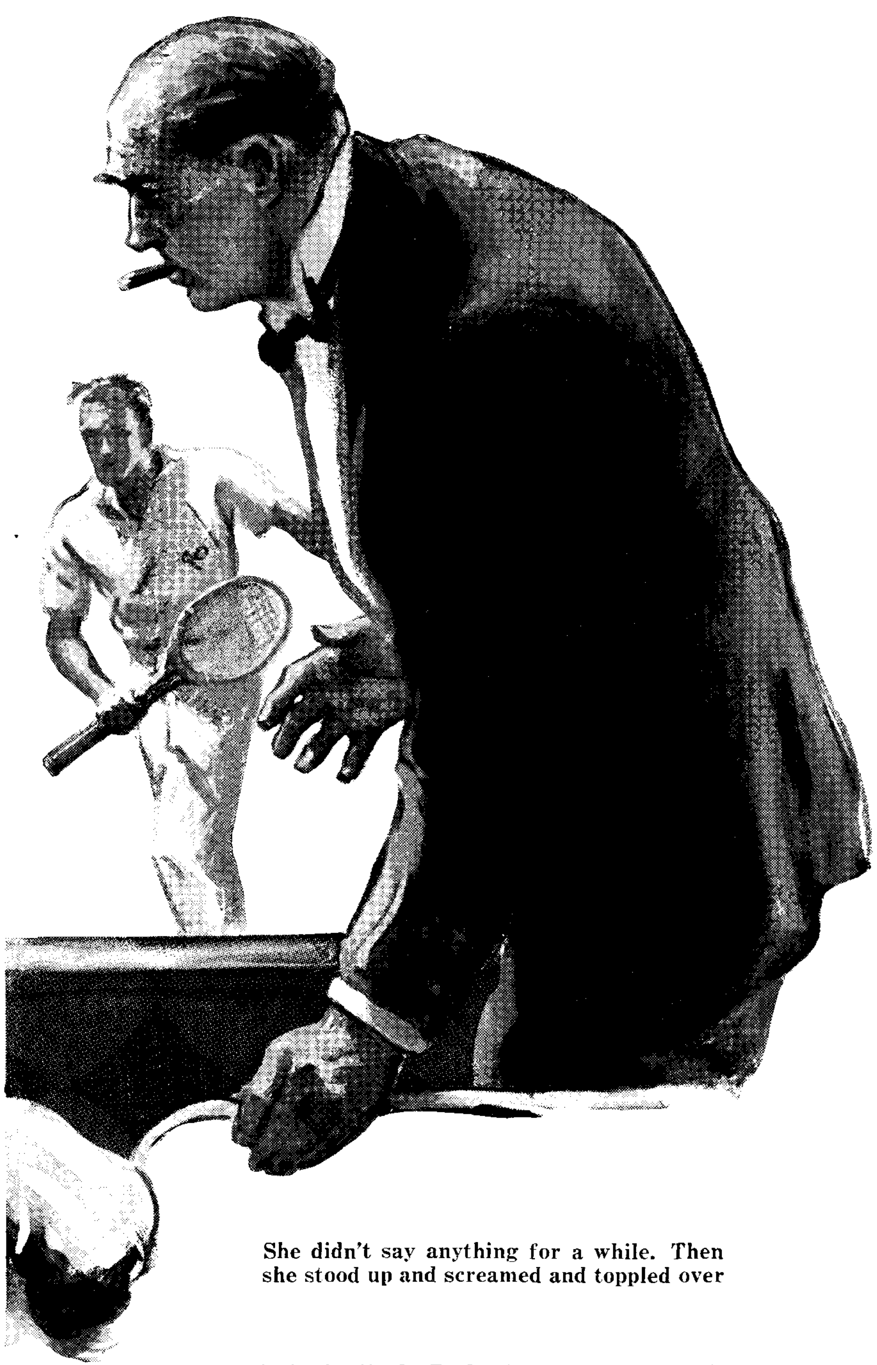
THE eye he gave me made me feel pretty cheap, but I kept on. "Most of us would," I said, "but we make concessions to bunk and ballyhoo."

"I don't like bunk and ballyhoo," he said hotly.

Peg laughed. "I thought you said you knew Andy," she murmured at me.

"I've been aiming at pro money right from the start," he went on, "so why not say so?"

I looked at the two of them, and I knew there was no use arguing. His eyes were steely gray and they were looking straight through me and I felt like squirming like a hooked worm.



She didn't say anything for a while. Then she stood up and screamed and toppled over

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Peg's approving smile was backing him up to the limit.

"Then that's that," I said. "You're turning pro, and who wants to make anything of it?"

He gave a sudden grin. "I don't like to pretend to be something I'm not," he said. "Of course I love the game for its own sake. But—"

"But you love the lady on your right more," I said. "All right. I would, too, if she'd let me. So if you win today I see McQuade, the promoter, as soon as I can get to him in Philly. He's our man."

He nodded. "I've got a statement ready for the press," he said. "Maybe you'd better look it over."

I glanced through it quickly. He had written out the facts as frankly as he had handed them to me. In substance he told the world he was turning pro because it was the only way he could get a start in his profession. He said he might stay in the amateur ranks and support himself selling insurance or sporting goods, but he had studied dentistry and damned if he wasn't going to practice dentistry. There was a lot of unvarnished stuff like this that would make many a sports writer take his feet off his typewriter.

I handed it back to him. The cash customers were going to enjoy being smacked in the face with stuff like that. The way things looked to me, Andy stood a good chance to buy himself a platinum-plated dentist chair and a nice gold frame for his diploma and maybe a ring with a larger stone for Peg. All he had to do was win the championship. "Perfect," I said. "Go to it, my boy." I shook his hand and wished him luck and beat it to the stands for the match.

He went to it. It did my heart good to see him.

HE WON the championship in four sets. He deserved it; he worked as though his whole future depended on it. He didn't bother to put on a show, to groan, and make faces, and sigh mightily. Instead, he buckled down, and you knew he was trying harder than a wrestler pretends to try. He had double his old-time speed and accuracy. Most of the time he stayed backcourt and sent them so close to the other fellow's baseline that the linesmen were at the edge of their chairs. When he closed in on the net he was just as good. But the basis of his game was his ground-stroke accuracy, which is the bread and butter of any man's tennis. The fireworks he saved till they were needed. It was as nicely polished a job as you'd want to see.

THE next morning I was settled on the train for Philadelphia with all the papers spread out in front of me. Andy hadn't wasted any time. There, with the story of how he won the nationals, was word that he was turning pro. I wondered how McQuade would take it.

I found out that afternoon. McQuade had a bunch of clippings on his desk when I was ushered in. "I've been expecting you, or someone," he said. "Did you write this statement?"

"Andy wrote it himself," I told him.

He scowled. "Subtle, ain't he? I always make the boys seem hesitant for a while before I sign 'em. It looks better."

"Andy's not that coy," I said. "You don't know him."

"That's just it. What's he like?"

"He's either sub- or super-normal. It depends on how you look at things. He's so truthful it hurts."

McQuade chewed his cigar. "Then you think he'd be satisfied with what he earns?"

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning he could pick up some spare change for himself on tour, if he's that kind. All he has to do is listen to what the sure-thing gamblers have to say."

I KNEW what he was driving at. It's pretty hard to tell if a man is throwing a tennis match or if he's just having an off day. "Let's get this settled right off," I said. "Andy Willard is so honest he'll expect you to give rain checks for an indoor match. Now shall we talk turkey?"

We talked for four days, and I had to wire my boss and ask for a vacation. But in the end I went away with a contract in my pocket for Andy to sign. He was to start on tour in November, playing the armories and auditoriums with a couple of other big shots. His percentage was fat enough to bring him a nice little pile in time for an early spring wedding. There were a lot of other clauses that didn't seem important. He wasn't to play in public anywhere before the starting date or for three months after the contract expired. I didn't bother to explain this when I wired Andy the news. Working on a newspaper you learn to leave the nonessentials out of your wire stuff.

He met me at the station back home and he was tickled to death. Peg and he were delighted, he said. Everything fitted in. He'd get this one match over with and then he'd be ready to start work with McQuade.

I looked at him quickly. "What match is that?" I said.

"A charity thing," he replied. "It's a benefit for some undernourished children. I play an exhibition with Velak, the Hungarian pro."

"Sorry," I said firmly. "It's tough on the children. But you can't play."

"I promised," he said. "I gave my word."

"McQuade won't let you."

He thought it over a moment. "You'll have to wire for permission. I don't like to break promises. They've hired the Third Regiment Armory, and they're putting in a special floor. I can't let them down."

I should have bawled him out. He had no right to promise anything without consulting his manager. But instead of getting sore, I said, "I'll wire. But who's running the show?"

"A man named Mullally," he told me.

Then I gaped at him and meant it. "Pug Mullally?"

"He looks," he admitted, "as though he might be known as Pug."

I shook my head. "A bad baby," I informed him. "He has promoted everything from flea circuses to six-day bike races and we're still waiting for one that's on the level."

"You mean the underfed kids won't get the gate money?"

"I mean there's something phony somewhere."

"What can be phony about it," he argued, "if the kids get the receipts? It's a recognized charity. I looked that up. There are a lot of prominent people in back of it."

"How's the betting, Andy?" I asked.

"Betting? Oh, Velak's pretty good. He's a real old-timer who has taught tennis all over the world. But I ought to be the favorite. Why?"

"Andy," I explained gently, "charity is sweet and so is sucker money. If Pug isn't cutting in on the gate—and he probably won't try that—he's cutting in somewhere. Oh, all right. You've promised, and a Willard never backs down. I'll see what I can do with McQuade."

I got Philadelphia on long-distance. McQuade moaned and grumbled the way I knew he would and said charity began at home and Andy would kill our own gate when we played the town later. But I knew he would come around when he got through crying. Then, all of a sudden, he barked, "Whose circus is it?"

"It's a reputable charity," I stalled. "Some prominent—"

"Who's putting it on?"

Maybe I got the habit from Andy. I told him the truth. There was a long pause. Then he said, "I'm leaving in an hour. Meet me at the Grace Hotel tomorrow evening."

I didn't take Andy along to meet him. I knew McQuade would blow up, and Andy would follow suit, and that would be that, and I would be left with an unsigned contract in my pocket. So instead of Andy I took Peg. I told her McQuade was the nice man who was going to make Andy a lot of money, and she ought to smile at him once in a while.

HE BROUGHT us up to his suite and made the preliminaries short. "Now," he said, "what is this?"

"Merely a benefit," I explained, "that Andy's committed to. It doesn't mean a thing."

"Since when," he asked, "has my friend Pug Mullally turned philanthropist?"

"He must be a good fellow at heart," I said.

"I've made inquiries. I've looked up the betting."

"Andy's the favorite."

"Yeah. At five to four. He's national champion, and the year's sensation, and this Hungarian is a worn-out pro. Oh, Velak is good. He's cagey as a fox, and he knows all the tricks. But the right odds are three to one, with Velak on the short end, and you know it."

"You can't figure odds," I murmured.

"I can," he snapped. "The reason the price is down is because all the smart money is backing the foreigner. Ask anyone around town who's in the know. It's Pug Mullally's money."

"But—"

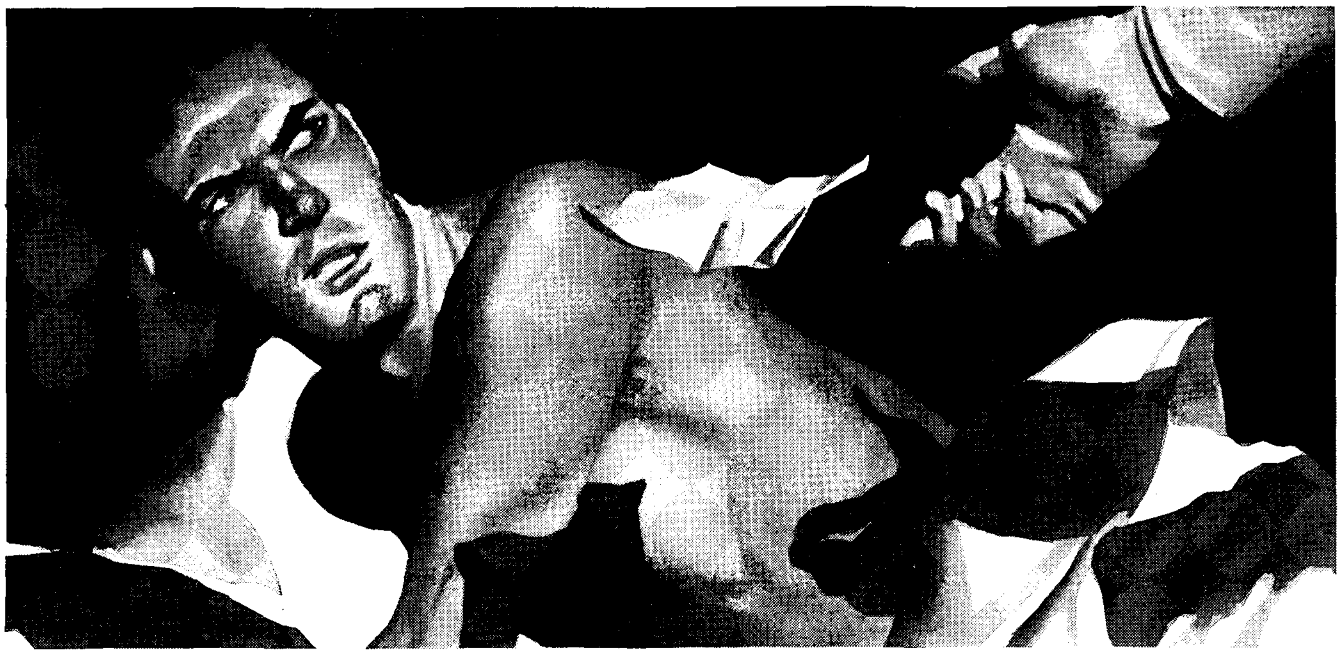
"It's Pug's money," he continued grimly, "and did you ever know him to bet a dime when something or other wasn't in the bag?"

Peg had gone pale and was forgetting to smile. I tried to pass it off. "How do you put a tennis match in the bag, Mr. McQuade?" I asked. "You can't put dope in a man's oats or slip a slug of lead in the other fellow's gloves."

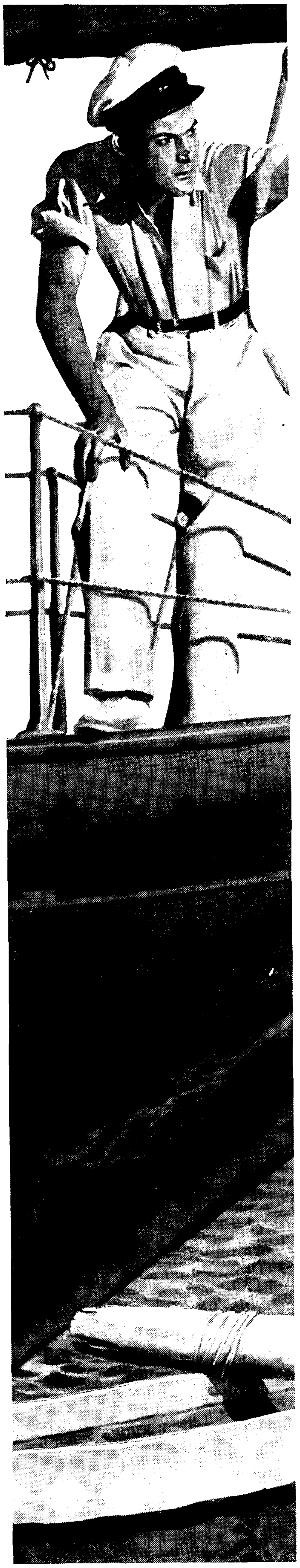
"In this case," McQuade sneered, "you persuade your favorite to lay down. Your man Andy is crossing the public, and maybe you're in on it, too."

Peg stood up. Her lips were trembling and she looked as though she wanted to paste him one. Maybe she

(Continued on page 28)



"What's the meaning of this?" Ernest Wayne demanded, spinning a sheet of paper onto the bed



Deepwater Island

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

CLAIMING that the valuable island of Alakoa is rightfully hers, inasmuch as her grandfather had sold it when he was mentally incompetent, Karen Waterson, a San Francisco girl, files suit in Honolulu against old James Wayne, who lives on the island and regards it as his property.

Certain that Karen, who is penniless, will win the case, John Colt, a capable businessman, backs her to the limit—with advice and money. He is, therefore, shocked when the girl calmly informs him that, to gain further facts about the situation, she has picked up one of James Wayne's nephews—Richard Wayne, known wherever his cruiser touches as "Tonga Dick"—and inveigled him into taking her to the island!

And sail she does, disregarding Colt's strong protests. Secure in the belief that Tonga Dick is unaware of her identity (she has not given him her correct name), she feels sure that she is perfectly safe. But no sooner has the boat left Honolulu than her young host addresses her as "Karen"—and she knows that her scheme has failed.

Their stay at the island is brief. Tonga Dick has a long talk with his uncle, who calls his attention to a way to win the case—a way which does not meet with the younger man's approbation. Then, James Wayne, stricken with a heart attack, suddenly dies; and Karen and Tonga Dick return to Honolulu.

Before they land, however, Dick makes a frank admission. "Karen," he says, "I don't want your land. I want you." And Karen makes no attempt to conceal her feelings, as, in his arms, she whispers: "I don't want the island either, Dick."

A few moments later they are quarreling—at war again—over John Colt, whom Tonga Dick hates and who, Karen is well aware, will insist on wringing every penny he can from James Wayne's heirs. . . .

Tonga Dick encounters John Colt and Karen in Honolulu. Dick suggests a compromise which Colt rejects scornfully.

"All right," says Dick, "I am going to kill your case. You're finished, Colt!" And, watching John Colt's face, Karen feels certain that, gambling for Alakoa, he has lost!

VI

IT WAS late in the evening when Dick dropped anchor in Alakoa's little bay, and immediately was driven up to the old house high in the gorges.

His brothers, as he might have expected, had already retired. It was surprising in how many superficial ways they imitated the virtues of James Wayne—without ever seeming to accomplish anything thereby. Dick did not cause them to be roused at once. Instead, he sent for Charles Wong, and with the assistance of the efficient Chinese set about a brief survey of the condition of Alakoa's books.

A careful audit would have been necessary in order to check through, with any accuracy, that great array of his uncle's books which recorded the financial transactions of Alakoa. Dick knew what he was looking for, however; he steamed rapidly through such of the summaries as interested him.

The story that those books told should have pleased anybody, but it did not please Dick Wayne. He was hunting for something else, the existence of which he only suspected, and to which he was perfectly certain his brothers had no clue at all.

When he had hunted a long time without result it became apparent to him that Charles Wong, under guise of assistance, was in subtle ways managing to confuse his search, and bring it to nothing. As this became definitely evident, Dick Wayne went back and searched again, and this time found what he sought. It was an inconspicuous item for the year 1930, easily brushed over, and obscure in meaning when found. It consisted of nothing more than an entry, under miscellaneous operating expense: "Old debts, $25,000."

The entry was posted where it did not belong—a practice untypical of either James Wayne or Charles Wong, and Dick turned sharply upon the Chinese.

"What debt was this?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You posted this entry?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, did you pay out this money?"

"No, sir; Mr. Wayne always handled that item himself."

"Always? What do you mean by that?"

Wong fell silent; but now Dick Wayne knew where to look for what he wanted. Hurriedly he checked back through the books for previous years. Every year for seventeen years that same vague item was to be found, sometimes small, sometimes enormous, according to the way the year had gone. Over that period of seventeen years almost two hundred thousand dollars stood against that single vague phrase—"old debts." A curious thing, in a way; for, as far as Dick's perfunctory survey of the records could make out, there had never been any old debts at all, other than those meticulously funded and otherwise disposed of.

For the space of a minute Tonga Dick stared hard at Charles Wong; and was able to convince himself that the Chinese knew no more than he did—and perhaps considerably less.

Dick dismissed Wong and planted himself at his uncle's desk. He ordered coffee, and while Tsura was getting it for him he sat for a time thinking hard, his eyes covered by his hands. By the time his coffee appeared he had made up his mind.

"Bring my brothers here," he told the Japanese girl.

TSURA looked at him in a startled way. His brothers were his elders and senior to him in the control of Alakoa; but he had commanded that they appear, in the same curt tone that he had ordered coffee.

"Yes, Mister Dick." She whisked out of the room. Perhaps the Japanese girl was a little afraid of the room itself since the death of James Wayne, judging it to be an appropriate hang-out for devils.

Dick was finishing a second cup of coffee before his brothers came. Surveying them, Dick was forced to smile a little. He supposed that they probably liked to think of themselves as lords of an island empire, and their appearance did not jibe. Ernest was wearing a purple dressing-gown, which made him look as sallow as a half-ripe mango; and though Willard had taken time to dress, even to coat and vest, he had forgotten to put a collar on. Both were somewhat bleary-eyed from interrupted sleep.

"Good of you to show up," Ernest Wayne said sardonically.

"I understand," said Willard Wayne, "that through your generous courtesy, Miss Waterson has been a house guest here—in fact, slept here the night Uncle Jim died."

"True," Tonga Dick agreed. "Tsura, bring two more coffee cups."

"We don't want any coffee," Ernest said for them both.

"Bring them anyway. Sit down, you two."

Willard, who had started to lower himself into a chair, hesitated in some annoyance, but gave in. Somewhere, early in their childhood, there must have been a time when the two elder brothers had dominated Dick by main force of age and size; and although Dick could not even remember that time, Ernest and Willard had never been able to accustom themselves to the change in their relationship. He would always seem to them an unjustifiable rebel, scandalous in manner, and wrong-headed in his pursuits.

ERNEST, who was shivering a little, maintained his self-assertion by remaining on his feet. "I would certainly like to know," he said with asperity, "what your purpose was in bringing that—that woman here."

"No purpose at all," Dick said.

They looked at each other meaningfully, and Dick noticed again the extreme nervous irritability which he had seen in them whenever they had met since his return to Hawaii. That nervousness looked compatible enough in the tall, thin Ernest, who never seemed to feel entirely well; but it was incongruous in the thick-set Willard Wayne, with his smooth, firmly padded cheeks and his slow moving eyes; for this nervousness was that of men haunted by an inescapable fear.

"WE UNDERSTAND that you took it upon yourself to confer with John Colt this afternoon," Ernest said.

"I see the wireless telephone is doing its work."

"We naturally keep in touch with those who are handling our interests in Honolulu," Ernest admitted irascibly. "We would like to know, if it isn't asking too much, just why you think you can take it on yourself—"

"I must say, Dick," Willard put in, "it seems to me that you are behaving in an extremely eccentric way."

"Didn't I always?"

"You certainly always did. I don't understand you, Dick. But this is no time for your foolishness; we are up against an extremely serious thing, and your foolishness isn't helping it. It would have been a good deal better if you had stayed in the South Seas."

"You're wrong there," Dick told him.

"I think not. In any case, I would say that you're hardly in a position to judge."

"Oh, yes, I am."

Ernest and Willard looked at each other again for a long moment. They didn't know how to handle Dick; they never had. Across his coffee cup Tonga Dick stared out beyond the casements at the vaguely moon-radiant mists which were beginning to well up out of the gorges.

"The South Pacific is a wonderful ocean," he said absent-mindedly. "A lot of things are to be learned there. I wouldn't be surprised if some of them might prove useful here."

He knew now that he had enough dynamite in his hands to blow their whole situation apart, and he had decided that he was willing to accept the cost to himself of using it. But there was something else he wanted to find out first. There was a shadow of wicked mischief in his mood now as he set out to prod it out of them.

"You see," he said, "as this contest for Alakoa sifts down, all the original aspects of the case are going to have to be investigated with the utmost thoroughness—and made public. You understand that, I suppose?"

Willard Wayne said with an unnecessary intensity, "Just what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that it is very likely—even inevitable—that a lot of things are going to be brought to light that nobody's thought about for a long time. Isn't that so?"

"Don't know what you're driving at," Ernest mumbled.

"How well, for instance," Dick Wayne asked them, "do you think that you knew James Wayne?"

"We've worked with him all our lives," Willard said impatiently.

"And yet, did it ever occur to you he might know some things you never suspected at all?"

"Nonsense!"

"For example," Dick went on, his voice lazy, "take the exact circumstances under which old Garrett Waterson left here—just at the time the Waynes bought this island."

"THAT has nothing to do with it," Ernest declared. "The entire transaction was closed before Garrett Waterson—disappeared."

"This disappearance," Dick prodded them; "the tradition has been that he set sail southwest, in his own schooner, and was never seen again—wasn't that it?"

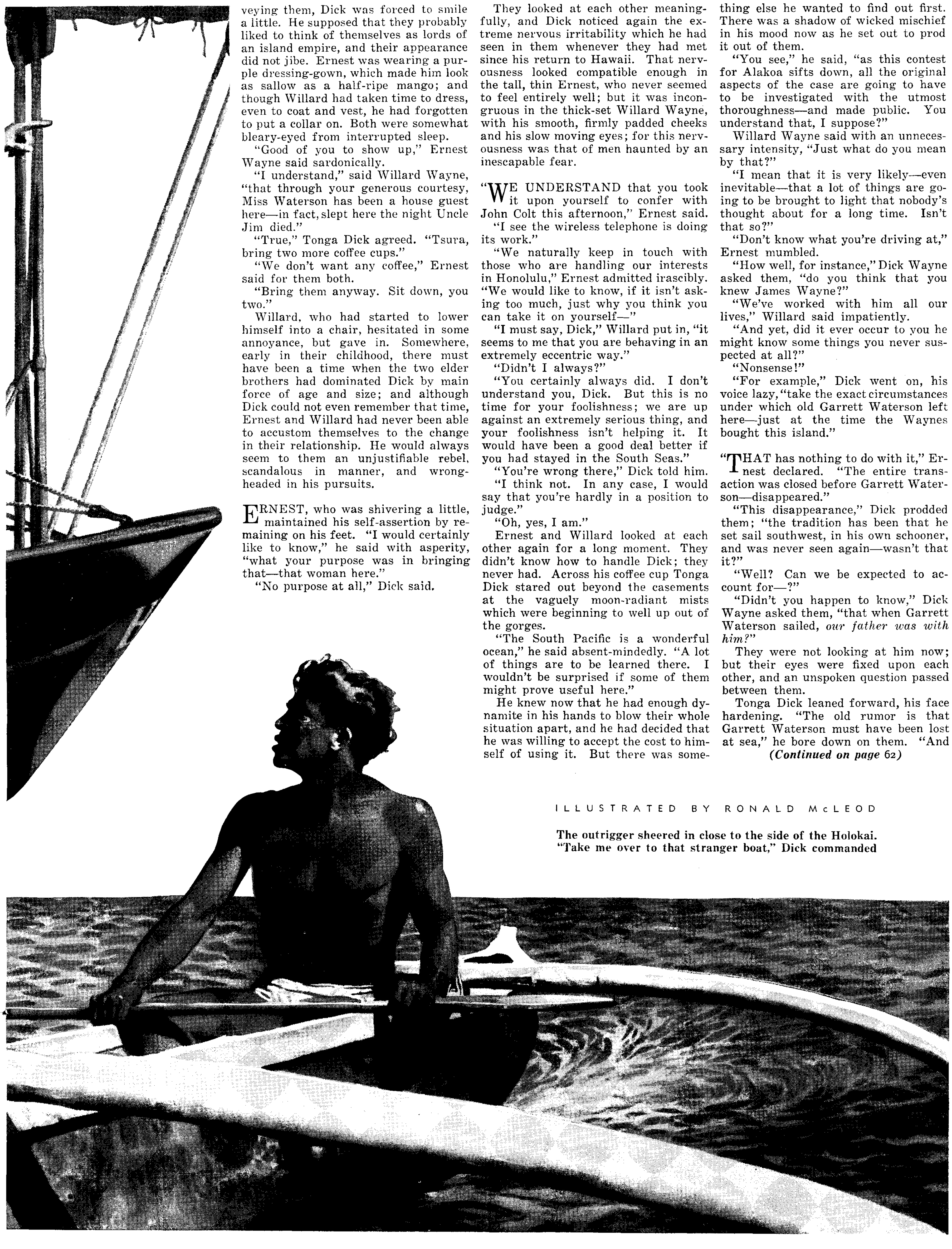
"Well? Can we be expected to account for—?"

"Didn't you happen to know," Dick Wayne asked them, "that when Garrett Waterson sailed, *our father was with him?*"

They were not looking at him now; but their eyes were fixed upon each other, and an unspoken question passed between them.

Tonga Dick leaned forward, his face hardening. "The old rumor is that Garrett Waterson must have been lost at sea," he bore down on them. "And

(*Continued on page 62*)



ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The outrigger sheered in close to the side of the Holokai. "Take me over to that stranger boat," Dick commanded

The Swords of Justice

By R. G. Kirk

A Short Short Story complete on this page

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

THE Honorable Justice Severn Rheingold, U.J.D., sat at his study desk and once more read the letter.

It said: "This Friday I will call at nine P. M. You will have—shall we say—one hundred thousand? Unmarked, of course. And unrecorded as to numbers, certainly. Dixon can arrange this. He has the freedom of the vaults of all his banks, no doubt. The transaction will be among us three. Us three alone. This is very clear? The slightest leak—but, then, I have the boy. To prove this I enclose the locket he was wearing.

"You I have chosen, Doctor, because no one would suspect that the most eminent jurist in America would be the intermediary in this case. And your unimpeachable reputation guarantees that you will keep the smallest letter of your word wherever you may give it. Also you know the Dixons well, and love the boy yourself. It will be safe to deal through you. Your small car parked before your residence with the left front light not burning will constitute your word that the simple stipulations of this letter are agreeable to all. You were chosen, Doctor, also, because I have always wanted to examine your famed cabinets of trenchant arms. I am much interested, being forced sometimes, in my work, to the use of lethal tools.

"Friday, then, at nine; always remembering—I have the boy."

To look at Dr. Rheingold you would think him a collector. He had the stoop, the squint of one who has the habit of examining. First editions, maybe; jade or porcelain; tapestries, perhaps. But no such treasures graced his study walls. Khanjars and yataghans, instead; kukris and creeses; scimitars, misericords. Justice Rheingold's grisly carving sets matched the best sword collections of the world. Tapestries, indeed!

And yet, it was not strange that Justice Severn Rheingold, Utriusque Juris Doctor, master of Both Laws, should enjoy such things. Men whose work is so intense that they have vital need of hobbies choose such as lead their minds down farthest avenues of escape. Dodgson, profound in mathematics, led Alice and the whole world on marvelous explorations into Wonderland. Your palest clerk wades deepest in the gore of private chronicles. The honorable justice tested with shrewd delight the nicety of balance of his treasures, and touched his thumb to ghastly edges with delicious relish.

TO PASS the rigid minutes nearing nine this Friday evening, the justice had been listening to his radio. The Tartar Sword Dance had been coming in. But suddenly (8:52 it was, exactly) the fierce ballet had been interrupted—long enough to announce the finding of the body of the kidnapped Dixon baby. Murdered. Dead a week. There were details. Then the bloodthirsty music of the Sword Dance came again.

The face of Justice Rheingold went bleak with hate and pity. Then he did a most peculiar thing—wheeled his magnificent radio to a window, tilted it against the sill, and tumbled it outside. It fell nine stories, landing with not too great a crash in shrubbery at the rear of the apartment building. But Justice Rheingold did not watch it fall. Eight fifty-five. He had scarcely gotten back to his desk when the door into his study opened.

"You have no radio?" asked a voice that made the justice think of ice.

"Not now," said Doctor Rheingold. "Repairmen will be finding it a job, I fear."

The doctor sensed relaxation in the one who had entered. He saw the burly shoulders slacken, although the eyes, through slits in a thin black hood which covered the entire head, glanced about searchingly.

"I HAD Slavonovitch's Tartar Sword Dance in my car just now," the cold voice said. "I was sure you would be listening to that. Vreeden was leading. I read that his percussion men clash sabers where the cymbal strokes are written. Too bad you missed it. . . . Well, the business, then. One hundred thousand was not difficult, I hope."

Doctor Rheingold pointed to the suitcase on the floor.

"When can they have the boy?" he asked, letting no trace of loathing come into his voice. "Let me call them now."

"Don't touch the telephone!" The voice spoke swiftly; but further relaxation sounded in it. The doctor's eagerness was convincing. The Tartar Sword Dance, with its interruption, had not reached this room. "You are not to call them for two hours. I have allowed time to look at your collection."

He walked at once, as everybody always did, to where the great tsurugi lay across its pegs. Through centuries it had come down to old Nippon's two-handed sword men. It fascinated like a cobra.

"May I take it down?"

Here, perhaps, was death. But without hesitation Doctor Rheingold said, "Certainly. But it is priceless. By Munechika. Be very careful. It is heavier than you think."

But the hooded one was burly, and the balance of the mighty sword was exquisite. He swung it, mowing, chopping; and it whispered dreadfully. Doctor Rheingold wondered that the ghost of some old hero of Japan did not materialize to snatch the weapon from that ghoulish grip.

But no ghost came, so Doctor Rheingold sat there calmly in his chair, showing no sign of fear. This one must not suspect by any slightest sign that he had heard the interrupted broadcast, and knew about the boy. Somehow, death threatening or not, he had to sit in calmness thinking out some method of detaining this wretch, unaware, while the police were summoned.

And then, all in one clear, illuminating flash, he had the way to do it. Simple. Simple.

"I have an even finer weapon," said the doctor, rising. "Here is my Hindu case. Examine this."

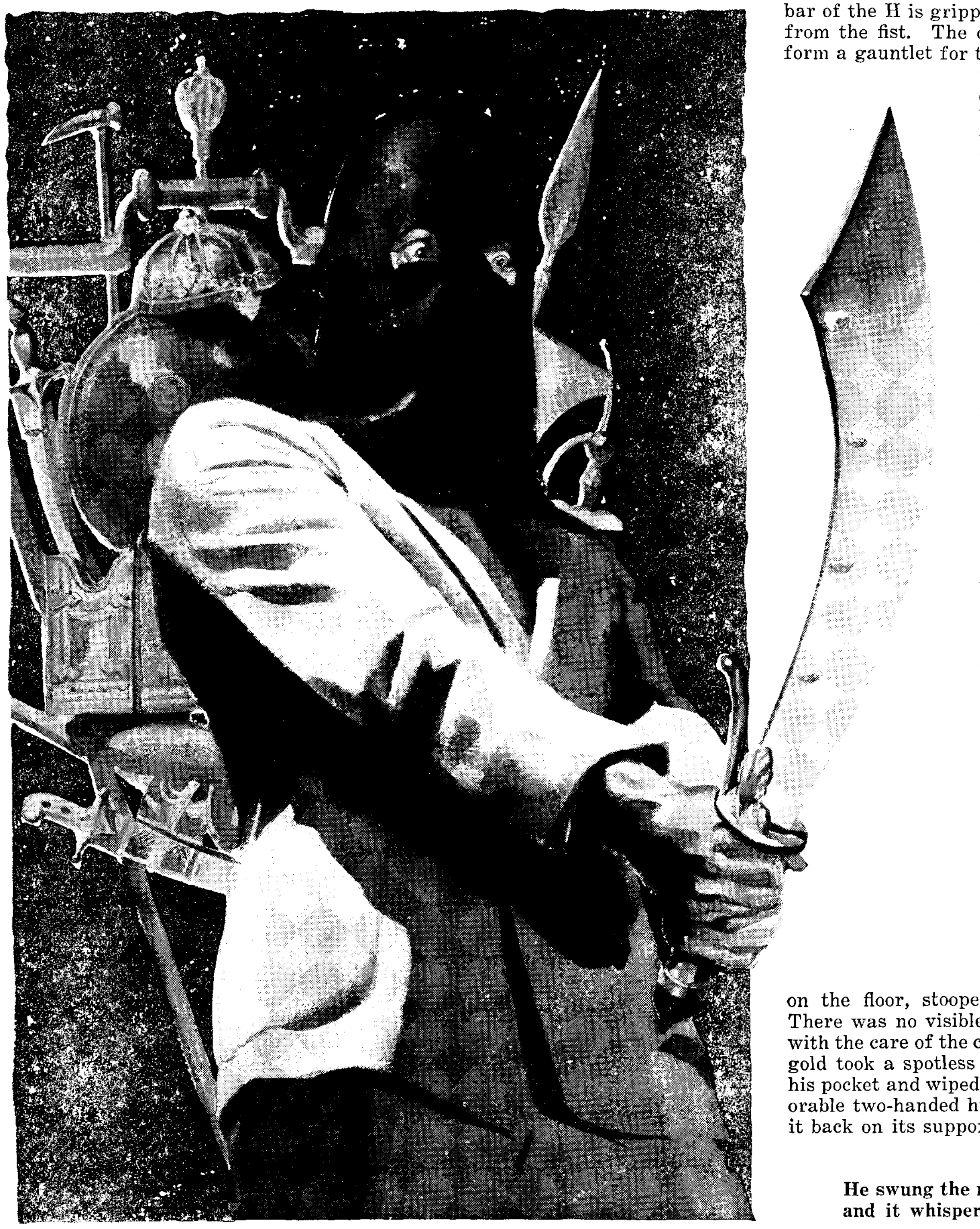
"Curious thing," the doctor's caller said, keeping his double-handed grip on the tsurugi's gorgeous hilt.

"A katar," said the doctor.

THE blade was short and broad, but keen of point and edge. The hilt a letter H, with cross-bar high. Across the top of the H's parallels the blade was stanchly set.

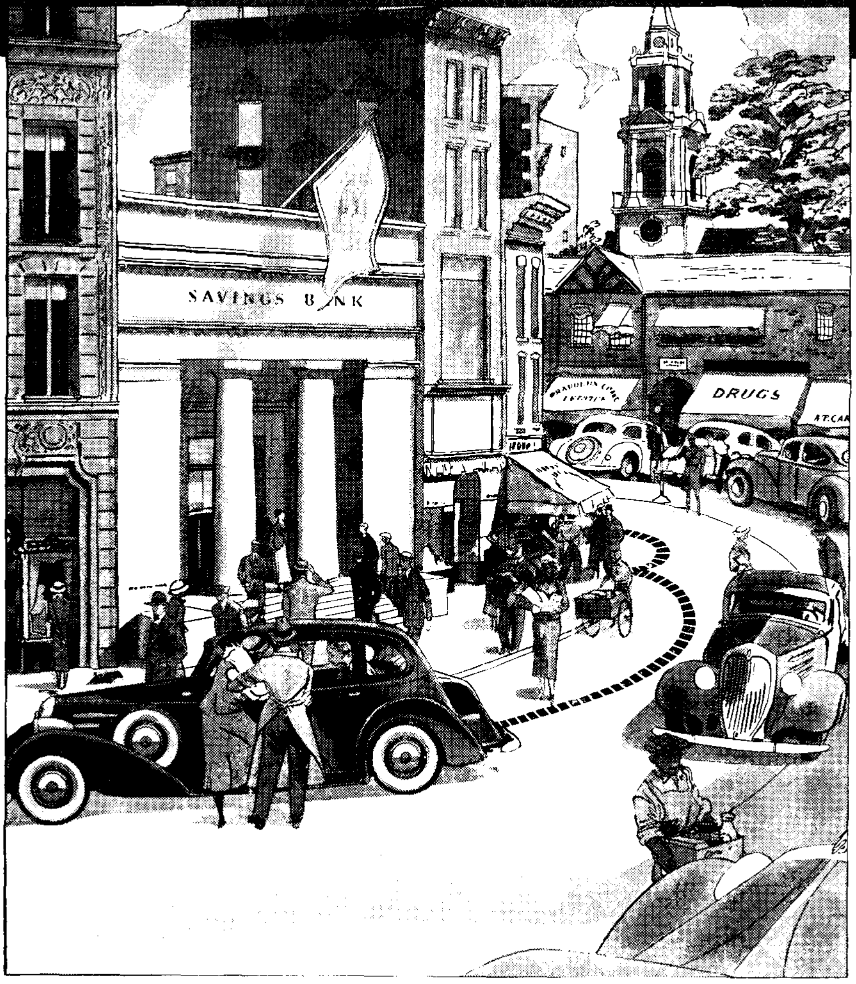
"A favorite weapon of the Rajputs," explained the doctor. "See. The cross-bar of the H is gripped. The blade juts from the fist. The open parallels then form a gauntlet for the hand and wrist. Thongs with a clever draw-knot bind it firmly to the forearm. So. Those highland warriors knew for centuries before the birth of modern pugilism that the jab was more effective than the swing. The Romans knew it, too. Their short, stout stabbing swords defeated all sword-swinging armies. But what the Rajputs developed was, I think, perfection. The foeman raised his weapon. Yes, yes! That illustrates it! Just as you do now! And then the Rajput stepped inside the swinging cut and, with his weight behind the katar, simply punched. Like this!"

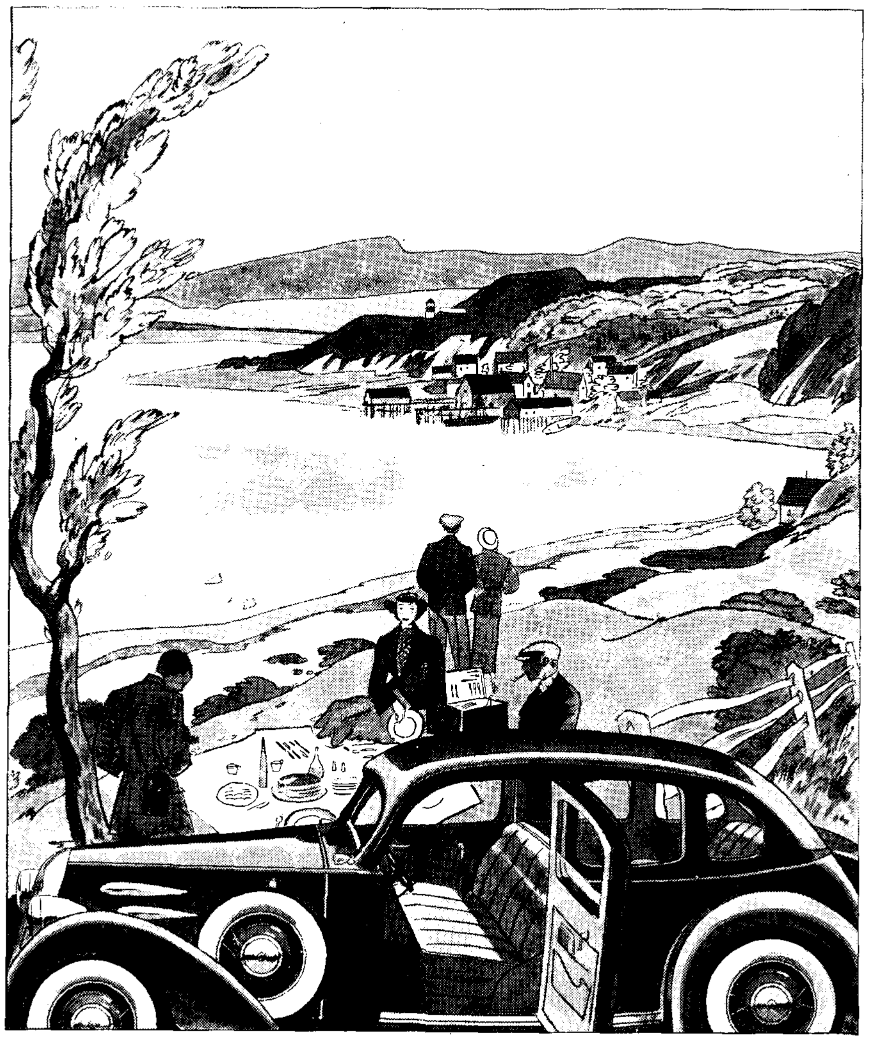
And then he got in touch with the police, did Justice Severn Rheingold, Doctor of Both Laws, the Civil and the Canon. But before he raised his telephone he first went to the great tsurugi where it had clanged down on the floor, stooped and upended it. There was no visible stain upon it, but with the care of the collector, Dr. Rheingold took a spotless handkerchief from his pocket and wiped and wiped the honorable two-handed hilt before he placed it back on its supporting pegs.



He swung the mighty sword, and it whispered dreadfully

Saturday's shopping can use more gasoline than Sunday's long trip—





4 out of every 5 miles you drive *are stop-and-go*

Today's *starting, shifting* and *accelerating* waste your money—unless your gasoline has these Three Kinds of Power . . .

TO the butcher . . . the grocer . . . the dry goods store . . . the bank . . . the druggist! Count up and you'll find that you often make 10 stops a day.

Then, remember that a short run from a "cold" start can use up to a "mile" of gasoline. (Even on sizzling summer days, your engine is relatively "cold" after it has been idle an hour.)

Also, remember that rapid accelerating as you shift gears can use 33% more gasoline than steady running.

To cut down this waste, you need a gasoline with 3 *different kinds of power* . . . power for quick STARTING . . . power for hard PULLING . . . and power for economical RUNNING.

What's more, you need these 3 kinds of power in exactly the right proportion . . . in perfect BALANCE!

Super-Shell is the FIRST truly balanced gasoline. It is on sale at 30,000 Shell stations from Coast to Coast. Start saving money with it TODAY.

SAVES in 3 Ways—

STARTING—With its even volatility, Super-Shell can save up to a cupful of gasoline on every "cold" start.

SHIFTING—Super-Shell can save up to a cupful in 10 minutes of hard pulling, or rapid accelerating, or on hills.

RUNNING—With its abundant heat units, it can save up to a cupful in every hour of steady running, motorists report.

Remember, when you save 16 cupfuls, you save a gallon!

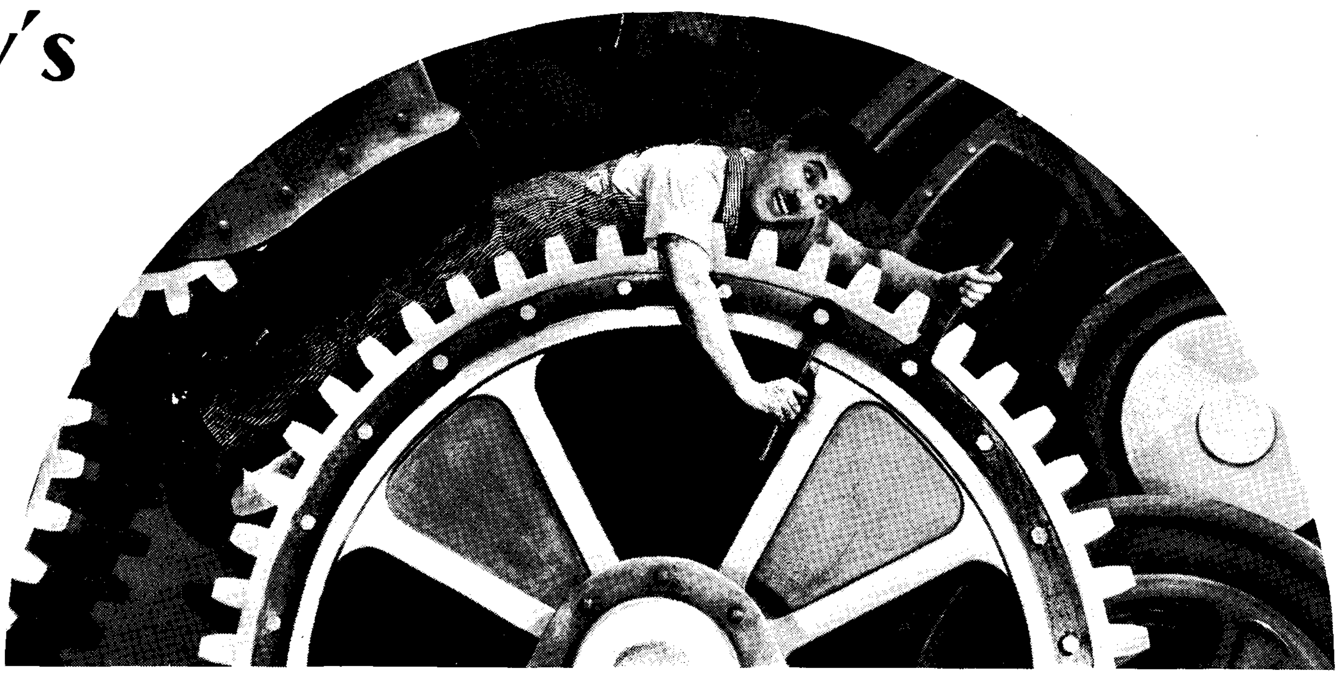
Super-SHELL

Saves on today's stop-and-go driving

Everybody's Language

By Winston Churchill

Can silent movies ever come back? Winston Churchill, statesman and journalist, answers with an emphatic "Yes." As his strongest argument he offers the king of pantomimists, Charlie Chaplin



IN A ROOM in St. Thomas' Hospital, London, a man lay dying. He had had a good life—a full life. He had been a favorite in the music halls. He had tasted the triumphs of the stage. He had won a measure of fame as a singer. His home life had been happy. And now death had come for him. While he was yet in the prime of manhood, with success still sweet in his mouth, the curtain was falling—and forever.

The other windows of the hospital were dark. In this one alone a light burned. And below it, outside in the darkness, shivering with cold and numbed with fear, a child stood sobbing. He had been told that there was no hope, but his wild heart prayed for the miracle that could not happen, even while he waited for the light to go out and the compassionate hesitations that would tell him his father was no more. The dying man and the child outside the window both bore the same name—Charles Chaplin.

Destiny shifts us here and there upon the checkerboard of life, and we know not the purpose behind the moves. His father's death brought a safe, comfortable world crashing about Charlie Chaplin's head, and plunged his mother, his brother and himself into poverty. But poverty is not a life sentence. It is a challenge. To some it is more—it is an opportunity. It was so to this child of the theater. In the kaleidoscopic life of London's mean streets he found tragedy and comedy — and learned that their springs lie side by side. He knew the problems of the poor, not from the aloof angle of the social investigator, but at firsthand. They were his mother's problems—and his own. But the very struggle of life gave a new zest to common things. And upon the margin of subsistence human nature has few reticences. It reveals itself far more clearly and fully than in more sheltered surroundings. So daily Charlie's keen eyes noted some new aspect of the exposed expanse of life around him.

In somewhat similar circumstances, many years before, another boy had found, amid the rank luxuriance of London life, a key to fame and fortune. He also had been desperately poor. He also had missed much that should be the birthright of every child. But the alchemy of genius transmuted bitterness and suffering into the gold of great literature and gave us the novels of Charles Dickens.

The Beginnings of Genius

Between these two there is, I think, an essential similarity. Both knew hardness in childhood. Both made their misfortunes steppingstones to success. They developed along different lines, chose different mediums of expression, but both quarried in the same rich mine of common life and found there treasure of laughter and drama for the delight of all mankind. Mark Twain, left fatherless at twelve, had substantially the same experience, though in a different setting. He would never have written Huckleberry Finn had life been kinder in his youth.

So we need not regret the shadows that fell over Charlie Chaplin's early life. Without them his gifts might have shone less brightly, and the whole world would have been poorer. Genius is essentially a hardy plant. It thrives in the east wind. It withers in a hothouse. That is, I believe, true in every walk of life. The reason the historic English families have produced so many men of distinction is that, on the whole, they have borne great responsibilities rather than enjoyed great wealth. Their younger sons, especially, have usually had to make their own way in the world, to stand on their own feet, to rely on their own merits and their own efforts. I am glad that I had to earn my living from the time that I was a young man. Had I been born heir to millions I should certainly have had a less interesting life.

Naturally and inevitably, once school days were over, the youthful Charlie Chaplin found his way on to the stage. And when he was twenty-one he signed a contract which took him to the United States and Canada with the Fred Karno Comedy Company. This American tour was, in some ways, as important to the development of the Chaplin that we know as were his early days in London. It was one of the great formative experiences of his career. We in England like to think of Charlie Chaplin as an Englishman, but America gave a new direction, a new edge to his quality. It opened to him new fields of character and circumstance.

Twenty-five years ago, when the young actor crossed the Atlantic, life in the States was more fluid than in England—more fluid perhaps than it is today. Its forms had not set. Personalities were more important than conventions. Democracy was not only a political institution but a social fact. Class distinctions mattered comparatively little when the hired hand of today was so often the employer of tomorrow, and the majority of professional men had paid for their university training with the work of their hands.

A Purely American Type

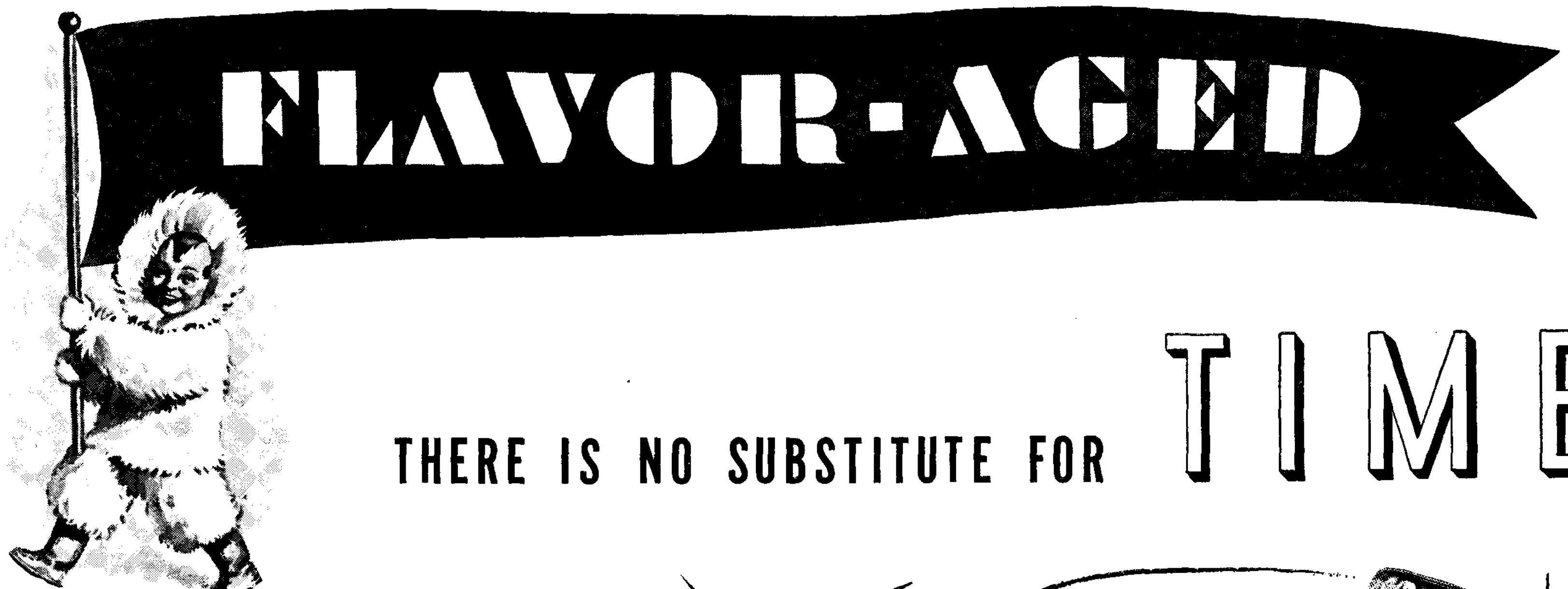
Even poverty wore a different face in America. It was not the bitter, grinding destitution Charlie had encountered in the London slums and which has now, thanks to the extension of social services, largely disappeared. In many cases it was a poverty deliberately chosen, rather than imposed from without.

Every cinema-goer is familiar with the Chaplin tramps, but I wonder how many of them have reflected how characteristically American are these homeless wanderers. In the dwindling ranks of the English tramps one finds all sorts of people—from the varsity graduate whose career has ended in ruin and disgrace, to the half-imbecile illiterate who has been unemployable since boyhood. But they all have one thing in common—they belong to the great army of the defeated. They still maintain the pretense of looking for work—but they do not expect to find it. They are spiritless and hopeless.

The American hobo of twenty-five years ago was of an entirely different type. Often he was not so much an outcast from society as a rebel against it. He could not settle down, either in a

(Continued on page 37)

Two scenes from Modern Times, the new Charlie Chaplin picture, a momentous event for the master mimic's world-wide host of admirers and his second gesture of disdain for the ubiquitous talkies



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR TIME

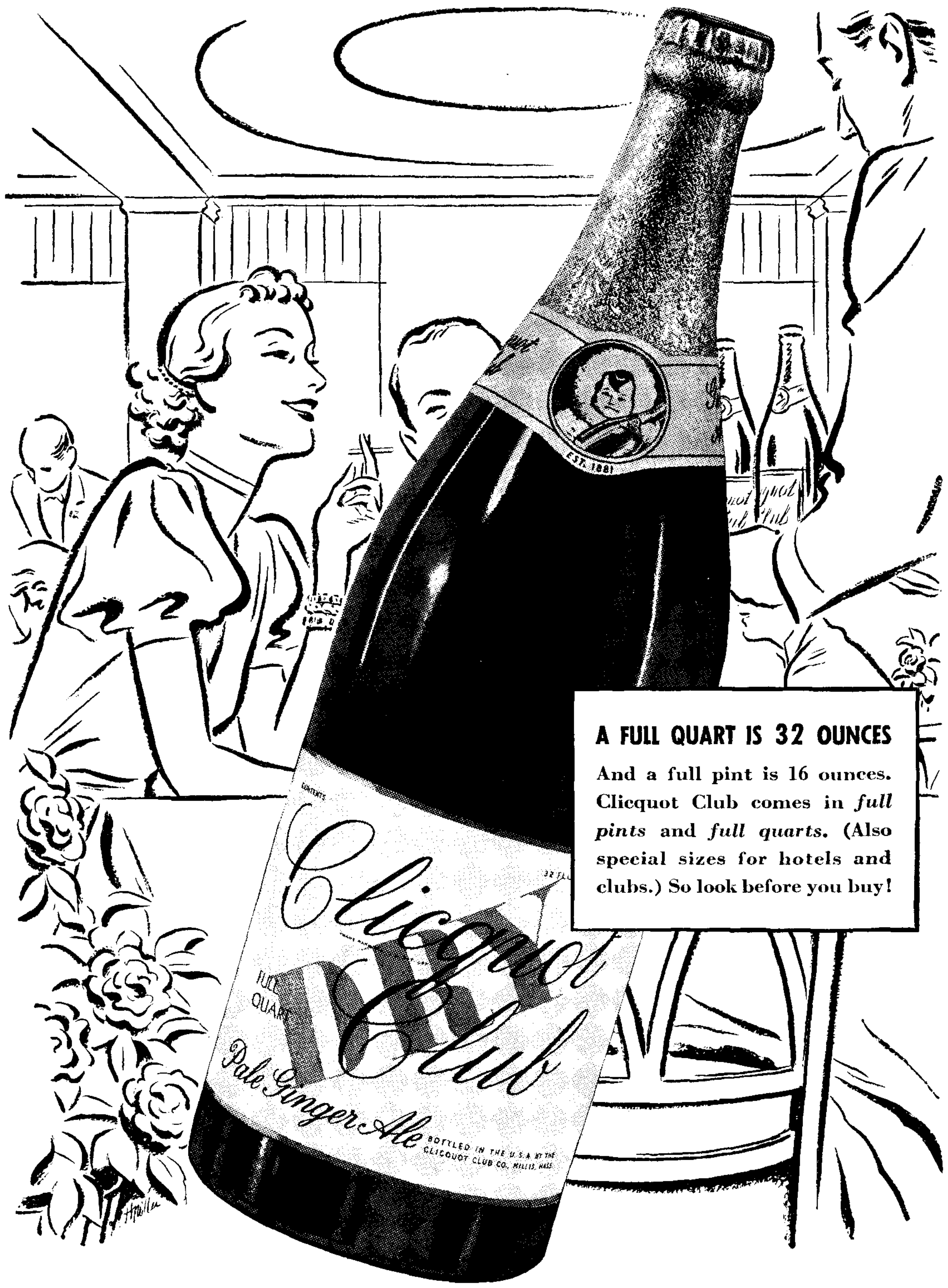
IN ACHIEVING the flavor of a superb ginger ale, no less than in the making of a really fine wine, there is no substitute for *time*. Clicquot insists on *six full months* to age, ripen, and mellow its secret blend of prime Jamaica ginger, fragrant flavorings, and piquant taste-heighteners.

Such choice ingredients cannot be thrown together like picnic-punch in a day, or a week, or a month, and still lend their delicate flavor, one to the other, in a truly matchless blend. It takes at least six months, according to Clicquot's own rigid standard.

So into storage they go, these precious elements, for six long months, under very special, very technical handling . . . to mingle and mix . . . to mellow and mature . . . to lose their identities in the interest of the whole. Out they come at last—a single, silken symphony . . . balanced and cross-blended . . . then and *only* then the flavor is ready to receive the water and sugar.

And what water! Clear and cold, natural-pure, from the earth's rock depths . . . not city water "purified." Carbonated under *refrigerated* pressure, the tiny bubbles *frozen* in . . . liquid diamonds that sparkle long after you have removed the cap . . . long after cheap ginger ales have spent their fury like a Seidlitz powder.

In all the world, there is no ginger ale like Clicquot Club. Naturally, it costs a trifle more, but it *gives* so much more—in quality, in quantity. Say "Clicquot" and get the ginger ale that is flavor-aged six months—America's finest!


EST. 1881
FULL QUART
Clicquot DRY Club
Pale Ginger Ale
BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO. MILLIS, MASS.

A FULL QUART IS 32 OUNCES

And a full pint is 16 ounces. Clicquot Club comes in *full pints* and *full quarts*. (Also special sizes for hotels and clubs.) So look before you buy!

CLICQUOT CLUB PALE DRY

• *A Really Dry Ginger Ale*

TRY CLICQUOT CLUB SODA, GOLDEN GINGER ALE, AND SARSAPARILLA

Clicquot Club Soda

Here is a natural-pure water. No distillation necessary. Drawn, clean and cold, from bedrock, it gives you the flavor that Nature intends water to have! And each quart of Clicquot Club Soda has approximately 5 quarts of carbonation . . . greater buoyancy and longer life! Order it today in full-quart and 12-ounce bottles. It also comes in split sizes for hotel and club service.

Collier's sent Mr. Ybarra to South America to provide you with pictures of our greatest market, to let you see the colors and hear the sounds of the other America. Here he takes you to Buenos Aires, Argentina's glittering metropolis. It's a man's town: the women are much thought of there, but from the Mediterranean point of view

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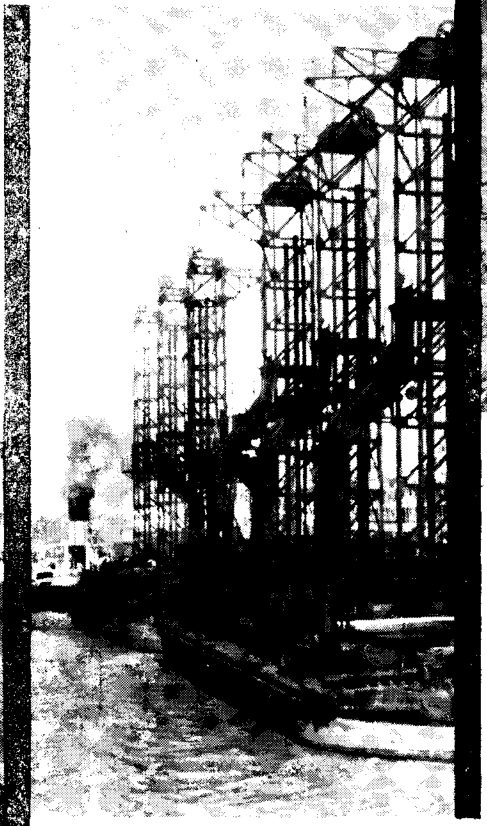
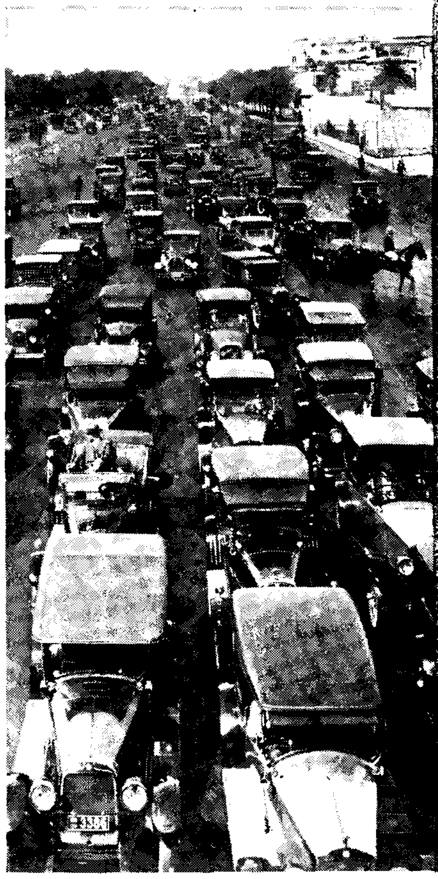
City of Clash

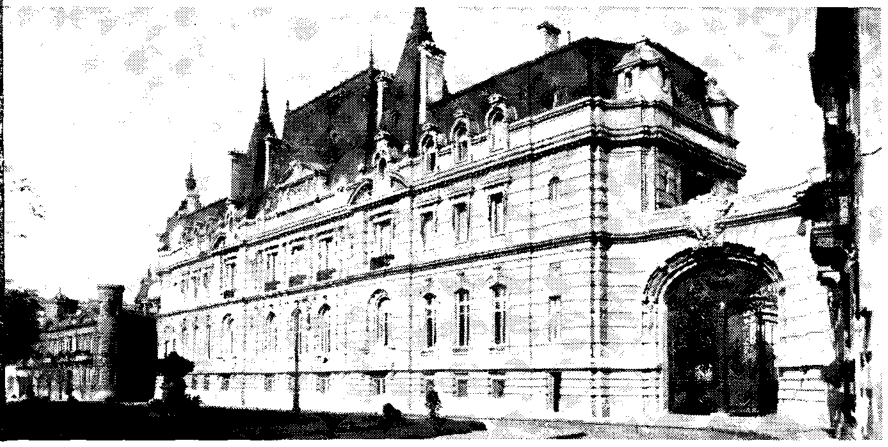
By T. R. Ybarra



EWING GALLOWAY



EWING GALLOWAY



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Discovering Buenos Aires is a delightful surprise to the sophisticated traveler, who finds its exclusive clubs, fine boulevards, magnificent homes and busy harbor all satisfyingly modern in a manner as typically Argentinian as the colorful *gauchos* of the great plains

TAKE the average man of a cosmopolitan turn of mind, suddenly drop him at any one of a score of spots in America's biggest city—Forty-second Street, the East or North River waterfront, Park Avenue, Bowling Green, the lower East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy—ask him, "What city is this?" and he will answer, without an instant's hesitation: "New York."

And it would be the same in the capital of France or the metropolis of Britain or the Eternal City. Drop that man at any one of many seemingly different yet essentially similar spots in those cities, ask him the same question, and he will instantly reply: "Paris" or "London" or "Rome." There is something you can't get away from in those places; they are so saturated with their own exclusive personalities that they are unmistakable. Which is also true, (to a somewhat lesser degree) of a dozen other big cities of this world.

But I have found a metropolis, one of the biggest of all, where that average cosmopolitan's experience would betray him sadly.

There I would like to set him down on a fine, wide, tree-lined avenue, its sidewalks sprinkled with little tables at each of which men-of-the-world amid a whirlpool of traffic and a tornado of noise sit sipping drinks and reading newspapers. "Where are you?" I would ask him. "Paris," he would answer. "Wrong!" I would retort.

And I would whisk him away—a mere two or three blocks, mind you—to a magnificent, marble-encrusted bank, where alert executives, clean-shaven and clear-eyed, work at desks labeled with their names, right out in the open, in plain sight of customer, sightseer or bomb-thrower.

"What city?" I would query.

"New York."

"Wrong!"

And I would rush him a few hundred feet away, to an eating-house paneled in dark wood, and shove under his nose a bill of fare featuring haddock and Guinness and kippers and ale.

"London!"

"Wrong!"

And I would transport him around a couple of corners, to a street fringed with big arcades, thronged with swarthy folk, fragrant with the smell of spaghetti and good red wine.

"Name it!" I would challenge.

"Rome!" he would certainly say.

"Wrong again!"

And, finally, I would spirit him away—not more than four blocks away—to a narrow thoroughfare, free from wheeled traffic, where pedestrians crowd the roadway from curb to curb, where supercilious young bloods, leaning against the portal of a clubhouse of incredible luxuriousness, boldly stare at every pretty female passer-by, and the policemen who direct the traffic at each cross street wear pieces of white cloth sticking out from the rims of their hats, over their eyes and down the back of their necks, to keep off the heat.

"Where are you?" I would ask.

And my cosmopolitan would reply in bewilderment: "I haven't the faintest idea! I give it up!"

And then I would announce triumphantly: "You are—and you have been all along when you thought yourself in Paris and New York and London and Rome—in the metropolis of South America, in the capital of Argentina, in Buenos Aires!"

For Buenos Aires is a city fighting to express its true nature; a city battling, today, for its own tomorrow, against the alien, leveling forces of yesterday. Constantly, as you wander over its colossal, pulsating, vital surface, you sense that unknown quantity, the Buenos Aires of tomorrow, busily hacking and chipping away at foreign influences, like a prisoner tunneling his way toward freedom. Buenos Aires is the spearhead of a mighty attack, now under full swing down in Argentina, by which the Argentines are asserting their country's right to rank among the great nations of the world, by proving that it possesses a national character and a national soul. New York is power. Paris is beauty. London is substance. Chicago is force. Berlin is starkness. Rome is splendor. Buenos Aires—now tenth among the world's greatest cities, and, in some ways, the most vital and astounding of the whole lot—is clash.

Clash of European culture against something youthful and unexpectedly obdurate. Clash of American business genius and financial daring against something new and suddenly defiant. Clash of a dying South America, filled with guitars, cowboys, mantillas, Indians, rhetoric, roses and revolution, against a rising South America of—of what? That is the question. Of *what?* Nobody as yet knows the answer. Clash—impact—conflict. That is Argentina. That is Buenos Aires.

(Continued on page 45)

The "Radio Honeymoon" is Over

Success in radio advertising calls for showmanship that entertains—and sells

THE good old days are gone in radio. Simply "being on the air" no longer means that millions of sets are being tuned in to your program.

People no longer listen out of sheer amazement at radio's miracle. Now they take it for granted. And refuse to come to the show unless it is good.

Building an audience of millions today calls for showmanship that entertains—and *sells.* This means: "giving the audience a program so magnetic that it wins instant welcome for the sponsor's message."

This type of salesmanship in showmanship opens up millions of sets day after day, week after week, to your selling message. Recent results prove that it gets and holds the big profits.

It has enabled us to deliver commercial messages for as low as $1.00 per thousand actual listeners.

Just a few months ago, a Lord & Thomas radio program sold $700,000 worth of one drug product alone in ten days.

For another of our clients, a radio program on four stations sold so much goods that the manufacturer had to re-open a factory unit this Spring, which had been closed for years.

Usually, to play safe, we let the thousands decide what the millions will like.

Thus, a short while since, we tested an utterly new type of daily strip show. Announcements on five consecutive days over a 5,000-watt test station brought 64,000 sample requests. So we knew what to expect from the same show on the network. We are not surprised, at the time of this writing, that independent surveys prove it the most popular daytime sponsored show on the air. And after only a few months' time.

It has been said that Lord & Thomas pioneered more new things in radio than all the other agencies combined. Those credited to us are listed briefly in the adjoining column.

Some radio "firsts" credited to Lord & Thomas

(NAMES ON REQUEST)

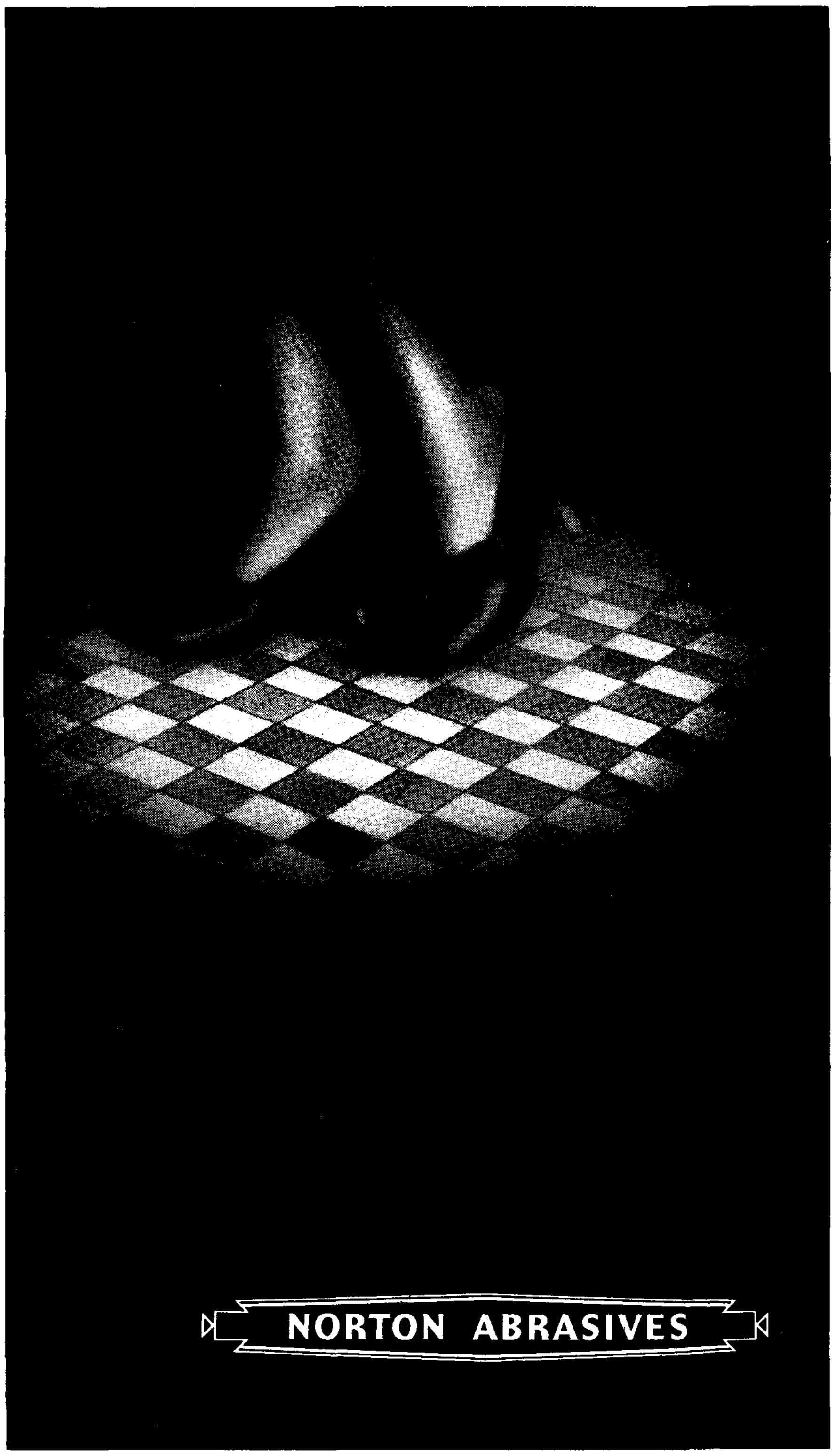
1. ***First Daily Radio Contest of National Scope***
   It rocked American streets with conversation. Made an average of 10,000 one dollar sales a day for months.
2. ***First Daily Network Strip Program***
   Started a new technique of commercial program building.
3. ***First to Rebroadcast Commercial Program***
   Repeat same program late at night for Far West coverage.
4. ***First Big Hit Variety Musical Show Sponsored on Network***
   Set the pattern for big commercial musical production shows in radio.
5. ***First Commercial Broadcast of Metropolitan Opera Series***
6. ***First Commercial Series of Pick-ups of Foreign Dance Orchestras***
7. ***First Sustained Commercial Series of Spot Pick-ups***
   Artists and orchestras from all over country picked up on same program.
8. ***First Authentic Police and Dept. of Justice Dramas***
9. ***First in Number of Contest Returns***
   1,800,000 forty-cent purchases in two weeks.
10. ***First Chain Sponsorship of Football***
11. ***First Network Daytime Serial Show to Women***

Talent which was first sponsored or popularized nationally through us

Amos and Andy; Bing Crosby; Eddie Duchin; Hal Kemp; Walter O'Keefe; Phil Cook; The Goldbergs; Rosario Bourdon; Donald Novis; Fred Astaire; Lum and Abner; Al Goodman; The Revellers; Walter Winchell; Jack Pearl; Clara, Lu and Em; The Cavaliers, and B. A. Rolfe.

LORD & THOMAS · *advertising*

There are Lord & Thomas offices in New York; Chicago; Los Angeles; San Francisco; Toronto; Paris; London
Each office is a complete advertising agency, self-contained; collaborating with other Lord & Thomas offices to the client's interest



SAFE FOOTING—another step in the field of Norton Abrasives—another result of research. Building owners, please note.

Norton Floors—Alundum tiles, treads and aggregate make walkways non-slip and long lasting.

A real contribution toward safer walking for hurrying feet.

Norton Abrasives are more widely famed for grinding, sharpening and polishing—Norton Grinding Wheels, Rubbing and Sharpening Stones and Sandpaper.

NORTON COMPANY, WORCESTER, MASS., U. S. A.
BEHR-MANNING (Abrasive Papers) and NORTON-PIKE (Sharpening Stones) TROY, N.Y.
NORTON COMPANY DIVISIONS

The Girl Guesses

Continued from page 19

would have if he hadn't had a lighted cigar in his mouth that he kept jumping from one side of his face to the other. "You have no right to say that!" she said bitterly.

He eyed her coolly. "Then how do you explain it, miss?"

"I know nothing about gamblers," she said fiercely. "But I know Andy."

McQuade watched her walk out, and shrugged. "She's mad," he said, "but I can't help it. If this thing isn't fixed, it doesn't make sense."

I couldn't say anything. He was right. The only thing I was sure of was Andy.

"You know how rumors spread," McQuade went on. "If it travels around the grapevine that Andy doesn't play to win, I don't want him. My public is after more than an exhibition of pretty tennis. They want to see two stars fighting it out. If Willard plays this benefit, he don't play for me. I need him, but I guess he needs me just as bad."

THAT last was true, all right. McQuade's troupe was the big league of pro tennis. "Suppose he plays this Hungarian war horse and wins?" I asked.

"With Mullally betting against him? Don't be silly. He won't win."

I thought a minute. "Anyone else," I said, "would listen to reason and call it off. But when Andy gets an idea he anchors it in concrete. He's promised, and he won't go back on his word."

"You mean he'd lose the contract I'm offering him rather than stand up this charity?"

I nodded. "He's that crazy. And his girl would back him up. You saw her."

"A goofy pair of kids," he said. He scowled fiercely. "In that case he can pass the hat for the undernourished kids in my direction. But he don't play."

"He wouldn't do that either," I said.

"Then the deal is off!"

"Will you talk to him?" I asked.

"I'd only tell him what I've told you."

"But will you see him?"

I figured Andy would convince him with that straight look.

"If you want," McQuade said. "But it won't do any good."

I let Andy go by himself in the morning. He didn't need any moral support. I let him have about two hours and then I dropped in on McQuade.

"Well?" I said.

He snapped at the end of a cigar. "He plays the benefit," he said.

I gave a sigh of relief.

"You're convinced he's on the level?"

He shrugged. "I'm only trusting him half the way. I don't sign him until after this benefit. If he loses the match and it looks raw, I don't sign him at all."

"He won't lose," I said.

The advance sale was big. At two dollars top, the receipts were going to buy an awful lot of spinach for the underfed youngsters. A day before the match there was only a handful of tickets left. The whole town, from the top of the social ladder to the poolroom gangs who smelled something crooked, wanted to see this show.

Everything was as classy and proper that night as a Broadway opening. McQuade showed up in stiff shirt and top hat just before the match. "I saw Mullally in the lobby," he whispered to me after he had greeted Peg, who was sitting with me. "He looks too happy."

"He'll lose his shirt," I said.

"He never has yet," he reminded me.

I stood up. "I think I'll take a stroll," I said casually.

I went back to the dressing-rooms as fast as I could. Andy was there with Velak, and I took him aside. "How do you feel?" I asked.

"Fine," he answered pleasantly. "How are you yourself?"

"Never mind about me. Where did you have dinner?"

"At a restaurant Peg and I like. I was careful what I ate."

"Do you think you'll win?"

He looked me in the eye and laughed. "No reason why I shouldn't. I've been practicing at the indoor court at the Y."

"Been laying them down on the baseline as usual?"

"A little better than usual," he said.

I thought a moment. "How's the surface of that armory floor outside?"

"It seems all right. I crossed it coming in."

"It's not too slippery?"

"No."

"Slippery enough?"

"It's just right. What are you driving at?"

"Where are the balls you are going to use?"

"The referee has two boxes of them. The boxes are sealed. You're a suspicious guy. If you're so nervous you shouldn't have bet."

"I'm not worried about my money," I said.

Someone stuck his head through the door and yelled that it was time.

"Go in there and win, Andy," I said.

"I will," he answered calmly.

And so he walked out on the courts and lost the first two sets.

I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it. He looked good, but he wasn't. Velak knew his stuff, but he didn't outplay Andy. He merely kept at it until Andy lost the point on errors. Time and time again he would bring Andy in close with a slow, teasing crosscourt, and Andy would drive too deep on the return. I didn't look at McQuade.

At the end of the first set Peg turned to me and smiled confidently. "He's a little wild," she said.

"I understood," growled McQuade, "that he could lay that ball down on a dime from any angle."

At the end of the second set Peg laughed uncertainly. "He must be a little nervous," she said.

"Was he ever nervous before?" McQuade sneered.

"He'll snap out of it now," I muttered.

AND he did, in a way. He still made errors he shouldn't have made, but the sizzle on his drives beat Velak down. Andy nosed out the set, 6-4, and walked off with Velak for a few minutes' rest before the fourth set.

I sat there in the box alone. Peg wouldn't let me go with her to talk to Andy and McQuade ambled off to get all the wise gossip. It didn't take him long. He came back glowering.

"I got a dozen horse laughs," he said, "for taking such a guy under my wing."

"It's not over yet," I suggested.

"There's all kinds of talk," he went on. "Everyone says it's the rawest thing they've ever seen. He's doing his best to throw this match."

Then Peg came back. She turned her shoulder on McQuade and leaned over to me. "Andy feels awful," she whispered.

"He should," I said bitterly.

Her eyes flashed. "Are you turning on him, too?"

"I didn't say that. But I saw him play machine-made tennis at the nationals and now— Does he know what the talk is?"

"He knows," she nodded sadly. "It's getting him down. He's in a terrible state."

"So am I," I muttered.

My hopes went up a little in the fourth set. It was a duplicate of the third. Andy didn't change his tactics. He stayed backcourt and banged away, and the ones he kept in the court were so hot he squeezed out the set.

"Now watch!" I said to McQuade half-heartedly.

"It's an act," he answered. "He'll drop this one."

It broke me down to watch that deciding set. Andy lost the first three games, pulled out the next two, and threw away the one after that. For a few minutes I battled with the idea that he really had sold us out. Maybe, I thought, he was one of these smoothy boys, and the fearless honesty was part of the build-up. Maybe Peg knew it, and was stringing along with him. Then I gave a quick sidewise glance and saw how she looked, and called myself a sap.

ANDY knocked two in a row a foot beyond the baseline and the referee bawled out the score. Five to two, Velak leading, it was.

"It's all over," I said.

"No!" said Peg, with a little sob.

"If the court were only a foot longer!" I sighed.

She drew in her breath. "What was that?"

"What was what?" I said.

"Never mind," she whispered.

She didn't say anything for a while. Then a funny thing happened. She stood up and screamed and toppled over in my arms.

Andy and the Hungarian were just changing courts, and Andy came over faster than he ever covered court when he heard that scream.

"Is she hurt?" he cried.

She picked her head off my shoulder, opened her eyes, and smiled. "I wanted to talk to you," she said.

"What happened?" he demanded.

"Nothing," she said. "It almost happened, but it won't now. Andy, they framed you."

"Who did?"

"Mullally. He laid out a phony court. It's a little too short. No wonder you've been overshooting."

I stood there calling myself names. It was too simple. A foot off a court on either end you wouldn't notice by looking at it. You take a tennis court for granted—there it is, and you don't think to measure it. A foot, or even less, was enough to take the edge off Andy's game. It didn't matter that the white line was there for him to see. He kept his eye on the ball. Years of practice had trained his arm to sock just so hard, and no harder. The depth of his drives had become instinctive; that was why he was so uncannily accurate on an honest court.

A couple of ushers were standing around and a doctor came pushing his way down the aisle. Andy stood there, and his grin spread from ear to ear.

Peg laughed. "Get into the net and volley him off his feet," she said.

"Will I!" said Andy.

I told you he was good in every department of the game. He went back there and forgot about his deep-court drives. He chopped and smashed at incredible short angles from the net. The fireworks were needed, so he cut loose. In about six minutes the score was five-all. Then Andy made it six-five.

The last point of that match was poetic justice. Velak lobbed. Andy could have killed it; he was deadly overhead. But instead he let the ball fall. It landed too deep—right where the baseline should have been, but wasn't.

I turned to McQuade and let him have it between the shoulder blades with all I had in me. "What do you think now?" I yelled.

"Just what I always thought," he said when he stopped coughing. "That guy's as square as they come. I could tell that by looking at him. Didn't I put two C's on him?"

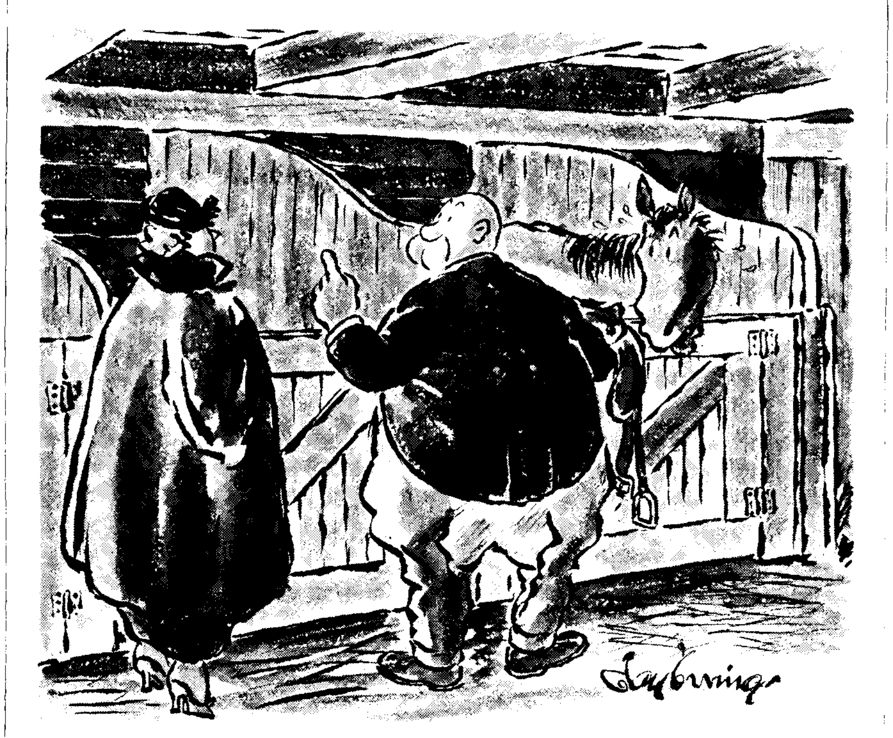
"Does he sign with you or doesn't he?" I said.

"If he doesn't," he answered, "I'll sue."

I go to Andy's and Peg's apartment for dinner every now and then. But I don't see any more of Andy in a professional way than I have to. He's a pretty thorough dentist. McQuade tries periodically to get him back in the game, but it's no go. Andy got what he wanted, and now he's through.

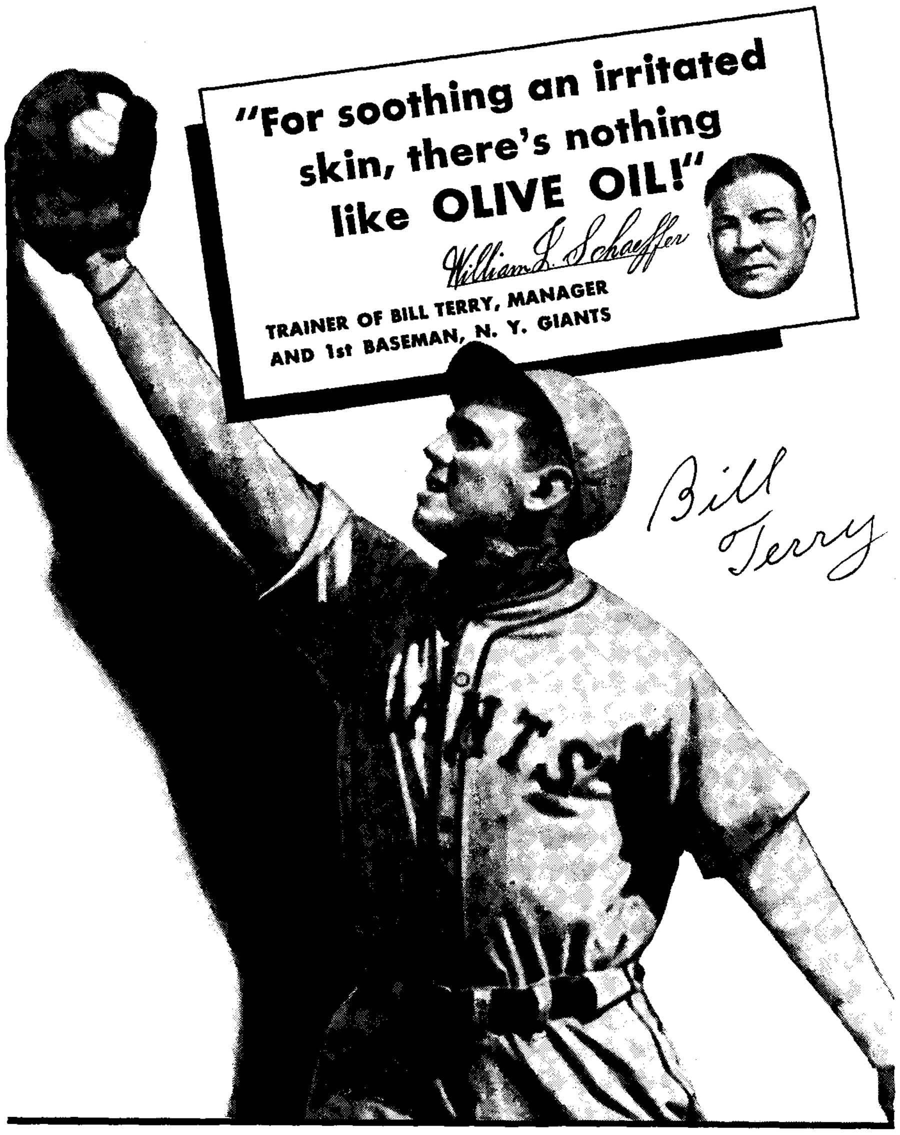
And, oh yes—Mullally. I met that baby on the street the other day. His jaw was all swollen and he was groaning and moaning. "You ought to have it out," I said. "I know just the man and he's right around the corner." I took him up to Andy's office and pushed him inside before he could read the name on the door.

And what do you think? Andy, the sap, gave him gas. I say you can carry this four-square thing too far.



"Just a moment, till I slip a saddle on him. He's terribly modest"

JAY IRVING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TRAINER OF BILL TERRY, MANAGER AND 1st BASEMAN, N. Y. GIANTS
Bill Terry

NO AFTER-SHAVE STING OR BURN

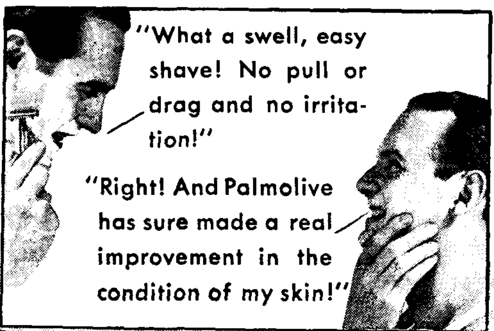
. . . if you use Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

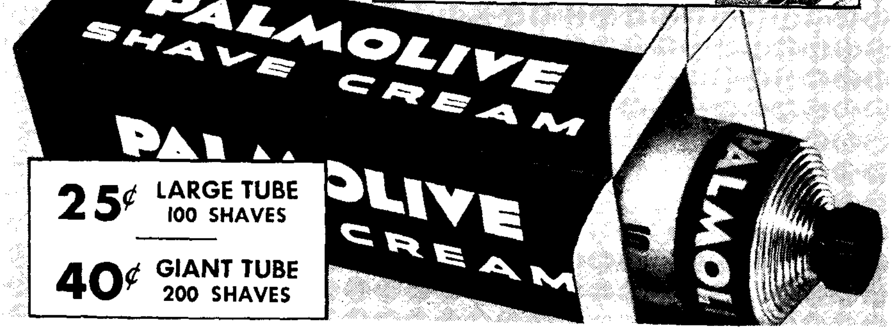
YOU don't have to play baseball in wind and sun, like Bill Terry, to give your skin a "beating"! Shaving every day does *that!*

So . . . to do away with that after-shave irritation . . . Palmolive Shave Cream is made with Olive Oil. The same soothing oil that athletes and trainers swear by for soothing skin irritation!

Try Palmolive—tomorrow morning. See how wonderfully *refreshed* and *soothed* your face feels! And Palmolive's unique lotion-effect also tends to make a permanent improvement in the condition of your skin.

You'll find too that Palmolive builds up the thickest, creamiest lather you ever saw. (Each inch of cream multiplies itself 250 times in lather!) Lather that stands up a full ten minutes! Never dries or wilts while it gives you the world's cleanest, closest, easiest shave! Why not get a tube today?


"What a swell, easy shave! No pull or drag and no irritation!"
"Right! And Palmolive has sure made a real improvement in the condition of my skin!"



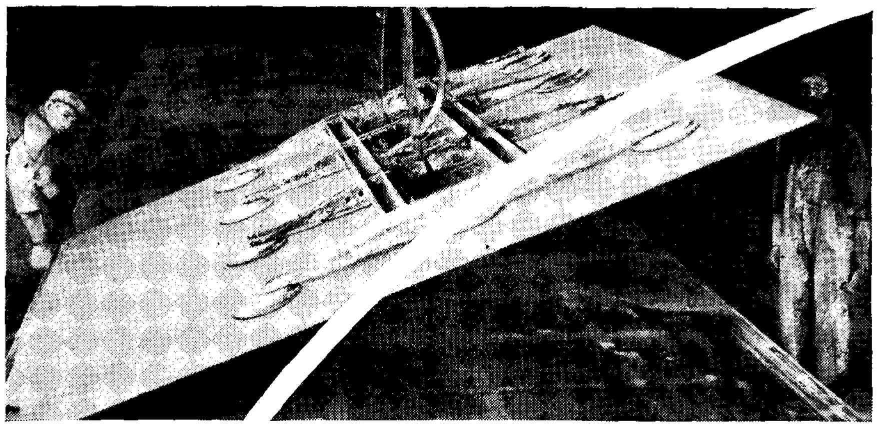
25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

Look at the Glass

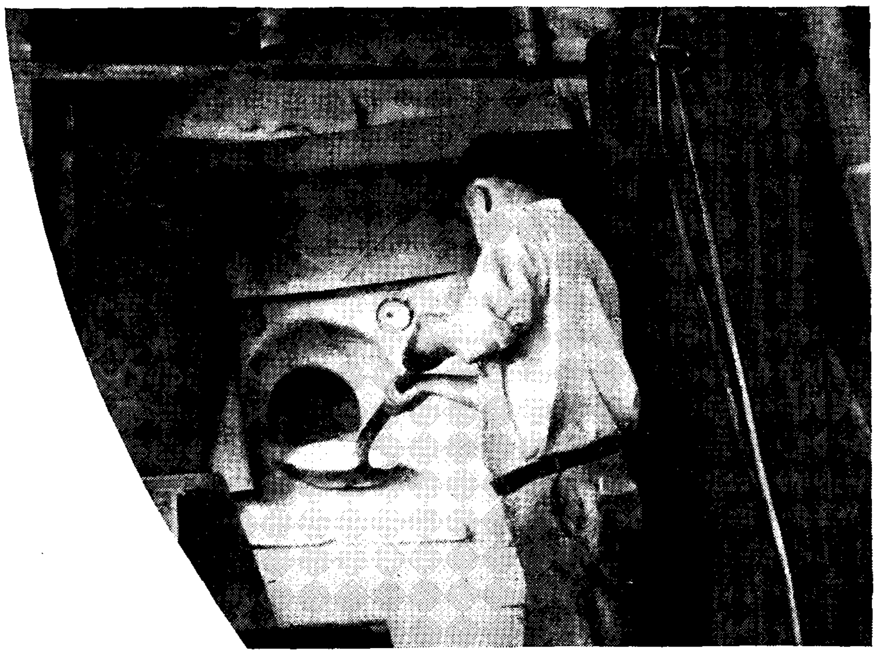
By Ruth Seinfel and Avery Strakosch

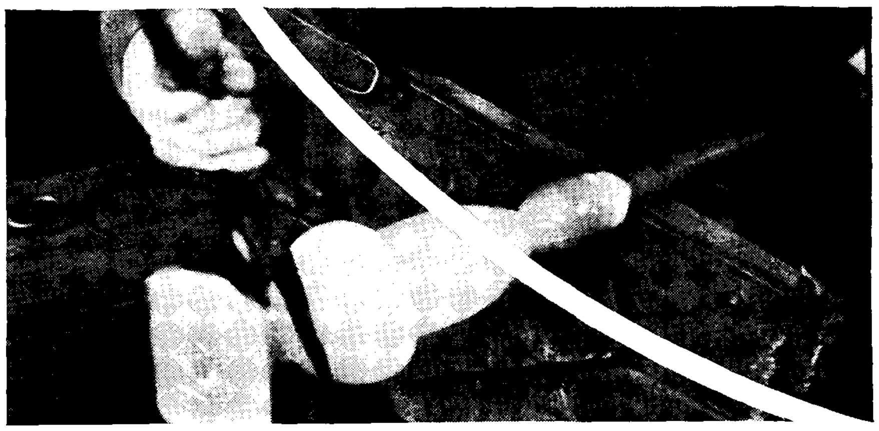
Glass is taking over the house at a great rate—walls, andirons, tables, nothing is safe from the invasion. But you'll like the decorative and useful way it's making itself at home



Top, suction grips handle a large plate-glass "blank" prior to polishing. Below, Sidney Waugh, sculptor and designer, examines his work

Below, the mixture that will become glass goes into the furnace. Bottom, a partially shaped "gather" of heated glass is worked while on the blowpipe





NOT long ago a Fifth Avenue glass shop had a giant brandy-snifter made and put it in the window, just for show. Along came a man and demanded to know its price.

"Oh, but it's not for sale," chorused the sales staff.

"Please, please sell it to me," the man begged. "It's the perfect home for my tropical fish!"

That man was part of a Trend. He may not know it, and he would no doubt deny it hotly—for nobody likes to be pointed at with capital letters—but the record is clear. There he was, to start with, looking in the window of a glass shop. At the same time, or almost, some hundred of Britishers were standing in line in New Bond Street, London, waiting to see the glassware from America being exhibited by the Fine Arts Society. And in a small workshop in western New York state a modest craftsman, considered America's finest engraver on glass, was and is working far into the night to meet the demand for certain pieces of modern decorative glassware which sell for as much as $500.

So, if you've been noticing glass recently, it grieves us to point out to you that you are not altogether unique. The glass-noticing that is going on these days has been unequaled since the dear dim days when Grandma's golden oak sideboard bristled with enough cut glass to furnish a chamber of horrors.

Ten years ago the Fostoria glass works in West Virginia startled the world by making an entire dinner set of glass. It was a daring stunt in those days, but today any glass fancier would sniff at us for even mentioning it. A glass dinner set, indeed—why, the thing to do is to have a glass dinner table! (And so they do, with the centerpiece a grouping of orchids slung underneath, to be admired through the table top above.)

Just to give you an idea of the lengths to which this thing is going, we'll show you around a modern living-room. Your first discovery is that the wall between this room and the dining-room is of clear glass, fooling you into thinking the room is twice as large as it really is. While you're getting over that, our host offers you a cigarette out of a glass cigarette box, fetches a glass ashtray to set at your elbow, and goes over to put another log on the glass andirons in the fireplace. It—the fireplace—is also of glass, the same heat-resistant stuff in which you bake a pie, and so are the moldings around the wall. Books on the table are held upright by glass columns of assorted lengths, and the table lamp is a collection of glass obelisks lighted from below. On the mantel—but you get the idea.

We'll spare you a tour of the kitchen and pantry, which you would naturally expect to be glass-ridden, and lead you down the stairway with a balustrade made of opaque fluted glass tubing, invisibly wired to shed a glow about your feet. Do we catch you looking furtively at your hostess' slippers to see if they are of the Cinderella variety? She hasn't gone quite that far, but on the hand she holds out to you there gleams a crystal ring, and her husband tells you the time from his evening watch embedded in a thin crystal plaque and hanging on a silk cord. What's more, one glass factory recently was on the receiving end of six separate inquiries, in as many weeks, about glass bathtubs.

This may seem a lot of glass, but remember, we warned you. Glass, always the child of fashion, is just now fashion's white-headed boy. Expert observers pointed out to us that it all has to do with the spirit of the times, that the modern mood is for uncluttered cleanliness, sleek simplicity. However that may be, your innocent bystanders had to admit that a glass wall just about doubled the space and light in a room, that a glass-topped table could stand where a solid one would crowd things. And whatever your feeling about glass bathtubs, you probably don't need a Trend to remind you that a beautiful piece of hand-blown glass is an asset in any room.

A Sixteenth-Century Technique

"Gaffer" Johnny Janson, master glass blower in the Steuben blowing hall, was shaping one of those as we came by on our inquisitive way. Like most gaffers in our factories, Johnny is a Swede. His round face was pink in the heat of the kiln, and grew pinker as he put his lips to the blowing iron and puffed. At the other end of the pipe, the "gather" of molten sand, lead and potash, which is the glass mixture, blossomed out into a fragile bubble, like any from your offspring's clay pipe.

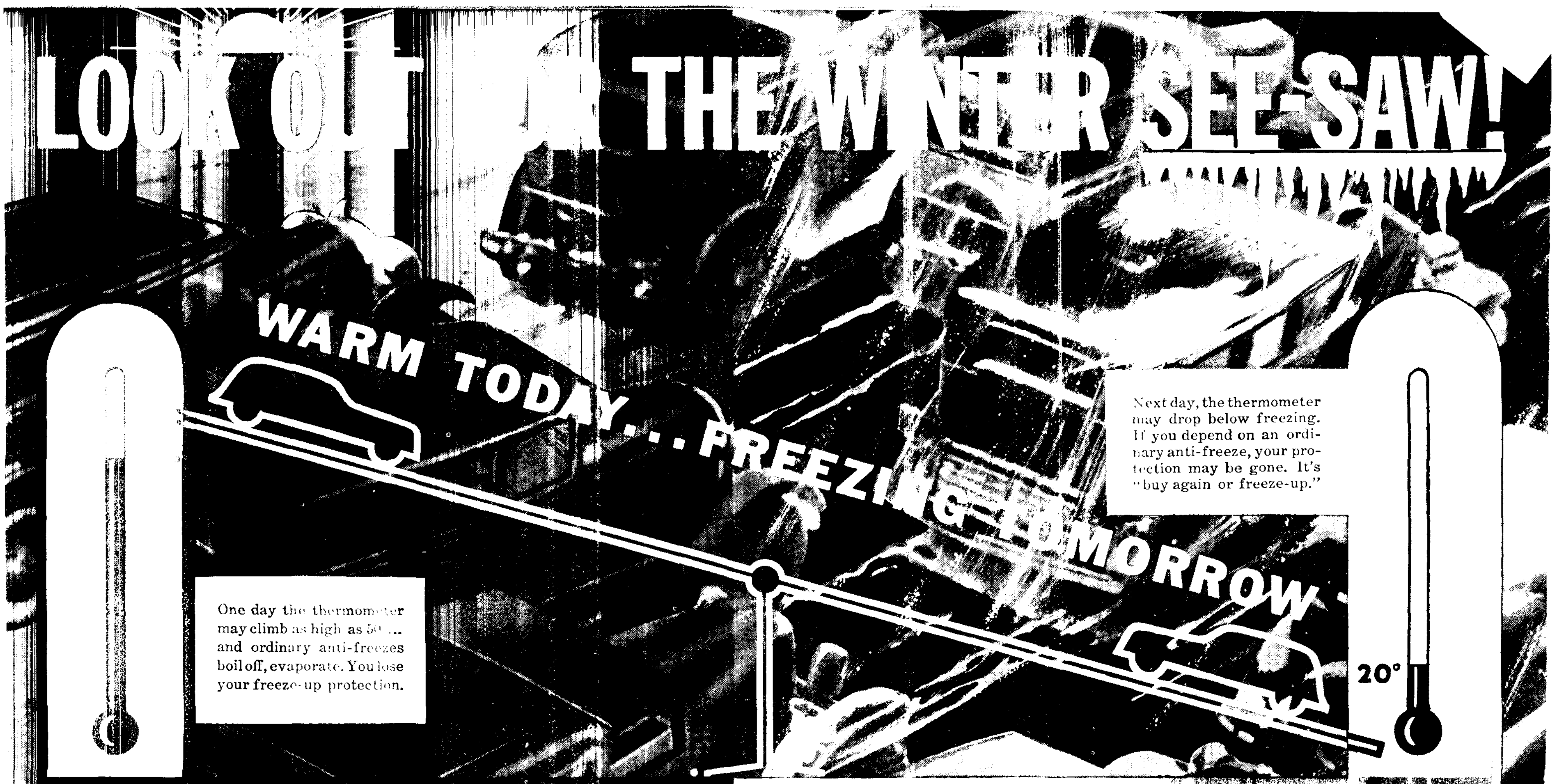
Alternately blowing and twirling to enlarge it as it cooled, and popping it into the glory-hole to reheat it when necessary, Johnny finally measured it with his calipers and pronounced it good. Along came his gatherer from the kiln with another incandescent blob and let it drip like hot molasses candy onto the top of the glass bubble. As we watched, Johnny shaped this with his charred cherrywood tongs into the slender pedestal of the urn. Now his gatherer got the urn stuck right-side-up on his punty-stick and Johnny knocked off the blowing iron and proceeded to cut open the top with what looked like a pair of ordinary gardener's shears. Johnny's few tools, his glory-hole and the wooden work bench with its crude arms for balancing the punty, are virtually unchanged from those of the famed Venetian glassmakers of the sixteenth century.

With such primitive mechanical aids and a skill like sleight-of-hand, the gaffers make your flower vases and bowls, your champagne glasses and water tumblers very much as they've been made for the past four hundred years. Virtually unchanged, too, is the art of the glass cutter—

Ah, yes, the glass cutter. For, in spite of the nasty insinuation about the horrors of Grandma's sideboard, Ameri-

(Continued on page 41)

LOOK OUT FOR THE WINTER SEE-SAW!



One day the thermometer may climb as high as 50°... and ordinary anti-freezes boil off, evaporate. You lose your freeze-up protection.

Next day, the thermometer may drop below freezing. If you depend on an ordinary anti-freeze, your protection may be gone. It's "buy again or freeze-up."

FIND YOUR CAR ON THIS CHART

The price per gallon of an anti-freeze means nothing unless you know *how many gallons* you will need during the *entire* winter. You can't get that information on a boil-away anti-freeze. But you *can* get it for Eveready Prestone... and here it is. See how reasonably you can get two-way protection *all winter long* against both freeze-up and rust with *one shot* of Eveready Prestone—one shot because it won't boil off, no matter how warm the weather gets between the cold snaps. If your car isn't on this chart, your dealer has a chart showing all cars; and amounts needed for temperatures to 62° below zero.

The first figure shows the protection you get with one gallon of Eveready Prestone in the cooling system; the second with one and a half gallons—and so on. "+" means above zero. "—" means below zero. If your car has a hot water heater, add ¼ gallon to the quantity called for.

	1 GAL.	1½ GAL.	2 GAL.	2½ GAL.
Auburn				
6-52, '34; 6-53, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8-100, '32; 8-101, 8-105, '33	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
8-95, '30; 850, '34; 851, '35	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
Buick				
40, '34, '35;	+ 6	−18	−54	
60, '32; 50, '33, '34, '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
80, 90, '32; 60, '33, '34, '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
80, 90, '33; 90, '34, '35	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
Cadillac				
370-D, '34, '35	+14	Zero	−21	−50
355-D, '34, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
452-D, '34, '35	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
370-A, '31; 355-B, '32; 355-C, '33	+21	+13	+ 3	− 9
Chevrolet				
Stand; '33, '34, '35	−12	−62		
Master; '33, '34, '35	− 6	−47		
Master; '31, '32	Zero	−34	−62	
Chrysler				
6-, '32, '33, '34, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8-, '31, '32, AF, IMP, '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
Roy 8, Imp 8, '33; Air 8, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Imp, '30, 77, '30, 70, '31	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
De Soto				
6, '31, '32; '33; 8, '31	+10	− 8	−34	−62
6, '34	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Airflow; Airstream, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
Dodge				
6, '32, '33, '34	+ 8	−12	−43	
Sen 6, '30; New Six, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8-'32, '33	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
Ford				
A, '30, '31; B, '32, '33	Zero	−34	−62	
V-8, '32, '33, '34	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
V-8, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Graham				
73-Spl 6; 72-8, '35	+14	Zero	−21	−50
6, 8, '33; 6, 8, '34; 75, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Hudson				
8, '31, '32, '33; 6, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8, '35	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
8, '34	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
Hupmobile				
18, '31; Cent. 8, '32; 321, '33	+10	− 8	−34	−62
417, 421, '34; 521, '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
Hupmobile (con't)				
322, '33; 422, '34; 518, '35	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
326, '33; 426, '34; 527, '35	+19	+10	Zero	−15
Lafayette				
1934; 3510, '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
La Salle				
350, '34; 35-50, '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
345-B, '32; 345-C, '33	+21	+13	+ 3	− 9
Lincoln				
136, '33, '34, '35; 145, '34, '35	+23	+17	+10	− 2
Nash				
60, '31; 960, '32, 70, '31; 970, '32	+ 3	−25	−62	
1130, 1070, 1170, '33; 1220, '34	+12	− 4	−27	−59
1280, '34; 3580, '35; 1080, 1180, '33	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
Oldsmobile				
F-30, '30; F-31, '31; F-35, '35	+ 3	−25	−62	
F-32, L-32, '32; F-33, '33, L '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
L-33, '33; L-34, '34	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
Packard				
120-'35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
Sup. 8, '33, '34; 8, '33, '34, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Sup. 8, '35	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
745, '30; 845, '31; DeL '32	+21	+13	+ 3	− 9
Pierce-Arrow				
41, 42, 43, '31; 54, '32; 836-A, '34	+21	+13	+ 3	− 9
840-A, '34; 845, '35	+22	+15	+ 6	− 5
Plymouth				
30, '30; PF, PG, '34	+ 6	−18	−54	
PA, '31; PB, '32; PE, '34; PJ, '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
PC, PD, '33	+ 3	−25	−62	
Pontiac				
'30, '31; 6-'32, '35	+ 6	−18	−54	
8-'33, '34, '35	+ 8	−12	−43	
Reo				
6-21, 6-25, '32; FC '35; Roy. '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
8-25, '32; S-2, '33; S-6, '34	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Studebaker				
Com 8, '31, '32, '33; Dict 6, '34, '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
Dict '31, Com 8, '34, Pres 8, '33, '34	+14	Zero	−21	−50
Pres 8, '31, '32, '35; Com 8, '35	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
Terraplane				
6, '32, '33; 6 Spec. '35	+ 3	−25	−62	
8, '33; 6 DeL., '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
6, '34	+14	Zero	−21	−50

PRICE REDUCED AGAIN

Eveready Prestone was used by a million more motorists last winter than the winter before. Thanks to by far the biggest volume in its history, the price has been reduced again to only $2.70 a gallon.

$2.70 A GALLON

Eveready PRESTONE

the GUARANTEED* ANTI-FREEZE

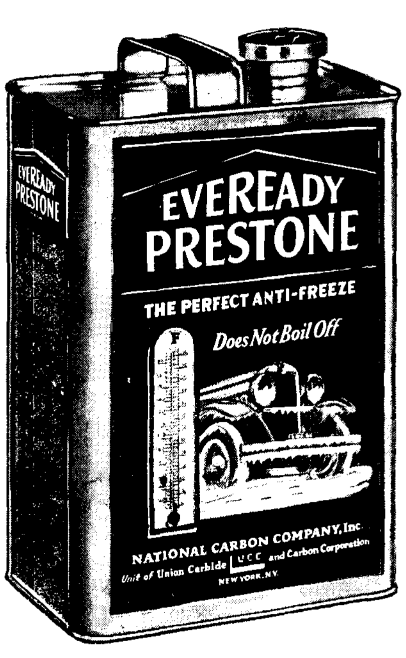
One shot, put in now, will protect against freeze-up and rust all winter long. It won't evaporate or boil off. Has no odor. Guaranteed.

Don't take chances with an anti-freeze that evaporates or boils off. You never are sure you have protection, and a sudden cold snap will mean costly damage to your car. You can be SURE every day, all winter long, that you have complete protection by putting one shot of Eveready Prestone in the cooling system *now*.

Ask your dealer this one question

More than 100 brands of anti-freeze are being marketed under various names. Most of them are based on alcohol, and because many are not plainly labeled it is easy to become confused. Just ask your dealer this simple question about any anti-freeze you are considering buying: "*How much* of this product is alcohol?" That is important, for alcohol, no matter how disguised or what it is called, is subject to evaporation, leaving you without adequate protection.

Your dealer will tell you that Eveready Prestone contains no glycerine, no alcohol... and *that it will not* boil off or evaporate. Back of every drop of Eveready Prestone is the following guarantee... your definite assurance of *all-winter* protection.



*A DEFINITE GUARANTEE

"National Carbon Company, Inc., specifically guarantees that Eveready Prestone, if used according to printed directions, in normal water cooling systems, will protect the cooling system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a full winter, also that it will not boil away, will not cause damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling system tight enough to hold water."

SPECIAL OFFER... a "Weather Wheel" which will help you to forecast the weather. Also "Weather as a Hobby"—a 48-page illustrated book, prepared by weather experts. Full of fascinating weather facts. Send 10¢ (stamps or coin) to National Carbon Company, Inc., Box 600, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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Address________________________

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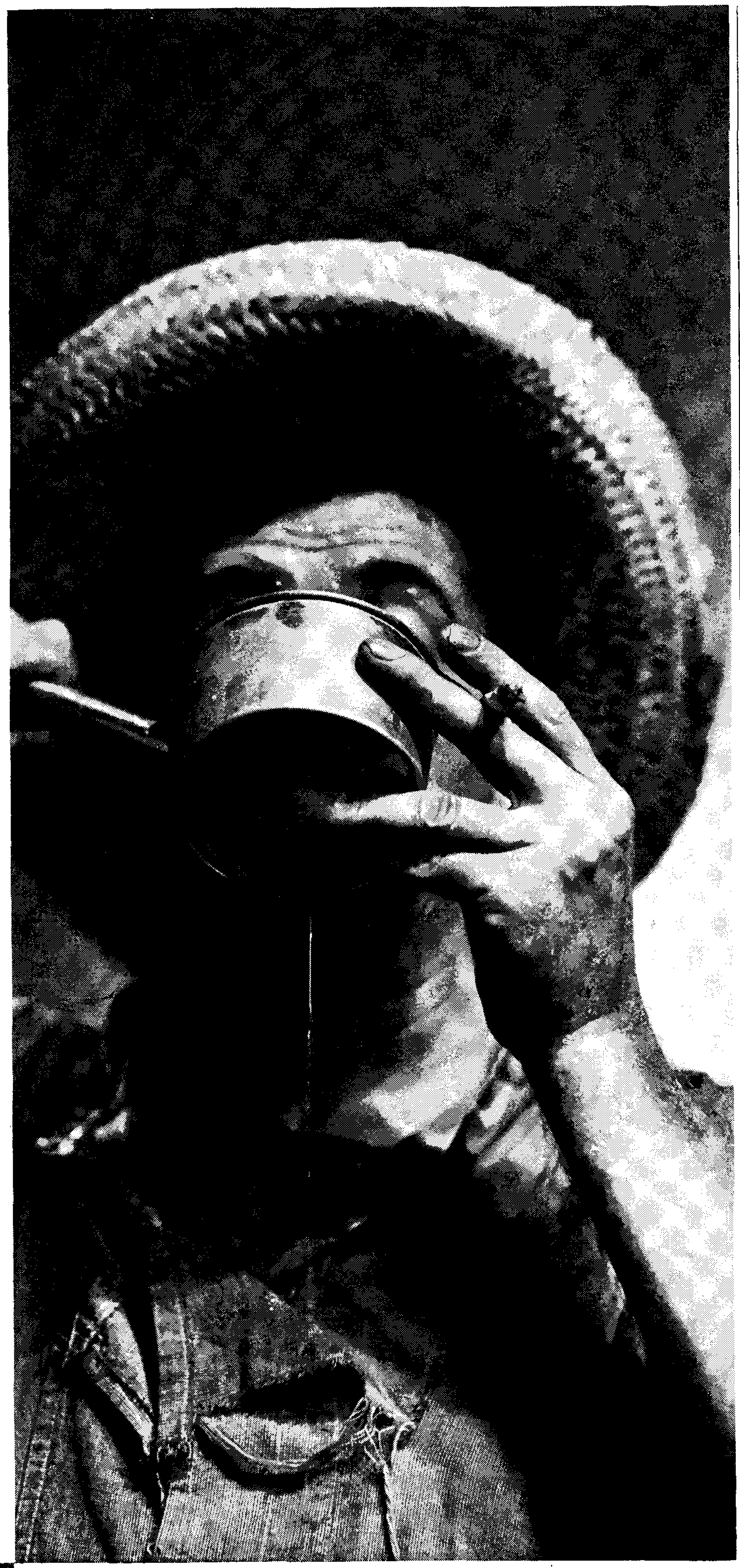

Mister, your mouth

will keep FRESH as spring water

...if you keep to SPUDS

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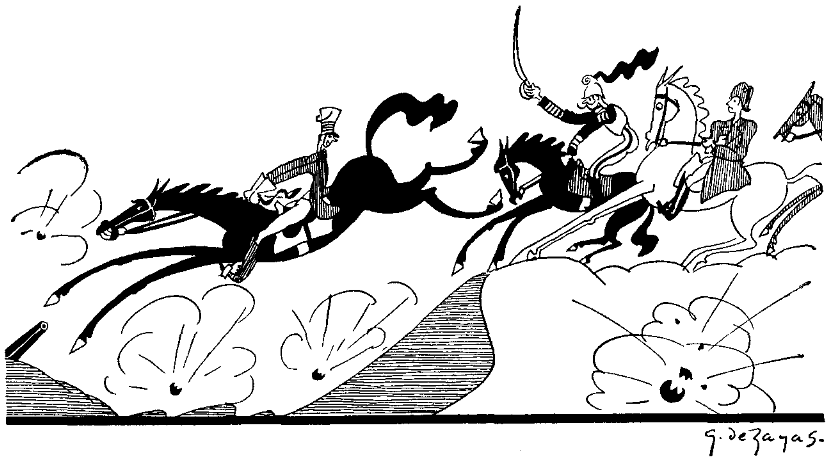

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The greatest military funeral ever given an animal was that of Copenhagen, the horse ridden by the Duke of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo on June 18, 1815. This charger not only safely carried the British general for more than sixteen hours but saved him from capture by Napoleon's cavalry by leaping a ditch that was too formidable for the French horses.

Not all federal budget appropriations are in the billion-dollar class. The amount of money allotted to the U. S. Army of 116,000 men for the purchase of magazines, newspapers and books is $3.85 a week.—*By B. F. Colin, New York City.*

In China, at one time, royal etiquette did not allow anyone to turn his back toward the Emperor while in his presence. The rule was most difficult to observe for actors and dancers until they invented costumes and masks that looked the same in the back as in the front. After that time the Emperor never knew when he was insulted.

Despite popular belief, there is no such thing as ptomaine poisoning, there are no icebergs in the north Pacific Ocean, and there is no "Aryan" race or people with "Aryan" blood as this word, when applied to individuals, refers only to those who speak one of the Aryan or Indo-European languages.

Strange ideas were rife during the World War. A German claimed that he could train bees to carry small paper messages faster than pigeons, an Englishman claimed that he could teach sea lions to accompany ships and "point out" near-by submarines, and a Frenchman claimed that he could educate eagles to attack and destroy the most powerfully equipped aerial fleets.

Millions of Americans go to work "when the day is done." In New York City alone approximately 500,000 persons, or 15 per cent of the entire working population, are employed at night in power plants, office buildings, police and fire departments, restaurants, theaters, hotels, hospitals, telegraph, telephone and newspaper offices, taxicab companies, railway stations and numerous other places.

For centuries in the Yemen district of Arabia a deserted wife could not remarry for 120 years after her husband had disappeared. The Zaidi code made her wait that long to be sure that the gentleman would not return. Recently, however, the present ruler, believing this period of waiting was too long, reduced it to three years.—*By Arreph El-Khoury, Welch, West Virginia.*

The earliest religions in history had no heaven and hell in the sense in which they are regarded today. All departed souls went to an underground world and only gods and deified heroes lived in heaven. Even as late as 977 B. C., the author of Ecclesiastes in the Old Testament declares (in III:20) that "all go unto one place."

The giant steel girders used in the construction of skyscrapers are not 100 per cent incompressible and many such skeletons, under the great weight of their buildings, have "shrunk" and cracked the stone. Today, allowance is made for this compression which, in the Empire State Building, amounts to as much as six inches.—*By Roy H. Burpee, New York City.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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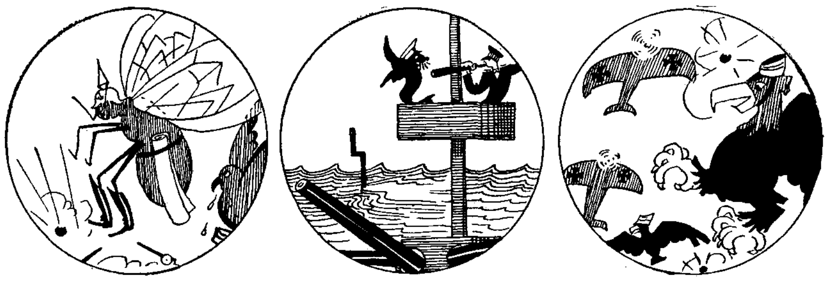
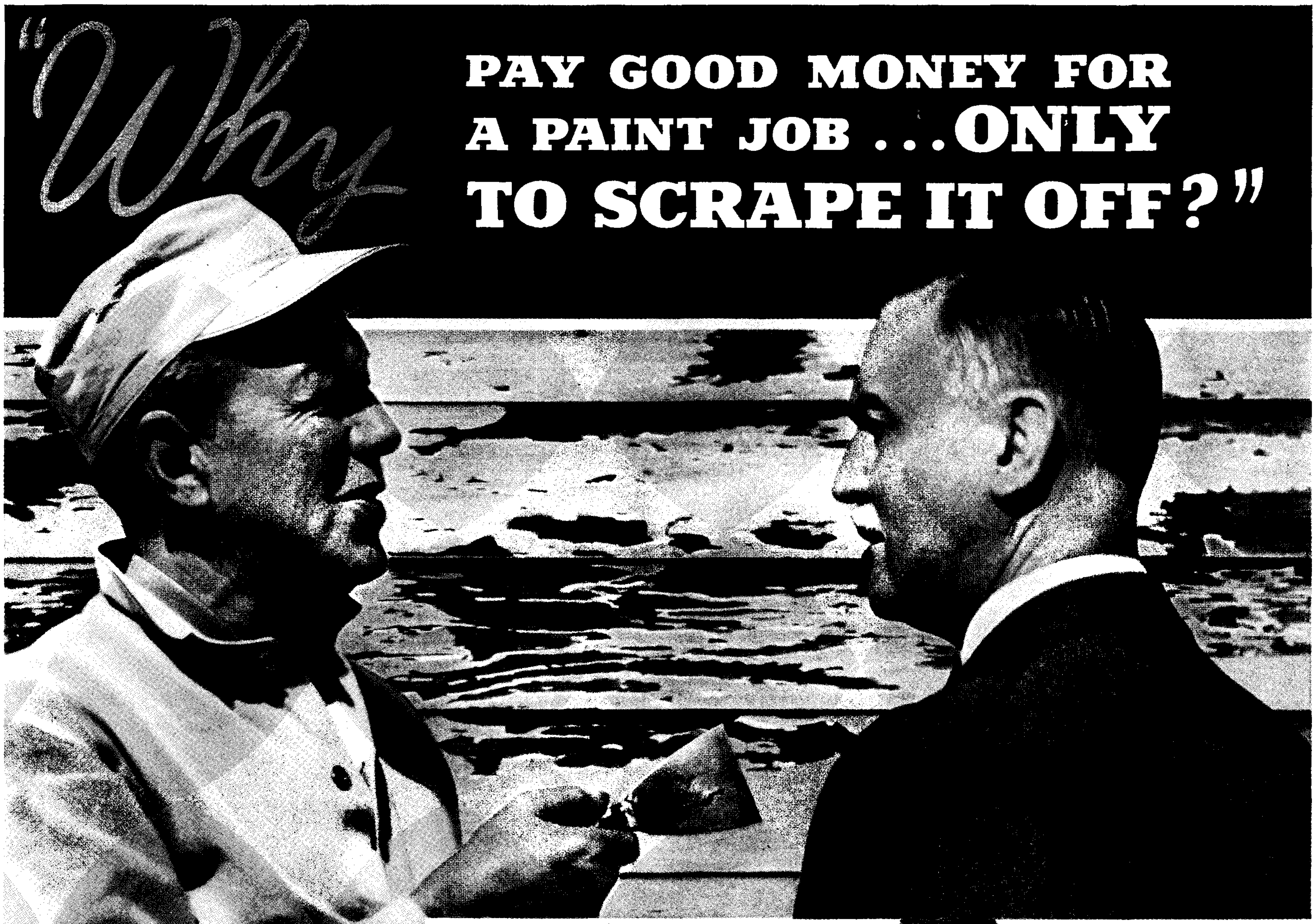
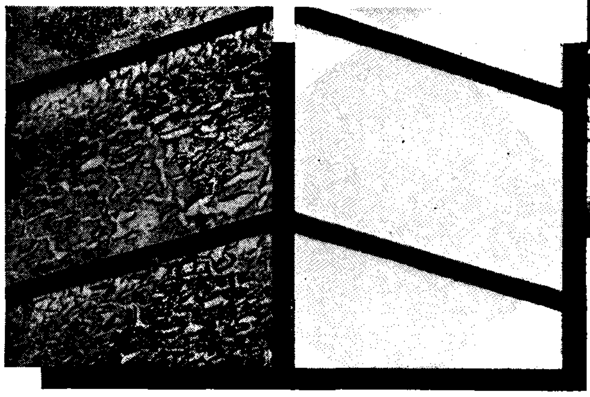


"Why PAY GOOD MONEY FOR A PAINT JOB ... ONLY TO SCRAPE IT OFF?"



"CHEAP" PAINT
after 1½ years
First cost, $160. Paint is "all done" right now. Cost to burn and scrape, $75. Total, $235, or $156 per year. And add to this the extra cost of a new priming coat.

DUTCH BOY
after 3 years
Located, like the "cheap" paint job, in Ohio and exposed to same conditions. Cost, $172, or $57 per year. And still good. No new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.



"LOOK at this paint...what's left of it. Even from the house I'm working on, I could see how bad it is. That's what always happens with 'cheap' paint.

"You can see I can't paint over *this.* It will all have to be burned and scraped off, which wipes out every cent you thought you'd save. And that isn't all. After burning and scraping, I'll have to put on a new priming coat.

"And when I've got all that done, I'm just at the point where I *start* to work when the old job was Dutch Boy."

Any experienced painter will tell you that you are money ahead when your house is painted with Dutch Boy White-Lead.

This paint doesn't crack and scale. It *resists* the weather ... wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface. One that makes an ideal foundation for new paint.

The painter mixes Dutch Boy to meet the requirements of your job and tints it the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

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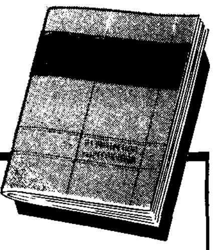

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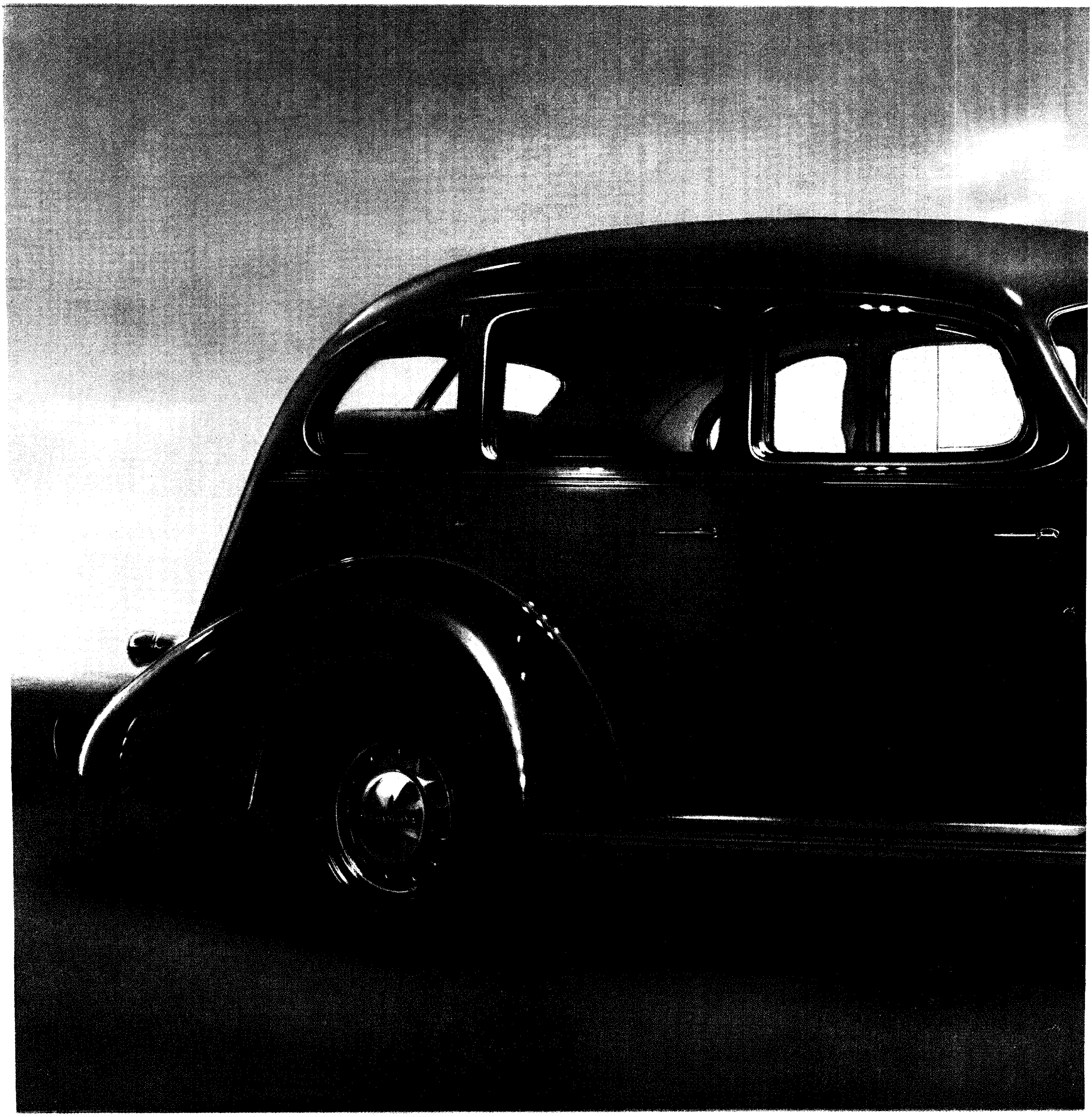

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Brakes, too . . . the *first* hydraulics with an *automatic* safety braki

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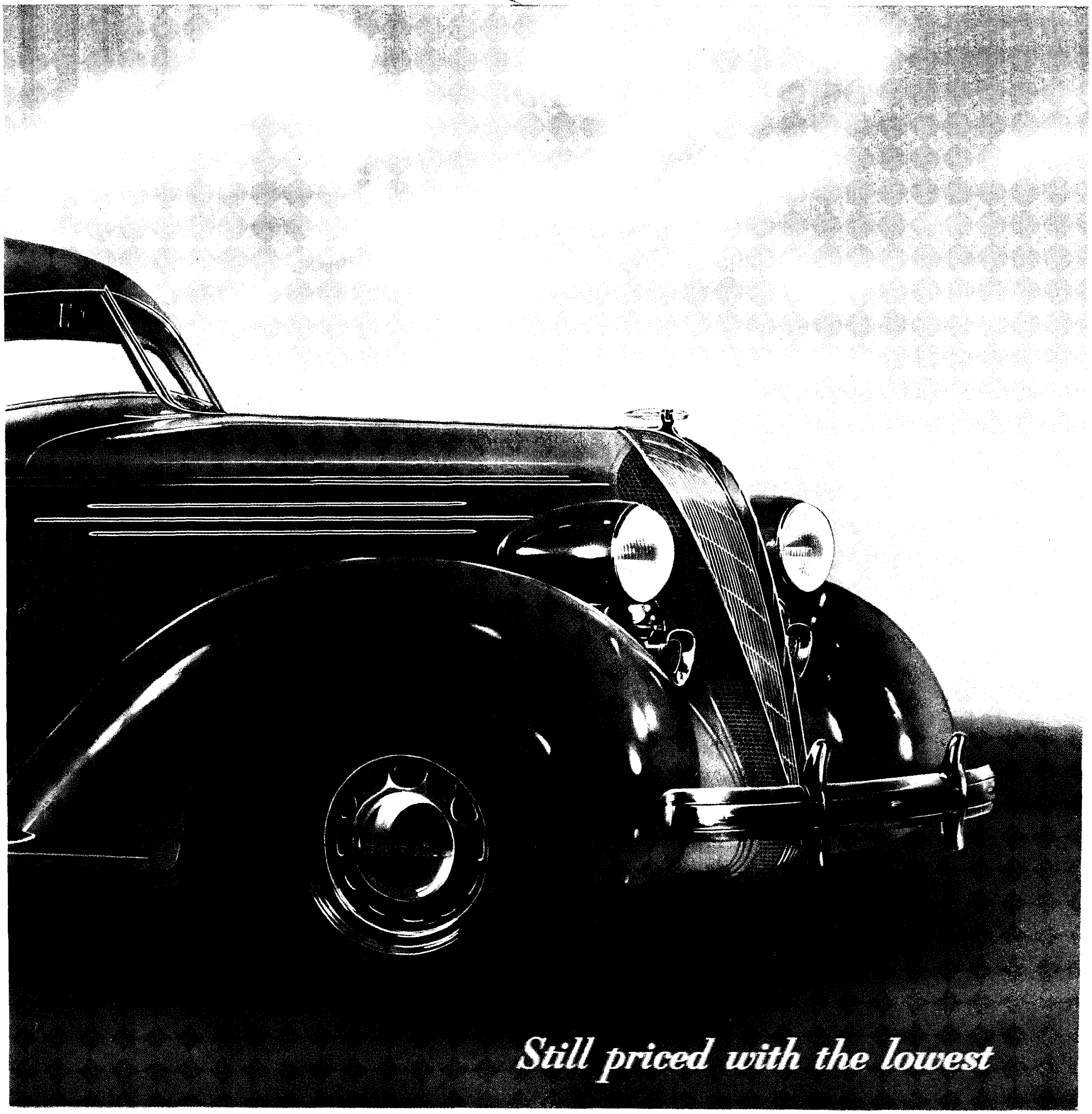

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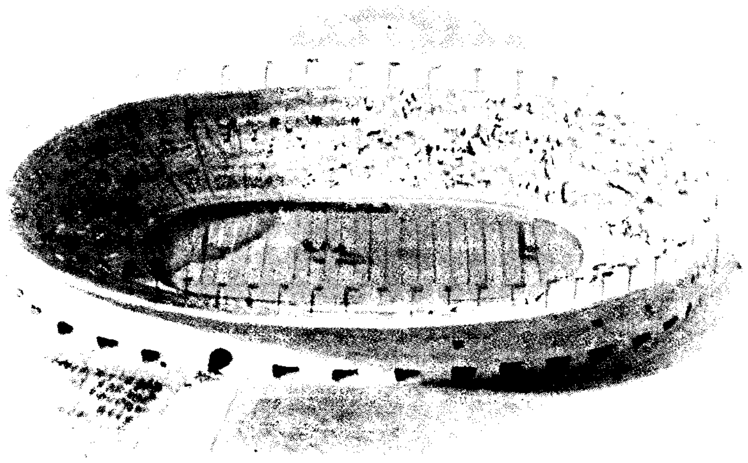

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"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
PALE GINGER ALE
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CANADA DRY'S
EMON RICKEY LIME

At all the high points of life, a beverage bearing the name of "Canada Dry" complements the occasion as no other beverage can. This Ginger Ale . . . this Sparkling Water . . . have a brilliance and flavor all their own. They keep their sparkle longer. And, of course, mean the last word in purity and wholesomeness.

Everybody's Language

Continued from page 24

home or a job. He hated the routine of regular employment and loved the changes and chances of the road. Behind his wanderings was something of the old adventurous urge that sent the covered wagons lumbering across the prairie towards the sunset.

There were also upon the highways of America, in the old days of prosperity, many men who were not tramps at all in the ordinary sense of the term. They were traveling craftsmen, who would work in one place for a few weeks or months, and then move on to look for another job elsewhere. Even today, when work is no longer easy to secure, the American wanderer still refuses to acknowledge defeat.

Rediscovering Pantomime

That indomitable spirit is an integral part of the make-up of the screen Charlie Chaplin. His portrayal of the underdog is definitely American rather than British. The English workingman has courage in plenty, but those whom prolonged unemployment has forced on the road are nowadays usually broken and despairing. The Chaplin tramp has a quality of defiance and disdain.

But the American scene as a whole has influenced Chaplin—its variety, its color, its animation, its strange and spectacular contrasts. And the States did more than this for the little English actor; they provided the opportunity for which, without knowing it, he had been waiting. They introduced him to the ideal medium for his genius, the motion picture.

It was a sultry day in July, 1913. A bored film magnate, Mr. A. Kessel, was strolling along Broadway. Pausing at Hammerstein's Music Hall to chat with the manager, he heard roar upon roar of laughter. The sound interested him. It had been a long time since anyone had made him laugh.

"I expect it's that young Chaplin that's causing the cackle," said the manager. "He's pretty good."

So in went Mr. Kessel to see the Fred Karno Comedy Company perform A Night in a London Music Hall and to investigate young Chaplin.

Soon he was laughing with the rest of the audience. But when Mr. Kessel laughed in a place of public entertainment, his mirth meant business. Round he went to the back, was ushered into Chaplin's tiny dressing-room, and at once proceeded to offer the Englishman seventy-five dollars a week to play in Keystone comedies. It was more money than he had ever earned before, but Charlie said "No."

That only made Mr. Kessel more determined. He raised his bid to one hundred dollars a week. Still Charlie said "No." For the moment the film magnate left it at that. But now he was no longer bored. He had a new interest in life. He wanted Chaplin.

Presently he returned to the attack. This time his offer was one hundred and fifty dollars. Charlie still hesitated, but in the end he accepted. And so to Hollywood and the beginning of the most astounding career in cinema history.

It is Mr. Chaplin's dream to play tragic roles as well as comic ones. The man whose glorious fooling made Shoulder Arms a favorite with war-weary veterans of the trenches wants to reinterpret Napoleon to the world. There are other characters, as far removed from those in which he won preëminence, which he desires to portray.

Those who smile at these ambitions have not appreciated Chaplin's genius at its true worth. No mere clown, however brilliant, could ever have captured so completely the affections of the great public. He owes his unrivaled position as a star to the fact that he is a great actor, who can tug at our heartstrings as surely as he compels our laughter. There are moments, in some of his films, of an almost unbearable poignancy.

It is a great achievement, and one possible only to a consummate actor, to command at once tears and laughter. But it is the laughter which predominates, and Mr. Chaplin is perfectly right in desiring an opportunity of playing straight tragedy. Until he does so, his pathos will be regarded as merely a by-product of his toothbrush mustache and the ludicrous Chaplin walk.

I believe that, had it not been for the coming of the talkies, we would already have seen this great star in a serious role. He is the one figure of the old silent screen to whom the triumph of the spoken word has meant neither speech nor extinction. He relies, as of old, upon a pantomime that is more expressive than talk. But while the silence of Charlie Chaplin has lost none of its former magic, would Mr. Charles Chaplin, in a role of a kind completely unfamiliar to his audiences, and of which they would almost certainly be highly critical, be able to "get away with it"?

Frankly, I do not wonder that he hesitates, just as he did when Mr. Kessel offered him his first film contract. But he would be taking no greater risk now than he did then. So I do not think that he will hesitate forever. Pantomime, of which he is a master, is capable of expressing every emotion, of communicating the subtlest shades of meaning. A man who can act with his whole body has no need of words, whatever part he plays.

It is the supreme achievement of Mr. Chaplin that he has revived in modern times one of the great arts of the ancient world—an art the secret of which was as completely and, apparently, as irrevocably lost as that of those glowing colors, fresh and vivid today as when they were first applied, which were the glory of the van Eycks.

Pantomimes in Ancient Rome

The golden age of pantomime was under the early Caesars. Augustus himself, the first of the Roman emperors, is sometimes credited with its invention. Nero practiced it, as he wrote poetry, as a relaxation from the more serious pursuits of lust, incendiarism and gluttony. But the greatest pantomimes—the name in Ancient Rome denoted the performers, and not the art of which they were the exponents—gave their whole lives to acting in dumb show, till they had mastered the last potentialities of expression in movement and gesture.

When Christianity triumphed, the pantomimes fled. Their favorite subjects were too frankly physical for the Fathers of the Church, and they were not sufficiently adaptable to seek new ones in the shadow of the Cross. But the subjects were there, had they realized it. Chaplin showed that in The Pilgrim. You remember the sequence in which, as an escaped convict disguised in clerical attire, he finds himself in the pulpit, and tells the story of David and Goliath? It is a wonderful piece of miming, in which we follow every detail of the drama.

It was by accident that Chaplin rediscovered the art which, nineteen hundred years ago, cast its spell over the City of the Seven Hills. As a youth he

(Continued on page 38)

(A)Photo-electric chart of Gillette "Blue Blade" edge.

(B) Fair edge but not good enough for Gillette.

IT TAKES A *beam of light* TO MEASURE THEIR SHARPNESS

STARTLING but true is this amazing statement—no human eye—not even with the aid of the highest power microscope—has ever seen the cutting edge of a Gillette "Blue Blade." Imagine a blade so infinitely keen that its edges are actually invisible!

Yes—it takes a beam of light cast along the cutting edges to measure the amazing sharpness of the Gillette "Blue Blade." The photo-electric tester—an exclusive instrument designed and developed by Gillette—is a constant check on quality. Every hour of the day samples from the various blade machines are submitted to the sharpness tester for examination. Each blade must measure up to Gillette standards.

And in test after test the Gillette "Blue Blade" has proved far keener than other makes of blades examined. Note typical comparison above. Millions of dollars have been expended in equipment and experiments to give you better shaves.

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THEY BOTH EXPLODED
...WHEN THE TRUTH CAME OUT
TALK ABOUT MY BAD BREATH, BOB WARD! YOU'RE GUILTY YOURSELF! I'LL NOT HAVE YOU...
JUST LIKE A WOMAN—GETTING HYSTERICAL BECAUSE I TOLD YOU THE TRUTH!
BOB CAN'T BE RIGHT...WITH ALL THE CARE I TAKE TO AVOID BAD BREATH! I'LL PROVE IT BY ASKING THE DENTIST!
DR.
THE TROUBLE IS, BETTY—MOST PEOPLE DON'T REALLY GET AT THE CAUSE OF BAD BREATH. MOST OF IT COMES FROM IMPROPER CLEANING—FROM FOOD DEPOSITS BETWEEN THE TEETH, WHICH ORDINARY DENTIFRICES FAIL TO REMOVE.
THEN BOB WAS RIGHT!
BOB, TOO, WENT TO HIS DENTIST
YOU SEE, BOB, YOU MUST USE AN ACTIVE CLEANER. I SUGGEST COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE CREVICES WHERE BAD BREATH STARTS
THAT MAKES SENSE TO ME. I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!
DR. WEBB WAS RIGHT! COLGATE'S SURE LEAVES YOUR MOUTH FEELING CLEAN AND FRESH!
MY! HOW QUICKLY COLGATE'S HAS BRIGHTENED MY TEETH!
SO TWICE A DAY AFTER THAT
LATER
AND THERE'S ONE THING THAT WON'T CAUSE ANY SPATS IN OUR FAMILY...
I KNOW—BAD BREATH! BECAUSE WE'LL BOTH USE COLGATE'S

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY risk bad breath? Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its *penetrating* foam removes the decaying food deposits in crevices between your teeth—the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

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(*Continued from page* 37)

was a member of a variety company touring the Channel Islands, home of a sturdy race to whom the King of England is still the Duke of Normandy. The islanders, speaking mainly the Norman-French patois of their ancestors, could not understand the Cockney phrases of the players, whose best jokes fell flat.

At last, in desperation, the company decided to try to get their effects by action and gesture. A single performance under the new conditions revealed Charles as a mime of genius and also showed him how powerful was the spell which this acting without words could cast over an audience. From that time he developed his natural gift for pantomimic expression and so unconsciously prepared himself for the day when the whole world should be his audience.

Gesture More Effective Than the Voice

But the full flowering of his art came only after he was launched on his film career. He adapted his technique to the cinema and as he grew to appreciate at once the limitations and the possibilities of the screen, his mastery of the new mode of acting was perfected. He had realized that, as he himself had put it, "people can be moved more intensely by a gesture than by a voice."

American films generally were then in a highly favorable position. They were simpler, more direct than the best of the continental pictures, and consequently met the needs of a far wider audience. Had their producers and stars learned from Chaplin and the Europeans, the silent screen might have defied the talkies. The sound picture would have come just the same, but it would not have scooped the pool.

If we are ever to realize to the full the art of the cinema, I believe that it may be necessary deliberately to limit the mechanical aids we now employ so freely. I should like to see films without voices being made once more, but this time by producers who are alive to the potentialities of pantomime. Such pictures would be worth making, if only for this reason, that the audience for a talkie is necessarily limited by the factor of language, while the silent film can tell its story to the whole of the human race. Pantomime is the true universal tongue.

There are thousands of cinemas throughout the world which have never yet been wired for sound, and which constitute a market for non-talking pictures. Nor is it safe to assume that this is a shrinking market. There are many countries which lack the resources to make their own talkies. There are millions of people whose mother tongue will never be heard in any cinema and who understand thoroughly no other speech. As the standard of life rises throughout Asia and Africa, new cinemas will be built and a new film public will be created—a public which can be served most effectively by means of pantomime.

The English-speaking nations have here a great opportunity—and a great responsibility. The primitive mind thinks more easily in pictures than in words. The thing seen means more than the thing heard. The films which are shown amid the stillness of the African tropical night or under the skies of Asia may determine, in the long run, the fate of empires and of civilizations. They will promote, or destroy, the prestige by which the white man maintains his precarious supremacy amid the teeming multitudes of black and brown and yellow.

I hope that we shall not have to wait another four years for the next Chaplin picture. But it would be worth waiting for if he built up a team of actors and actresses who could use pantomime effectively. He has already shown his power of inspiring others by his production of A Woman of Paris and the grim realism with which the hardships of the Klondike pioneers were portrayed in The Gold Rush. And I see no reason why, if he can train such a company, he should not realize his ambition of playing the victor of Arcola. I think he might give us a picture of the young Napoleon that would be one of the most memorable things in the cinema.

Our difficulty in visualizing him in such a role is that we think of him as he appears on the screen. We think especially of his feet. Napoleon never had feet like that.

Neither has Chaplin. The feet are a "property"—the famous walk is the trick of a clever actor to suggest character and atmosphere. They are, in fact, the feet and walk of an ancient cabman, whom the youthful Charlie Chaplin encountered occasionally in the Kennington Road, in London. To their original owner they were not at all humorous. But the boy saw the comic possibilities of that uneasy progress. He watched the old man and copied his movements until he had mastered every step in the dismal repertoire and turned it into mirth.

The same power of observation, the same patient thoroughness, could be used—and would be used—to give us convincing characterizations of serious roles. Charlie Chaplin's feet are not a handicap; they represent an asset—the power to convert the thing seen into the thing shown.

And the real Chaplin is a man of character and culture. As Sidney Earle Chaplin put it, when interviewed at the tender age of five: "People get a wrong impression of Dad. It's not good style to throw pies, but he only does it in the films. He never throws pies at home."

I believe, therefore, that the future of Charlie Chaplin may lie mainly in the portrayal of serious roles in silent, or rather, non-talking films, and in the development of a universal cinema.

He need not ignore sound entirely. His pictures can be wedded to music. Natural sounds may be introduced. But these effects would be accessories only—the films could be shown—without any serious weakening of their appeal, in cinemas which were not wired for sound.

A Trail to Blaze

If Mr. Chaplin makes pictures of this kind, I think that he will not only increase his already great reputation, but he will blaze a trail which others will follow, and add enormously to the range of cinematic art.

It is a favorite *cliché* of film critics, in discussing talking pictures, to say that we cannot go back. In effect, they suggest that, because technical progress has given us sound, all films must be talkies and will continue to be so forever. Such statements reveal a radical misconception of the nature of progress and the nature of art. As well say that, because there is painting in oils, there must be no etchings; or that because speech is an integral part of a stage play, dialogue must be added to ballet. To explore the possibilities of the non-talking film, to make of it a new and individual art form, would not be a retrograde step, but an advance.

There are many brilliant and original minds associated with the cinema today. But there is no one so well equipped for this experiment as Mr. Chaplin. Possibly no one else would dare to make it.

I wish him good luck—and the courage of his own convictions and his own magnificent powers. But I hope also that he will not forget the world's need of laughter. Let him play in tragedy by all means. Let him display to us the full extent of his histrionic genius. But let him come back—at least occasionally—to the vein of comedy that has been the world's delight for twenty years.

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EVER WAKE UP with a throbbing head, touchy stomach, jittery nerves? Nearly everyone does now and then. New tests — by doctors — show how to relieve this condition *faster*.

Tests that Count . . . These tests were made on men *actually suffering* from next-morning headaches. That's the only test that counts—on people while they have a headache.

Different remedies — the usual types — were tried. Results compared. The doctors found that Bromo-Seltzer gave relief *much faster than any other remedy tested!*

Does More for You . . . They found, too, that Bromo-Seltzer does more for you than these other remedies. Helps you in ways they can't. It not only stops the pain of the headache—it settles the stomach . . . soothes ragged nerves . . . reduces the excess acid in the blood caused by overindulgence. Doesn't leave you feeling limp or washed-out. You're alert — for work or fun.

How foolish to suffer needlessly when there is such a simple way to snap into condition quickly! Next time *you* wake up with this all-in feeling, take Bromo-Seltzer. Drop in at the nearest drugstore or soda fountain and say "Bromo-Seltzer." Or keep a bottle handy at home.

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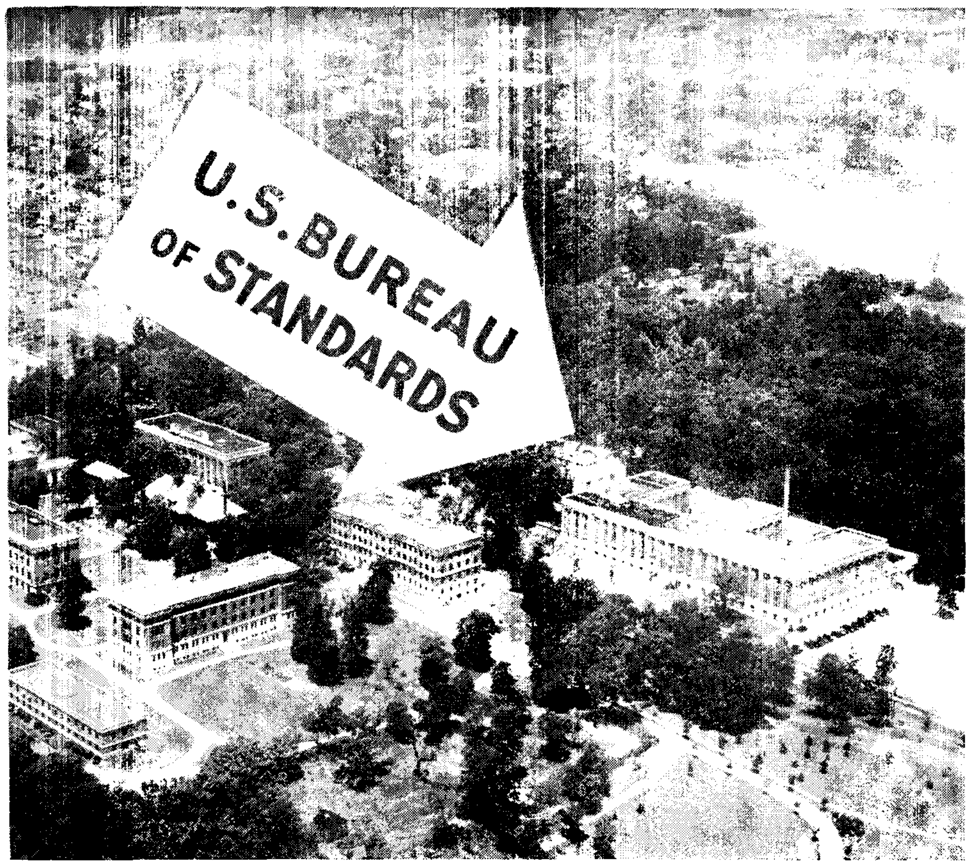
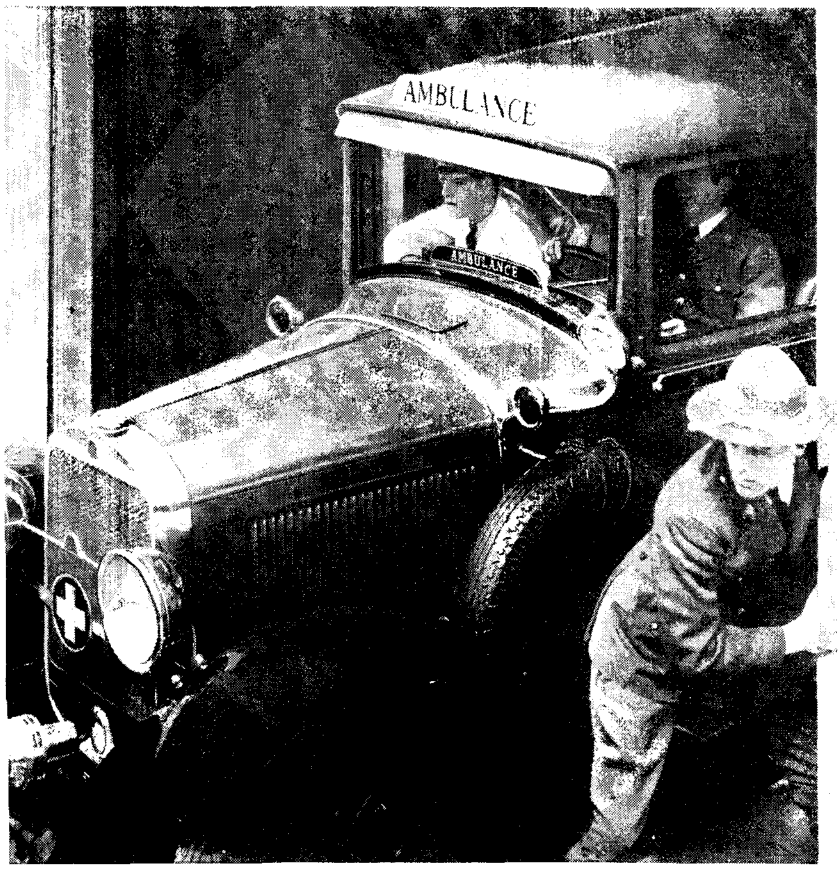
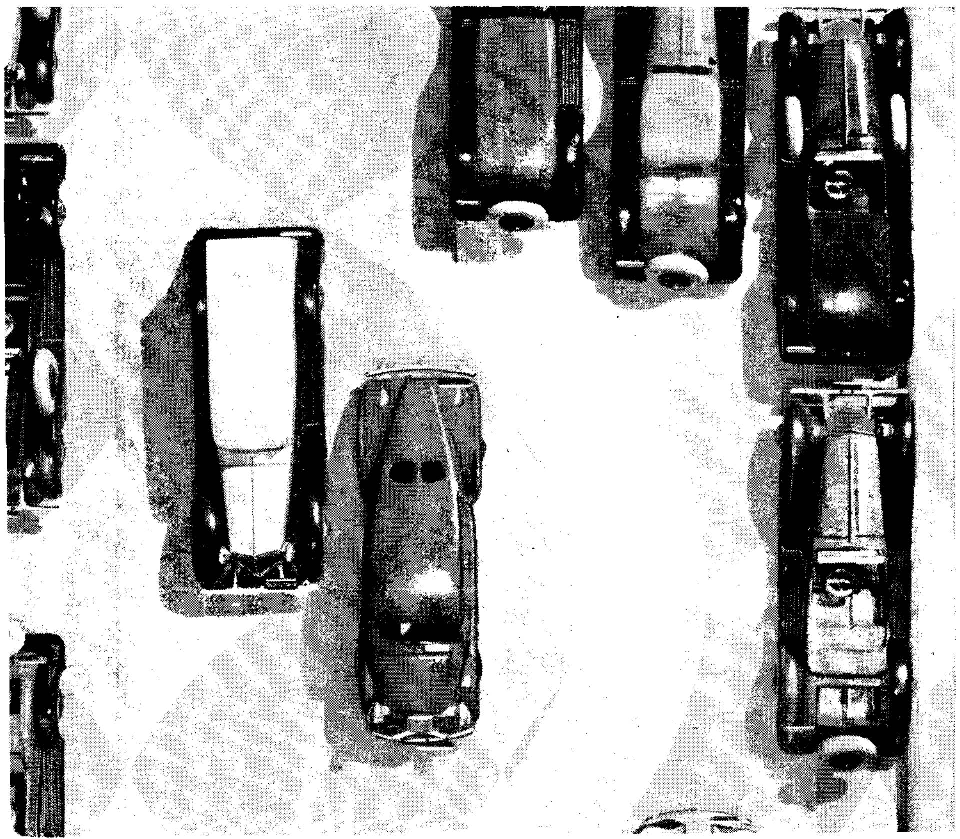
BROMO-SELTZER
makes you feel fit faster

Bromo-Seltzer







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And you can get it at any Texaco Fire-Chief pump. For Texaco Fire-Chief fully meets the Government's rigid emergency duty requirements .... and at *regular* gasoline prices, too.

You'll notice it right away.... that extra emergency power in Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline.

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When you buy at a Texaco pump you get a gasoline that meets the Government's emergency specifications* for fire-engines and ambulances .... ***at no extra cost!***

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Look at the Glass

Continued from page 30

can cut glass has come back. Grandma, however, would have some difficulty in recognizing it, and the cutter at the revolving stone wheel is frank to say that for his part, he doesn't think it's much. These geometric figures, these blocks of simple lines, are pie compared with the cut glass of thirty years ago. Why, when he was a lad, a man needed the hand of a surgeon and the biceps of a wrestler to turn out those heavy pieces on which no square inch was without its petal or leaf or hob-nail design.

The engravers are getting a stiffer workout. When artists like Sidney Waugh, who won a Prix de Rome for his sculpture, and Walter Dorwin Teague, of the streamlined automobiles and trains, take to glass, the emery flies. Accustomed to marble, bronze and steel, these men recognize no limitation.

We came upon the internationally famous engraver, Joseph Libisch, carving into a great glass bowl the signs of the zodiac. From the rack of copper wheels at his elbow, ranging from a foot in diameter to disks like the head of a pin, Joseph chose one, fixed it to the motor and carved away at the Heavenly Twins, smeared with emery and oil. Every now and then he stopped—to put in a finer wheel, a coarser wheel, or to shift the belt on his motor for more or fewer revolutions per minute. In the intervals he took time to confess that Waugh's sculptured figures and Teague's streamlined ones put an engraver to the test. For relaxation Joseph carves fish and birds and woodland scenes like those that were popular in his boyhood days in Austria—with every scale and feather, every leaf-frond, precisely executed.

This art glass from the craftsman's hands, which will be the collectors' items of the twenty-first century, is not the only variety today's glass fanciers love. Sharp-eyed seekers after novelty are marching right into the maw of the machine and carrying off glassware that was never meant for the home at all.

What Will You Have?

Would you like a fine big insulator, made to withstand 70,000 volts of electricity, upended on your dinner table as a flower holder? Or a set of signal lamps, red and green and blue, off the Twentieth Century's route, for your mantel? A newly designed lens for airport floodlights, a triumph of the technicians, is also pretty good as a decorative plaque on the wall. And assorted test tubes, beakers and fantastically shaped flasks and retorts have been snared right from under the chemist's nose to make a modern decorator's holiday.

The star players of this game of invention are feminine, but when it comes to the traditional uses of glass, men are far in the lead. You can't sell a man a tall-stemmed Rhine wineglass and convince him it will do for Sauterne. He knows that the shape of a glass has much to do with the length of time a champagne holds its sparkle, that the newest highball glasses are exact copies in size and shape of old English flip glasses. He refuses to buy a decanter for its looks alone—the sales clerk may rave about its beauty of line, but the male customer will ask to have it filled with water to make sure it will pour properly.

All these lively goings-on are bound to put spurs to the ancient craft all over the glass-making world, and as a result the woman looking for half a dozen water tumblers finds herself confronted by a dazzling array. In St. Louis or Shanghai or wherever you are, you may have to pick your way through a glass League of Nations. The Swedes offer you their fine engraving and their smoky colors; the French make theirs sculptured, very modern and with a satiny finish; from Venice there's the classic delicacy of design and the jewel colors. What Grandma knew as Bohemian glass is now Czechoslovakian, but it's still exuberantly showy. And in a class by themselves, there are the Spanish and Mexicans, who make a charm of air bubbles and crudities of form that other artisans have spent centuries trying to overcome.

Add to this, with a glow of patriotic pride, the American. It's true that an American firm, T. J. Hawkes and Company, won the Grand Prix at the Paris Exhibition in 1900, and that collectors weep over antique Stiegel and South Jersey glass. But American hand-blown glass, both cut and engraved, has never had so much flattering attention from the connoisseurs as now.

The Proof of the Glass

Then there's the industrial glass which the decorators have rescued from a merely utilitarian existence and labeled art. This is blown, if it's fine laboratory glass, or stamped in a mold by machine. And finally there's that bright, charming, even giddy glassware, which can be bought for nickels and dimes and of which the Libbey Glass Works in Toledo has made a specialty.

In this embarrassment of riches, how can you recognize good glass? Flick it with a fingernail and listen for a musical ring? That's good, but only for crystal. "Crystal" is really a figure of speech—the light-hearted Bohemians named their fine hand-blown colorless glass after the rock crystal it resembled, a semi-precious stone which is right now the most fashionable setting for jewels. The finer the glass is the more lead it contains, and it's that prosaic metal which gives both the crystal-like clarity and coloratura voice.

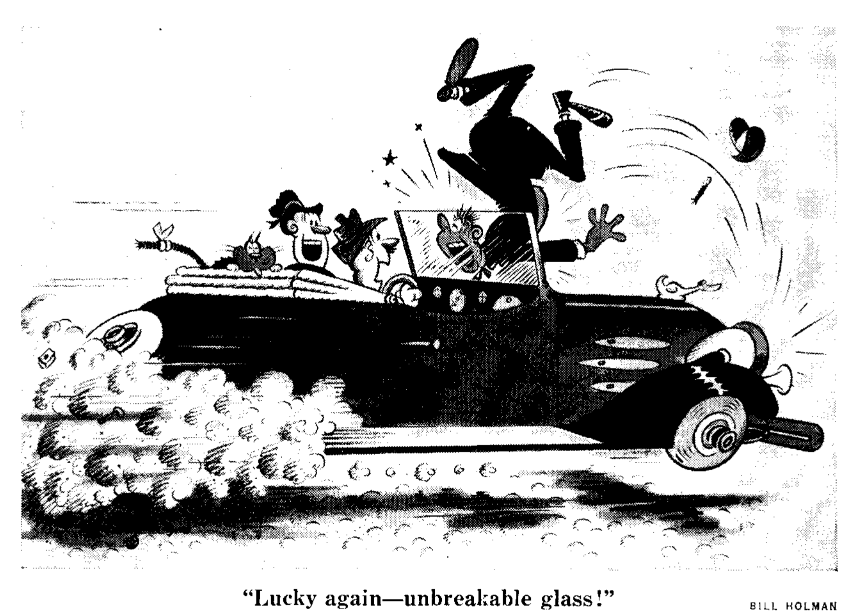
The fingernail test will do you no good with modern Czech glass. Nor will it help with colored glass. Color in glass is achieved with a certain amount of legerdemain and a variety of metal compounds: copper for red and green, cobalt for blue, no less an aristocrat than gold for ruby, and didymium, cerium and other strange names you never heard before. Mixed with lead, these "earths," as they are called, would produce nothing but black, so zinc is used instead. But when you leave out lead you leave out resonance. One elegant Czech goblet, wistaria shading to the blue of a summer sky, would be fit for the wastebasket according to the evidence of your fingernail.

The rules for distinguishing good glass sound oddly like some more of Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes. Glass should be clear—unless it's cloudy (that is, unless it's that deliberately opaque variety known as *milk* glass). Glass should be free of air bubbles—unless it's Spanish or Mexican, in which case it should be full of them. Glass should ring like a bell, unless it's colored, or Czech glass, or that sculptured, mold-made variety which is modern French. We hope we make ourselves clear. What we're trying to say, of course, is that glass is something of which you can make a lifetime hobby if you have connoisseur leanings—or pick as you go for the fun of satisfying your own taste.

But a sign post or two may be helpful. Glass vessels were originally intended for use, and the man who makes the sales clerk pour water from the decanter is following a good old principle of glass buying. Don't buy glass by electric light, either—the poorest variety will take on a reflected aura. Carry your glasses to the front of the store by the window before making your decision.

The fragility of glass is much exaggerated. If it's good glass and you drop it, wait to see what's happened before you call for smelling salts. The hand-blown kind often doesn't break at all—it bounces away unhurt. And even if it does break, save your tears. These modern craftsmen can reproduce even a grand old family heirloom so perfectly you won't be able to distinguish it from the original you've lived with all your life.

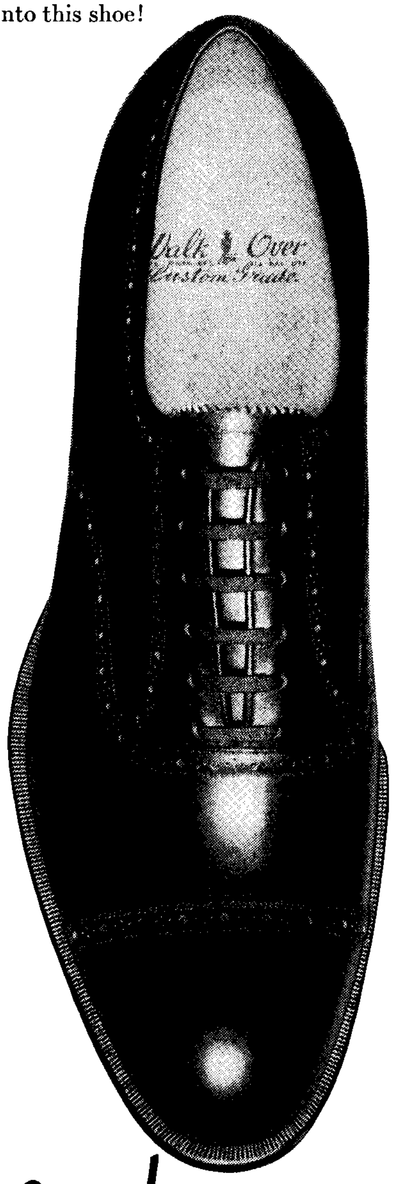
Short of not breaking it, there's not a thing you need to know about the care of glass except to wash it in warm water. Soap is out. There's the true story of the gentleman who strolled out to his pantry one night and found the butler washing his fine wineglasses in soapy water. The air was blue for the next few minutes, and then the butler meekly tossed his soap out of the window. He never learned that his finicky employer had begun his career as a bartender. But if a bartender shouldn't know about glass, who should?



"Lucky again—unbreakable glass!"

STOP TAKING THIS PUNISHMENT!

• Pound, pound, pound! Every step you take in ordinary shoes sends a jolt up your spine. Jars your entire body. Wears down your resistance. What can you do? Step into this shoe!



Shock Absorbing
WALK·OVERS

• Shock-absorbing! Just that. Built into this smart shoe is the resilient Main Spring* Arch . . . *entirely cushioned on rubber.* Distributes your weight evenly, naturally. Improves your posture. Try on a pair today at any Walk-Over store. Wear them. You'll *feel* the difference tomorrow. Above: BROADWAY. Black or brown. Custom grade. $8.50 Slightly higher West.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

$2500 CASH PRIZES

For snapshots at night

a picture like this may win $350* for you
SNAPSHOTS AT NIGHT

* A $250 Grand Prize will be awarded to one of the six winners of the $100 prizes, hence the grand prize winner receives $350 for a single picture

A CONTEST A MONTH DURING OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER

...89 CASH PRIZES EACH MONTH

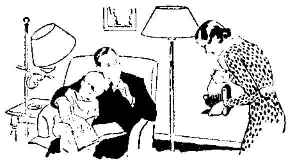
2 prizes of $100 each
3 prizes of $50 each
4 prizes of $25 each
10 prizes of $10 each
20 prizes of $5 each
50 prizes of $2 each

$250 Grand Prize

Get out your camera and go after one of these cash prizes tonight. Any amateur picture taker is eligible and winning pictures will be chosen for broad human interest appeal . . . heart throbs or humor . . . rather than for photographic skill. Of course the more pictures you enter, the greater your chances of winning.

You'll find scores of likely subjects around your home . . . Baby's smile . . . the children at play . . . Hallowe'en . . . birthday parties . . . pictures that tell a story.

HOW TO TAKE THEM



You can catch these scenes with your camera as easily as you take snapshots in sunlight . . thanks to G-E MAZDA Photo lamps.

Simply screw two or three G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps in bridge, floor or table lamps, load your camera with supersensitive film and shoot away . . . taking SNAPSHOTS, if your camera has a fast f/6.3 lens, or QUICK TIME EXPOSURES, if you use a box or slow lens folding camera. These lamps are good for dozens of pictures, hundreds of feet of home movies . . . and cost only 25 cents list.

For shots of babies, pets and action, use G-E MAZDA Photo*flash* lamps (15 cents list). Each lamp gets only one picture but you get it in 1/50 of a second . . . fast enough to record normal action. And you can use these lamps on flashlight batteries or house current.

Get some lamps and film from your druggist or camera dealer, and begin taking pictures tonight. You will have plenty of fun; you have a good chance for a prize; and you will get precious pictures.

Ask your dealer for a folder "Snapshots at Night Contest" on this $2500 contest or write Dept. "F", General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

RULES

1. Any amateur photographer (except employees of the General Electric Company and those engaged in the manufacture or sale of photo supplies) may enter any number of pictures made on or after October 1, 1935 and not later than January 1, 1936, in one or more of the October, November, December contests.
2. Prizes will be awarded *only* for pictures taken by artificial light, indoors or outdoors.
3. Winning pictures will be chosen solely on subject interest or appeal, not on technical excellence. The decision of the judges shall be final.
4. Each prize winning picture with negative and sole rights for advertising, publication and exhibition in any manner shall become the property of the General Electric Company.
5. Each print must bear the owner's name and address on the back. No prints will be returned.
6. All entries for the October contest must be postmarked not later than midnight, November 2; for the November contest, not later than midnight, December 2; and for the December contest, not later than midnight, January 3, 1936. Get entry blanks from your druggist or camera dealer and mail with prints only (***be sure to keep the negatives***) to:

Prize Contest Office, General Electric Co.,
Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA PHOTO LAMPS

The Amsterdam Maid

Continued from page 15

before he sailed, telling her he was all right and she wasn't to worry or work too hard in the butter plant; and he was bound for a place called Iquique, he thought, and didn't know how long it would take to get home. He didn't know, but from what he had heard he thought it was a very long way off.

Joe sailed with him. He didn't know exactly why. He wondered about it often, but never managed a satisfactory answer. They were together in the starboard watch for over a year. Then they signed off the ship and lost each other, as sailors always do. But Joe never forgot Tony Kenlon, slow, deliberate, tenacious, with shoulders wide as a topsail yard and steady, unflinching eyes; Tony, who was still studying to be a captain.

AFTER that voyage he came back for a few days to the land he had left because it was poor and stony, and not fertile enough to sustain five giant sons and their wives when they came. They asked him about the sea. They were curious because it had done something to Tony and they wondered what it was. He was spare and straight as a pole of ash, hard as iron, lithe as a poplar whip, brown and weathered like a winter nut, and his eyes looked beyond them, beyond the land, beyond the stone fences, beyond the rocky hills. He seemed to see something there others missed, and they wondered what it was. But he couldn't tell them. He was too inarticulate and, besides, they wouldn't understand. They looked at him and wondered at his assured placidity, as men speculate over the calm surface of a profound deep.

Milly asked him, too. He tried to tell her because she was very dear to him. But how could a man explain the northeast trade and a cloud of canvas and rope trampling the ocean to foam? How could he explain the majesty and the terror of a howling westerly gale in the lower latitudes with the gray seas spouting mountain high to obscure a rock that men called Cape Horn? How could he explain a beauty deep as ecstasy, terrible as a wilderness, dreadful as doom?

"It's awful, Milly," he told her quietly. "It's awful."

"You think it's all right, Tony?" she looked up at him, wistful, eager, tender. "I mean you haven't changed your mind?"

He shook his head slowly. "No, Milly. . . . Except, well, I reckon it'll take longer than I thought."

"I don't mind, Tony. Honest, I don't. You do whatever you think is right for us."

He grinned at that. "Do you know what, Milly? They got a song about you."

"About me?"

"Right enough. About you."

And he sang her a stanza or two of a sailor song called The Amsterdam Maid, in a deep, lilting bass. Not very much of it, because he didn't think it would do for her. He was like that. He came out of the filth and slime of a Cape Horner's fo'c'sle astonishingly untouched and uncorrupted. It would take longer than he thought, he said; and that was all. And Milly didn't mind, because she loved him. So he took his short holiday and hurried back to the shipping office again. He couldn't waste much time. Because he was still just studying to be a captain.

He went into steam after that, with a line of deepwater tramps. He didn't tell Milly they made fun of him. It would only upset her. It happened because in his guilelessness he asked Mr. Prichard, the sour second mate, how a man went about passing the examinations to be a captain. And Mr. Prichard, who had all he could do at middle age to fill a second mate's shoes, roared his mirth so it could be heard clear on the fo'c'sle head. That didn't bother Tony nearly so much as learning he had three hurdles to leap instead of one. They called him Farmer Tony after that in all the fleet. But Tony only grinned at them, because it was a good-natured banter, and he didn't mind. All except Mr. Prichard, who hated him for no better reason than a secret knowledge that that lumbering giant was getting to be an honest and thorough sailorman.

As soon as his time was up he sat for officer's papers, and took his passing quite as a matter of course. When he hung that certificate up in the chartroom rack and knew that from then on he was to live under the bridge, he did it without any particular pride. He had earned it; he knew his worth. It was nothing but a symbol. What mattered was what he had inside himself, and he alone knew that. He had the tenacity of a bulldog, and the patience. Self-contained and undisturbed, he plodded along to his goal. And Milly's photograph stood in a frame on the little desk in his room, smiling at him with her soft eyes beneath the cloud of her wheat-colored hair.

It came unexpectedly one black January night in Liverpool when he was mate of the tramp ship Bankhead. The master, coming back from the agent's, walked into Tony's room and dumped the ship in his lap. There had been a death in London docks. The captain was to entrain at once. Mr. Prichard was coming up from Cardiff to sail as mate with him. They would have pushed the second up if he hadn't banged up his arm. There wasn't anyone handy for relief, so the second would have to manage it for the passage back. Tony was to take the Bankhead home. The ship was his. . . . And then the captain was gone, and Anthony Kenlon was left standing alone in the center of his cabin with the fulfillment of his goal in the palm of his calloused hand.

HE REMAINED erect and motionless for some moments, blinking his eyes. Tony hadn't changed very much. It was better than nine years now since Cape Horn and the bark Arcturus. He was a little fuller of face, deeper in the chest, but still spare and solid and brown, with that deceptive slowness upon him when he planted his feet on a deck. But his eyes still held that frank, ingenuous stare of simplicity. And he was captain of the steamer Bankhead, bound for home in command. Lord, wouldn't Milly be proud!

It was hard to tell what were Tony's thoughts the next evening in the saddle of his first command as she dropped down the Mersey and trembled a little at the first smash of the Irish Sea. His heavy, patient face gave no sign. He may have been thinking of Milly, or of that stony Connecticut farm. But likely as not he was thinking of nothing but the ship beneath his feet; for his commands to the helm and the young third mate at the telegraph came from between the upturned collars of his bridge coat in firm and quiet orders. He had been preparing for this for a long, long time. It wasn't going to take him by surprise. He had studied dogdly and faithfully: he had studied to be a captain.

But Mr. Prichard, joining the ship, gray about the ears and surly with defeat, made no bones about his contempt. That fellow was a farmer, yet he got all the luck. That's all it was, luck. What right had he to command a ship? She should have been Mr. Prichard's. And there he was, taking orders from a clod. It was fit to burst a man's gall! The second mate, nursing his left arm strapped tight to his body, growled that he didn't know anything about it except he thought the Old Man a decent sort and a thorough sailorman, which was all he wanted of any skipper of his. Mr. Prichard snorted with loud disdain and caught hold of the ladder against a savage swing of the ship. He was going to say something more, but a shatter of spray caught him full in the face, and he turned and clattered below, snarling.

TONY knew. There is no way of mistaking the animosity of a ship's first mate. He didn't mind, except that it wasn't proper and it would have to be remedied. Not personally; that wasn't important. But for the sake of the ship and the craft. He took to puzzling it out in his slow, methodical way. But he hadn't much time. Beyond the Fastnet light the North Atlantic roared. And the Bankhead went into it, the hard, freezing westerly gales of winter that come screeching clear across from Labrador. Tony didn't complain of that, either. He had learned patience from the land and fortitude from the sea; he had never had time to ponder about the just reward.

It was on the fifth morning, with the wild sky still black with night, that the chief mate sighted a feeble flame on the weather bow, yellow and smoky, like a tar barrel flaming just under the edge of the earth. He drew his breath in sharply, because he knew what it meant, and hastily called the captain.

Tony came up and looked at it, called an order to the helm, and then stood in the open wing, stolidly wiping the spume from his face. The Bankhead swung in deep, sharp arcs, her funnel white with rime, spilling acres of foam from her bows. The night rolled back slowly, revealing the full bleak waste of the ocean. Snow drove out of a heavy gray sky, swollen and pressing close to the peaks of the sweeping seas. In all that wilderness the dismasted and waterlogged schooner showed up black and vivid. A plume of smoke ascended from the burning barrel of tar, the last hopeless signal of her distress. The waves hurled themselves at her, spouting aloft. Tony put his glasses on her and counted six men hanging in dumb misery to their lashings on the poop. The second mate came up at the sound of the telegraph bells. Tony put his binoculars away.

"Set oil dripping fore and aft, Mr. Prichard," he ordered quietly. "At once."

The second mate's lip twinged. He looked at the captain and felt good. The fellow knew what he was about. You could follow a quiet-spoken man like that and not worry. A farmer, was he? Running an oil slick down to that foundering hulk for a small boat to work in. He didn't learn that on any farm. The second cursed his crippled arm.

Tony stood in the wing, gaging the run of the sea, the drift of the oil. His jaw was set. He waited for the mate to get back.

"Clear away the whaleboat, Mr. Prichard. She's the boat for the job. You will want six men. The best. Get all the gear you don't need out of her. Keep in my lee. Do you understand? Take your time. She'll ride—"

"The whaleboat, sir?" Mr. Prichard cried, dismayed. "In that sea?"

Tony turned slowly and looked at him. There was an odd glitter in his eyes. The mate, clinging to the ladder rail, swayed to the dive of the ship. His cheek was white.

"Clear away the whaleboat, Mr. Prichard!"

"Just like that!" Mr. Prichard snarled. All in an instant he forgot that he was still the mate and that stolid young fellow the master of the ship. His resentment and his contempt broke the bonds of restraint. Something else was the matter with him, too, by the frightened thing that danced behind his enraged eyes. "Just like that!" he repeated hoarsely. "You happen to know what that sea'll do to a small boat? You never thought of waiting for it to moderate, did you? No! Launch the whaleboat and drown six men and the mate. Can't wait. Do it right away! You—"

"Mr. Prichard!"

The second had never before heard that quality in Tony Kenlon's voice. It was deep, cold, hard like the ring of metal on iron. He sensed that this was the instant of Captain Kenlon's final testing, though he didn't know just how or why. In the momentary silence the shrilling of the gale and the hiss and roar of the sea sounded very loud and distinct.

"Mr. Prichard"—Tony's voice carried with remarkable clarity for so quiet-spoken a man—"that hulk won't float another two hours. Clear away the boat at once."

Mr. Prichard leaped squarely onto the bridge, his eyes flaming. "Sure!" he screamed. "The mate goes over—and you're the hero. No hide offa your nose! You damned farmer, you—"

WHATEVER happened to Tony Kenlon's face the second never knew. The captain's back was turned. He saw only the sweep of a blue-coated arm and a flashing fist like a mallet. He had never dreamed that stolid man could move so quickly. He heard a low, dull thump of knuckles meeting jawbone, and saw Mr. Prichard stagger back and sag limply against the wheelhouse wall. Then Tony was beside him at the telegraph, calm and unmoved, as though nothing whatever had happened out of the way. There was no sign on his face of either anger or judgment.

"Mr. Prichard's not well," he said solemnly and without emotion. "He can't command the boat. Neither can you, with that arm. The third's too inexperienced. Can you handle the ship, Mister?"

"Yes, sir; of course. I think so. But—"

"Then do it! Take your time. Be sure. Understand? You only get one guess. It's got to be right. I am taking the whaleboat over myself."

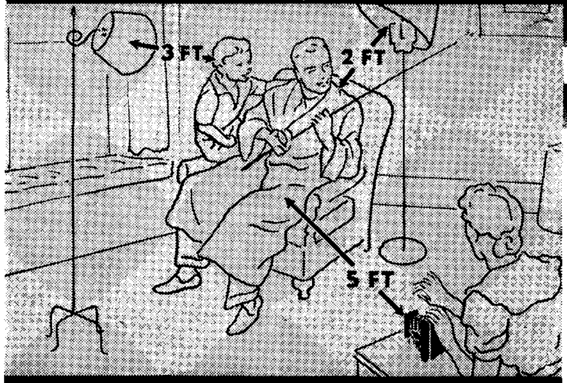
"God, sir! You can't do that. Don't do it! You—"

The second stopped at something he saw in the captain's eyes. If you didn't know him you might have mistaken that square face, a little heavy, as dull. It wasn't. It was inarticulate, dumb. Tony was struggling for words. He had studied to be a captain with every sinew of his mental and physical strength, honestly, faithfully. The reward, slim as it was, was his now. He shouldn't be leaving his bridge. Not under any circumstances. If anything went wrong, the blame was no one's but his: it meant the end of everything for him. And he wanted to say that those six half-frozen men clinging hopelessly to a sinking hull were worth more than his command and all the years of his patient toil. But he couldn't find the words. He had never studied them. They were no good for him.

(Continued on page 44)

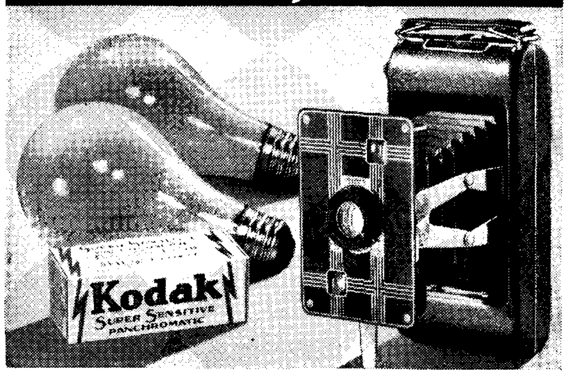
Try a picture like this Tonight!

Here's how you do it



● Use one Mazda Photoflood bulb in each lamp as indicated—tip shades to concentrate light on subject. Load with Kodak "SS" or Verichrome Film. Place your camera on firm table—5 feet or more from subject, depending on camera . . . set for "time." Exposure for Jiffy Kodak—half second with "SS," and a second with Verichrome.

Here's all you need



KODAK "SS" FILM or Kodak Verichrome Film.

MAZDA PHOTOFLOOD BULBS—give brilliant light, last for many pictures . . . cost but 25¢.

ANY BOX OR FOLDING CAMERA with "time" adjustment will make pictures indoors at night. This particular picture (enlarged) was taken with *JIFFY KODAK SIX-20*—press one button, it's open. Press another button, your picture's made. For 2¼" x 3¼" pictures, $8.

FREE FOLDER

Gives complete instructions on night photography . . . suggests subjects. Get your copy from your dealer . . . or write Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

WHY take pictures of only half of life? Why not a lasting picture record of the half that's lived indoors—at night? Here's a real pastime for you, a hobby so interesting you can never get enough.

It's really very simple. Just load your camera with Kodak "SS," the super sensitive film particularly adapted to night picture taking, or with Kodak Verichrome Film which gives quite acceptable results—get a couple of Mazda Photoflood bulbs and you are ready. The bulbs last for many pictures, and fit into your home lamps.

Follow the diagram and information given here. Open up a new world of picture opportunities—*tonight.*

If you have a camera with a fast lens . . . *f*.6.3 or faster—you can make *snapshots* indoors at night. Use two or three Mazda Photoflood bulbs, load with Kodak "SS" Film. Open lens to *f*.6.3—set for 1/25 second. Hold the camera in your hands . . . then snap the picture.

Night pictures with any camera . . . No matter what camera you have, if it can be set for "time," you can make pictures at night with Photo*flood* or Photo*flash* bulbs. See your dealer for information or write for folder.

● Ask your dealer about the current $2500 Prize Contest for Night Pictures. All amateur picture takers eligible.

BOYS! MAIL THIS COUPON

Your Prizes
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield Ohio

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-119
The Crowell Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

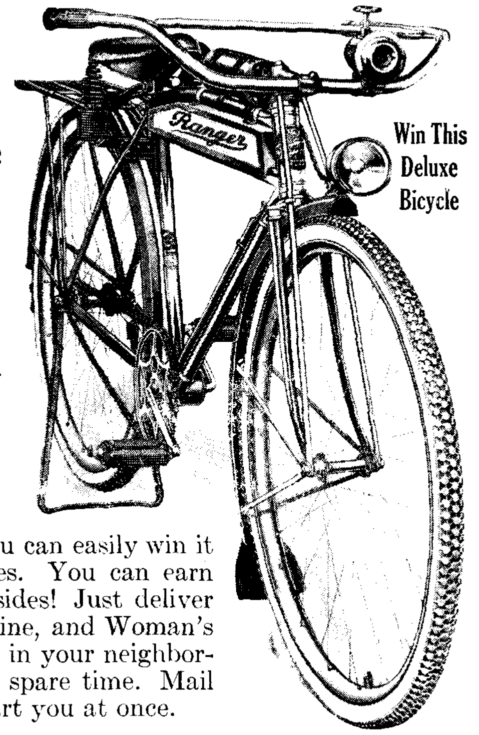
Dear Jim: I want to win some of your wonderful prizes and earn my own spending money. Start me off as a salesman and send me a Big Prize Book.

My Name is..Age..............

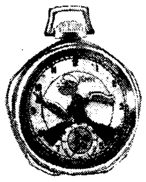
Address..

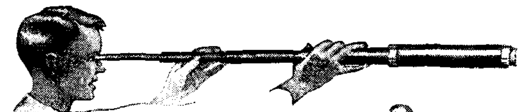
City...State..............

GIVEN
This Speedy Bike
And
300 Other Prizes



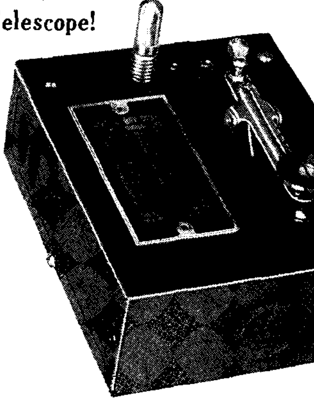
OH, BOY! You can get this deluxe model motorbike for your very own *without a cent of cost!* Bike is swift as the wind, yet sturdy as a truck. Comes fully equipped with headlight, horn, platform carrier, and coaster brake. Beautifully enameled; chromium trimmings. You can easily win it and any of 300 other big prizes. You can earn your own spending money, besides! Just deliver Collier's, The American Magazine, and Woman's Home Companion to customers in your neighborhood. It's easy. Do it in your spare time. Mail the coupon above, and we'll start you at once.



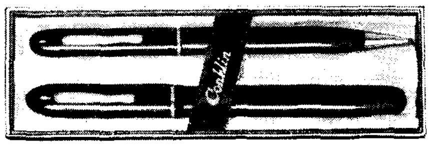


A 10-Power Telescope!

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!



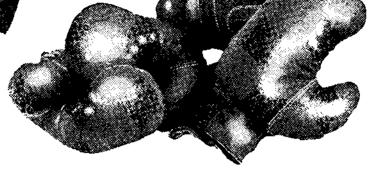
Win this clever Pop-Eye watch and you'll never be late to school. Ol' Pop-Eye will smack off the hours for you, regular as can be. You'll have loads of fun with him. You'll have fun with the big, 32-inch telescope shown above, too. Study the stars; watch ships and airplanes.

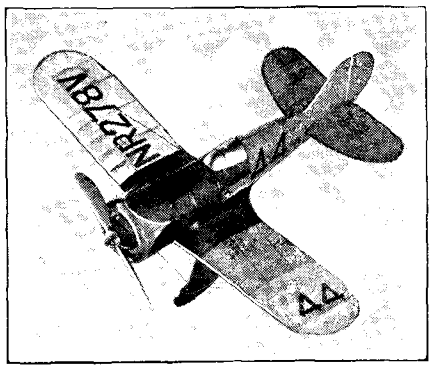


Mail the coupon above, and you can soon win this dandy Conklin pen and pencil set. You can win school supplies of all kinds. In addition, you can get your *own clothing!* Do you like to build model airplanes? The nifty Wedell-Williams racer shown below is one of the *most complete flying models on* the market. Soars like an eagle! Comes to you in kit form.

Get This Knife

The prize of prizes! This Triple Signal set will give you *hours of educational fun.* You can communicate with your chums by Morse code. Set has blinker light for night, wireless buzz for day, telegraph key for wire system. Used by Admiral Byrd at the South Pole!





Boxing is one of the most enjoyable sports there is. This peachy set of 4 regulation gloves is just what you need for a brisk work-out each day. Mail the coupon and you will soon be winning all kinds of athletic equipment. You can win a Scout knife like the one shown above, and other scouting supplies! Get camping equipment, besides! Don't delay. Be the first boy in your neighborhood to take advantage of this big opportunity. Mail the coupon *now!*

(Continued from page 43)

"I am taking the boat over myself," was all he said at last; and with that he turned away.

The second watched his broad back swaying along to the falls. It gave him a lifting feeling inside his chest. He saw Tony and six husky volunteers clearing the needless gear out of the boat. The captain moved slowly, carefully inspecting the oars and the long ash steering sweep, rejecting one, choosing another. He knew a rudder was no good in that seaway. He knew the full trial that boat would have to stand. He knew his enemy. If he failed it would be only because his brawn or his skill were not enough. It would not be the fault of his courage.

THE boat was clear now, swinging out. Tony was eying the raging sea below. The third mate was at the telegraph. The second had work to do. He sprang to the wing, peering over with his heart in his throat before he gave his first command. For he saw the whaleboat fairly waterborne, the men giving way in the oily slick.

Deep down in the hollows the small boat seemed fragile and helpless. At times she disappeared from sight completely, lost between the green-streaked, rushing walls. But when she reappeared you could see those six backs hauling steadily beneath the veils of sleet and spume. And in the stern sheets Farmer Tony's huge bulk loomed, his weight on the steering oar, erect and powerful, patient in the face of danger. The second mate gulped hard and glued his eyes on the sinking hulk. He maneuvered carefully, his nerves tight with strain. Give the men a lee. Give Farmer Tony a fighting chance. It was little enough to do for him. Little enough . . . with the damned gale screaming like a hundred hungry wolves, and the white seas crashing aboard the Bankhead's weather rails.

He never knew how long it took. He never knew how Tony kept clear of the wreckage pounding against the schooner's hull. He never knew how they got a line aboard and hauled those men away. But they did, somehow. For he saw Tony's face now as the whaleboat struggled back. It was amazingly serene in all that turmoil, with the water draining from it and the jaws set tight with the yank of the sea on the whipbent steering oar. Somehow the second mate couldn't help but feel a little proud as he saw half the Bankhead's crew tending the falls as the whaleboat lifted inboard again at last.

"He's done it!" he cried. "He's done it!"

Tony came along after that, to see his ship on her course again. When he came out of the chartroom he was still panting a little and soaked through. Mr. Prichard, swollen-cheeked, glared at him balefully. Captain Kenlon seemed to have settled something in his mind. The second wondered what it might be.

"Mr. Prichard," Tony said stonily, "I am logging the fact you were sick this morning, and not able to take charge of the boat."

Mr. Prichard said nothing as the captain went down the ladder again. But he turned on the second and curled his lips.

"Sick, hey? Wait'll I tell 'em ashore he manhandled me. And left his ship in the middle of a North Atlantic gale. Couldn't wait for the sea to go down and his mate to go. Not him. In a damned hurry to be a hero. Risking the ship and six good men. Wait'll I tell 'em!"

The second heard him through. He pointed aft in cold and silent anger to where the foundering hulk was taking her last dive. Then his good arm went out and he seized Mr. Prichard tightly by the wrist.

"He said you were sick. And it's sick you were! See? Damned sick! So sick maybe you better ask for a leave of absence. Mister, you keep your lip up tight. If you don't, just as soon as this arm gets limber enough, you'll be sicker than ever! See?"

But Tony didn't know anything about that. He was having a look at the men he'd brought aboard. The steward was doing the best he could by them. One of them was in Captain Kenlon's cabin, he said, bundled on the settee. Tony went in to look at the fellow, still blue around the lips. He stepped up, stopped short and peered. He had been too busy to notice before.

"Joe!" he said. "It's the bosun!"

Joe sat upright. "Lord love us!" he cried. "Farmer Tony!"

"Joe, how are you? Bless my soul, I'm glad to see you. What in the world were you doing on that old windbag?"

"I was master of her, Tony."

"Master? No! Honest, Joe?"

"Yes, Tony." Joe's face wrinkled up. "It was your doing, Tony. I got to thinking, after the old Arcturus. Remember? Says I, here I am with sea time enough for anything, just a bosun. And a damned farmer like Tony Kenlon heading for master already. So I sat for papers. I'd never have done it otherwise." He grinned broadly. "How about it, Tony? Are you still studying for captain? Damme, you made it, I see!"

Solemnly Tony shook his head. "No, Joe. Not any more. I just learned today. Being a captain, that's just owning a bit of engraved paper. It's not enough. Fellow's got to be master. Master of your men, as well as your ship. I think I've got it straight at last."

Joe looked hard at him. It was like that first day in the shipping office, years ago. He wanted to laugh. But somehow he couldn't. The fellow meant it! And, by the Lord, he was right! The bosun, who was now a shipmaster himself, leaned back wearily, exhausted. He was about to drop off to sleep. But before he did he opened his eyes again, smiling a little.

"How's Milly, Tony?" he murmured. "I forgot to ask. How's the Amsterdam maid?"

"She's fine, Joe. Tell you what, you'll have to come out to the farm when we get in and meet her and my brothers. You can be best man, Joe, if you will."

Joe was already asleep.

BUT Tony was as good as his word. He brought Joe along with him to that stony Connecticut land, buried deep in snow, with the gaunt orchard gnarled and twisted from long contention with that rocky earth. Joe looked at Tony's brothers, and the mark of it was on them, too. But he didn't notice very much difference between the men of the land and the man who had gone to sea. For that poor and rocky soil, as well as the sea, bred a hard and solid strength that couldn't be mistaken. They were sure of themselves. They knew their worth. They, too, knew their enemy.

"And you," he said banteringly to Milly, "you waited for this here lump of farm clod for better than nine years while he studied to be a captain?"

"Why, yes," she replied simply, looking up at him with wonder in her wide eyes at so silly a question. "What else would I do but wait for him? He's as fine a man as you'll ever know."

It sounded a little odd to Joe. He had been bred in so many vile, wet fo'c's'les, and knew so much about the stinking holes of earth. But he nodded firmly at her, for all of that. For she was right about Tony. Even the bosun knew that.

CAR FROZEN!
and needlessly

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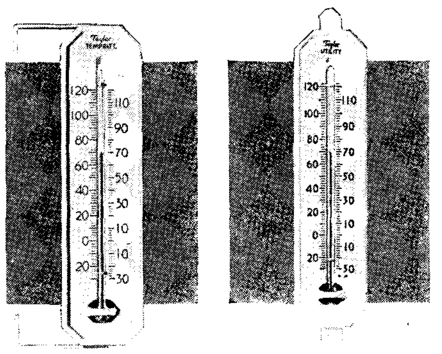

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City of Clash

Continued from page 26

Buenos Aires is the second largest Latin city in the world, being surpassed only by Paris. On the whole American continent there are only two cities that are bigger—New York and Chicago. In addition to those two, and Paris, the only ones in the whole world which rank ahead of it in population are London, Tokyo, Berlin, Moscow, Osaka and Leningrad.

It fronts on a broad estuary—the renowned Rio de la Plata, or River Plate—which is lined for miles with gigantic docks, at which you may see ships flying the flags of practically every country that possesses a merchant marine. There they unload machinery and barbed wire and plows and hydraulic pumps for Argentinian earners; and costly motorcars and all sorts of articles of luxury for Argentinian spenders. And, before they steam away, they load up with thousands upon thousands of tons of wheat and meat which, rolling into Buenos Aires from the huge ranches and vast grain lands stretching behind the city northward and westward and southward, make Argentina one of the most bountiful feeders of the hungry human race.

Argentine Century of Progress

Yet, three hundred years ago, Argentina was wild and almost unpeopled, and Buenos Aires was a cluster of miserable huts huddled about a puny fort! A little over a century ago it was a dirty, smelly Spanish colonial town, boasting only one paved street, which straggled from the waterfront to a ramshackle bull ring; a place where shaggy "gauchos," the cowboys of the pampas, galloped and boozed and brawled; where rough oxcarts floundered through lakes of mud! In the 60's of last century it had reached a population of only 150,000. In 1880 it could muster only 350,000. Today it has nearly two and a half millions—one fifth the population of the entire Argentine Republic.

You sense the clash that is typical of Buenos Aires on that tree-fringed avenue which seems so much like Paris. Look twice at its men-of-the-world reading newspapers in front of its cafés, and you will notice that those newspapers, though they may resemble superficially the ones which Parisians read along their boulevards, bear strange, un-Parisian names like La Prensa and La Nación, Buenos Aires Herald and Deutsche La Plata Zeitung.

You sense it in that eating-house so typical of London when you read, beside an invitation to partake of beefsteak-and-kidney pie, announcements that you may also consume *salpicón* and *humitas* and *pejerrey*. And, along that arcaded street so redolent of spaghetti and Italy, you will find, hobnobbing with straw-covered Chianti flasks, bottles filled with native wines of which you never heard before and probably won't again—"Barón de Rio Negro" and "Pinot" and "Trapiche." All of which is Argentina and Buenos Aires, its metropolis, fighting their way toward individual expression.

Every day, from four in the afternoon until eight in the evening, the policemen with the pieces of stiff cloth sticking out from under their caps sternly warn away every sort of vehicle from the Calle Florida, and permit pedestrians to reign supreme. At the height of the afternoon rush during the season (December to March, the Argentine summer), if you stand somewhere a bit above the street level, the Calle Florida looks like a solid stream of straw hats, so dense is the crowd of shoppers and saunterers packed on its narrow roadway and narrower sidewalks.

There you will see Argentinian beauties in all their glory, for Buenos Aires is a city of feminine attractiveness which can vie—and often surpass—any other anywhere. Black-haired señoritas and golden-haired ones, with tripping gait and flashing eyes; matrons of proud poise and dignified bearing—singly, in twos and threes, in loquacious bevies—thread the Calle Florida every afternoon, many among them flawlessly turned out in clothes which have just been launched on the Champs-Élysées.

And on the Calle Florida you will see, at its perfection, the favorite Argentinian pastime of ogling pretty women. Men are proficient at this in most Latin cities; but in Buenos Aires they are world champions. They don't merely stare—they give a conquering, comprehensive glance which, one often fears, must necessarily go in one side of a girl and out the other. And they don't confine themselves to staring. If a young woman is really attractive, many Argentines contrive, by hook or by crook, to elbow her, jostle her, brush up alongside her, push against her, or bump into her, with a concentrated efficiency which would take them far on a football field.

One day I followed for several blocks a man who was obviously one of the country's star players. His technique was amazing. Not once did he miss a pretty damsel, no matter how many other persons might be acting as interference when he first caught sight of her. At one point, in trying to execute a jostle from placement, he jammed himself right through a narrow opening between two lovely ladies, sending one staggering to the left and the other tottering to the right. The colors of the Argentine Republic are blue and white; those of the Argentinian woman must be black and blue!

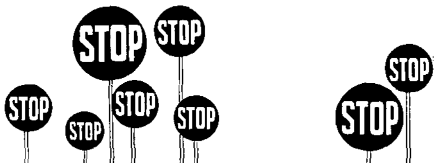
Women, by the way, play second fiddle in the Argentine. They occupy the thoughts of the men to an amazing extent; but they have not as yet achieved anything like the degree of equality to which their sisters have struggled in other lands. Up-to-date though the Argentines are in many ways—none more so, in some—they still have, toward their womenfolk, what an American in Buenos Aires described to me as "the Mediterranean point of view." Argentina remains a man's country.

Feminine Rebels

In Buenos Aires you can find—if you look hard enough—a few women doctors. There is also said to be a woman lawyer, but I cannot vouch for this, my time in South America having been too limited for toilsome, patient exploration.

What I can vouch for, though, is the fact that a pair of socially prominent young señoritas, resolutely throwing overboard generations of repressive tradition, recently opened an arts-and-crafts shop in an exclusive part of the Argentinian capital. There were very pretty things in that shop, and a whole squad of assistants, and an enormous overhead. But one day, when one of my Buenos Aires acquaintances went there to buy a beautiful bowl which she had admired in the window a week or so before, she found nobody but an elderly caretaker, who told her that the whole stock was locked up and that he hadn't

(Continued on page 46)



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(Continued from page 45)

the keys, and that she would have to come back some other time, when the proprietors were there.

"Where are they?" she asked in astonishment.

"At Mar del Plata." (Mar del Plata is the most fashionable seashore resort in the Argentine.)

"When will they be back?"

"In two months."

"Two months!" gasped the horrified would-be customer. "Impossible!"

The caretaker seemed shocked by all this excitement.

"Didn't you know," he said coldly, "that the two señoritas always spend the entire summer season at Mar del Plata?"

Dimming the Four Hundred

I have stood open-mouthed before the mansions around London's Park Lane. I have hovered diffidently outside the private palaces about the Place de l'Etoile and the Parc Monceau. And I remember well when, on Fifth Avenue, the red château of one Vanderbilt frowned at the white château of another, and both glanced from the corners of supercilious eyes at the twin "chocolate ice cream" mansions of an older and less lavish Vanderbilt generation. Nor have I forgotten how, in the same haughty neighborhood, the social citadel of Mrs. William Astor, autocrat of New York's Four Hundred, overawed with its expensive splendor every one of us pedestrians who plodded past it.

But none of these was a whit more gorgeous than the present-day residences of Buenos Aires multimillionaires. Just across from one of the prettiest of the city's squares—the one with the equestrian statue of San Martín, the nation's hero, well-known to American cocktail consumers emerging from the near-by Plaza bar—is the mammoth château of Señor Paz, owner of La Prensa, richest and most renowned of South American newspapers. Before the insolent grandeur of the Paz home, memories of Mrs. Astor and the Vanderbilt clan, likewise visions of most of what their successors of today are doing in the way of marble and granite and onyx and lapis lazuli and brocade and tapestry and assorted flunkies, grow dim and pale!

Incidentally, Señor Paz occupies the place only *one month every year!* And—close by—is another sumptuous palace whose owner goes him one better—*he doesn't occupy it at all!* Its shutters are never flung open; its iron doors remain always locked. Its proprietor, flitting from Paris to Biarritz, from Biarritz to the Riviera, must chuckle with glee every time he picks up a copy of La Prensa and reads: "Señor Paz and his family have opened their Buenos Aires mansion, as usual, for the month of ——"

The affections of the residents of this section are concentrated on Latin culture in general and French culture in particular. They flock to Paris, to stay there as long as possible. They are foremost in bringing across the ocean eminent Frenchmen, who give lectures, on French literature and French art, to Argentinian audiences who try to look as French as they can.

And, by the way, some of these eminent Frenchmen, when they go back home, do not always please the Argentines by what they say and write about their transatlantic adventures. Recently, one of them, commenting on the tendency of the Argentine aristocracy to ape Europe, called the country "a European colony without a flag"—which didn't make a hit in Buenos Aires. Another, after lavishing many adjectives on the magnificence of what he had seen, wound up by remarking: "But the whole thing smells too much of money," —which rather spoiled the effect of the adjectives.

Though Argentina has only about 12,000,000 people, or less than one tenth the population of the United States, its area is nearly one third of that of the United States (without outlying possessions)—or, roughly, 1,000,000 square miles as against 3,000,000. Therefore, argue the Argentines, their native land is capable of supporting a population much greater, in proportion to its size, than the population of the present day. Optimists among them figure that, in less than forty years from now, there will be 40,000,000 people in Argentina—of a high type, with white European stock enormously predominating, as it does in the country today.

Unlike other Latin American lands, Argentina has no Indian or Negro problem. In its population of 12,000,000 native whites, whites with recent admixture of European blood and native Europeans are in overwhelming preponderance. Indeed, in a recent statistical compilation, only somewhat over 250,000 of the total population were classed as partly or entirely Indian; and only 100,000 as partly Negro. As for those of pure black blood, there are so few that they are quite negligible in importance.

The Argentina of the future will undoubtedly continue to develop as it has in the past, with new white elements, mostly Italian and Spanish, mixing with the white stock already in the country, and with the admixture of other blood constantly dwindling. And, just as this future Argentina will continue to be, unless all signs fail, a miniature Europe, so Buenos Aires, its metropolis, will continue to be a miniature Argentina.

"White blood and a temperate climate—the same lay-out as yours in the United States—that is what we have down here," Argentines are prone to tell visitors from North America. And, often, they add: "So, with reasonably favorable conditions, we ought to go as far forward, in development and prosperity, as you have."

Most things in Buenos Aires remind you of something somewhere else. Not so, however, the Recoleta cemetery. That is unique.

The World's Finest Cemetery

I am sure that no cemetery elsewhere in the whole world can show anything at all comparable with the sheer profusion and sumptuousness and costliness of the monuments to the aristocratic dead of Buenos Aires which crowd the Recoleta to the last square inch of its available space. The Recoleta is one silent street after another of white and black and gray mortuary shrines, often adorned with sculpture of extraordinary beauty. Into these shrines visitors can peer, through half-opened portals, and see the jeweled caskets of the dead, placed on shelves—sometimes one above the other—instead of being buried out of sight as in other countries. And they can catch glimpses of mourning relatives, in funeral black, who have come to heap flowers on the coffins; or to sit beside them, on chairs kept there for this purpose, and think of the departed and pray for their souls.

The name of practically every aristocratic family that has figured in the annals of Argentina may be found carved on the monuments of the Recoleta cemetery. Some families acquired plots in it more than a century ago, and have been reverently laying their kin to rest there generation after generation. Presidents of the Argentine Republic repose there; and warriors who distinguished themselves in the country's early battles; and eminent jurists and writers and men of science. Of all the things that must be seen in Buenos Aires the Recoleta stands foremost; of all the possessions of that great metropolis, it is only of the Recoleta that the Argentines can say: "This is our own! No city in another land has anything like this!"

Close to the Recoleta the foreigner stumbles again on the contrast which is everywhere in Buenos Aires. Right across the street from the cemetery's superb shrines of marble from Carrara in Italy, its monuments carved by eminent European sculptors, or by native sculptors saturated in the traditions of European art, there is a restaurant which serves nothing but typically Argentinian, primitive, provincial dishes, cooked just as they are cooked for the "gauchos" in the "cow towns" of the interior. You sit in a typical patio, close to a kitchen such as they used to have in Argentina when it was a Spanish colony, and eat a mixed grill that seems to include selections from every single part of the steer or cow from which it came. And they also give you "humitas"—corn pounded to a pulp, mixed with tomato, onion, sugar and pepper, and served, piping hot, in corn leaves; and there is wine from vineyards in the remote province of Salta, which few people even in Argentina ever drank or heard of. And, after you have put all this down, you walk out the front door and find yourself face to face with a French château!

Behind the façade of that château, for all its Frenchiness—and behind dozens of façades resembling it—you may be sure that the owners, despite long sojourns in France, still drink "yerba maté," the favorite Argentinian beverage. It is brewed from leaves gathered, thousands of tons of them, in faraway Brazilian forests; in taste it is somewhat like the strongest and greenest of green tea. It is sucked up by its hosts of Argentinian admirers, including the ones who live behind those grand French façades, through a silver tube, known as a "bombilla," stuck into a funny little gourd. And it is about as French as an alligator!

Night Life with Variations

Buenos Aires has a fine night club, in the "swell" Palermo section, rejoicing in the sophisticated name of "Ambassadeurs," which, you decide, might be exported, without alterations, for use in Manhattan's upper Fifties, or on Montmartre, or off Bond Street. But suddenly you come upon a big charcoal fire, right alongside the driveway used by the motorcars of patrons, at which an individual of most exotic aspect is roasting a whole lamb—just as the gauchos used to do it out on the pampas, a century ago, and still do it, for that matter, in faraway parts of Argentina, to which not even the most modest brand of night club has ever penetrated.

Aside from that charcoal fire, though, and the roasting lamb, and the exotic individual presiding over them, there is only one other striking point about the Ambassadeurs—the way the tango is danced. There—and all over Buenos-Aires-by-night—Argentine men and women dance the tango to perfection, with a grace and sureness and beauty such as imitators of other nations cannot hope to achieve. In other things, though, the Ambassadeurs is as unindividual and unexpressive as similar places in any world metropolis.

Yes—uptown Buenos Aires, where the private palaces and big night clubs are, is the old Argentina almost dominated by Paris; just as downtown Buenos Aires, with its fine banks and deafening turmoil, is New York trying to dominate the new, rising Argentina. And, if you would sense still another sort of clash, go out to Tigre! There you will see the Argentina of today and the Argentina of tomorrow at grips, not with Europe or the United States, but with an old South America of jungle and mystery and vastness.

Tigre is a pretty resort about fifteen miles from the center of Buenos Aires. It nestles amid a network of waterways, branches of the great Paraná River—whose mouth is the River Plate—cutting up the region roundabout into numerous little islands. At first glance, Tigre reminds you vividly of the Thames above London—the same attractive villas; the same yachts with bright railings and rippling pennants; the same lawns, so neatly manicured that they might be fitted, almost without change, into the landscape around Marlow or Henley.

Back to the Primitive

But—your launch rounds a bend, and you come upon a swarthy man in shirtsleeves, bedraggled hat, and trousers precariously held up by a badly frayed belt, rowing a boat from which he peddles vegetables or fruit or meat to the owners of the villas lining the bank. Not much like the Thames! And then, dropping down the waterway a short distance, you see, peeping out of the woods, mud huts so primitive that they might be the abodes of aboriginal tribesmen untamed by civilization.

And then—with extraordinary suddenness—your launch emerges from the quiet backwater onto a wide, turbulent, dark-brown stream, all angry white caps and swirling eddies and gloom and malevolence—the mighty Paraná itself!

Out of the very heart of South America the Paraná comes; it bears to the sea the waters of rivers scarcely explored; dipping on the breast of its perilous currents is débris from forests into which the sun never penetrates, through which naked Indians crawl and savage animals prowl. As your launch is tossed about on its grim waters, you seem actually to hear the stealthy footsteps of those Indians, and smell the hot breath of those animals!

Many Argentines, especially those who love France, do not love us. They find the United States a big, bad wolf of a land, and, to them, the Americans are uncouth of manner and materialistic of soul. Also, they are sore at us because we have put up tariff barriers against Argentine meat, and because most of us remain indifferent to the phenomenal progress which their country and its metropolis have made.

"We're just gringos down here," an American banker in Buenos Aires told me. To the criticisms leveled at America and the Americans, which sometimes get quite acid, the more peppery among the American colony retort by calling Argentina a "cow country" and Buenos Aires a "cow town." This is altogether too sweeping to be just—yet there is more than a little truth in it.

The millions of cattle and sheep and pigs which roam the Argentine pampas in vast herds are the backbone of the country's wealth—even today, when wheat competes with meat on those same pampas—and they are the foundation of most of the gold which has made possible the parks and palaces of magnificent Buenos Aires.

Argentines with a sense of realities—and a sense of humor—are only too willing to recognize this. One of them, an aristocrat of the Argentine metropolis, noted for his wit, was showing an American over the splendid Jockey Club. The American paused in admiration before a beautiful painting by a famous French artist.

"That must be very valuable," he commented.

"It is," said the Argentine. "It cost at least two thousand cows!"

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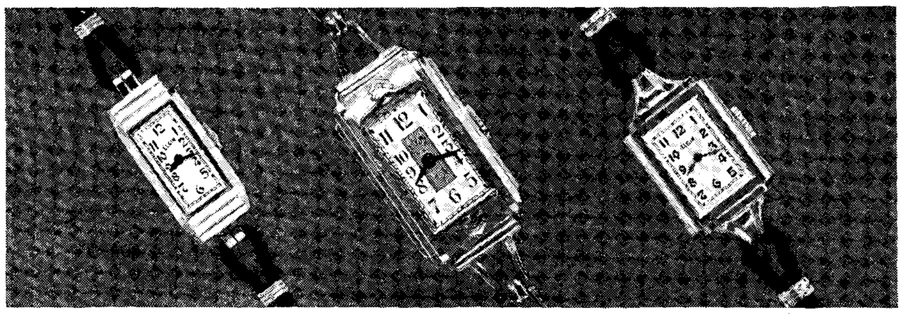

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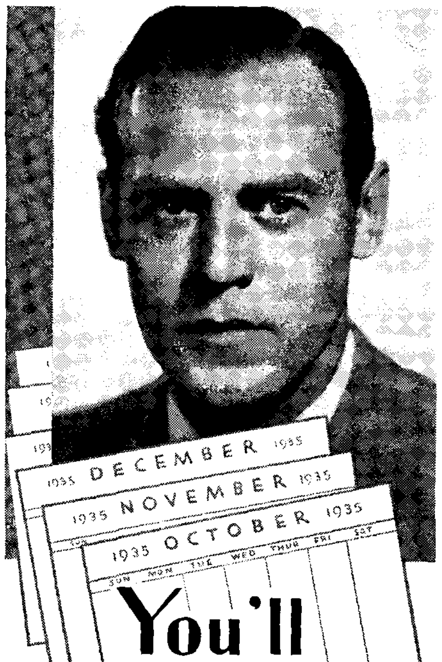

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If you keep your general resistance high

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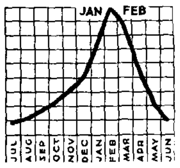
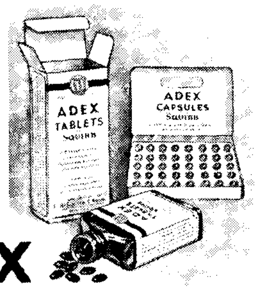
The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U. S. Public Health Dept.





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High-Tension Jitters

Continued from page 13

the PWA men and the Federal Power Commission's engineers were still shaking their heads gloomily when Quoddy was the topic, the governor appointed a well-chosen commission of his own, a one hundred per cent Maine commission, headed by Doctor Kenneth Charles Morton Sills, president of Bowdoin College and one-time aspirant for a Democratic seat in the United States Senate.

Doctor Sills and his associates collaborated with the Maine State Planning Board, an equally patriotic body which could be trusted without a qualm to do the right thing by Maine. Doctor Sills' fellow commissioners, just to show you what an unimpeachable commission it was, were Messrs. E. S. French, president of the Maine Central Railroad; Harry B. Crawford, Master of the State Grange; Wingate F. Cram, treasurer of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, and William N. Campbell, an executive of the Sanford Mills. Between the board and Doctor Sills' commission, Quoddy got two or three volumes of vindication. It is quite true that these gentlemen did not cite the project for its economic virtues but they made it clear that it would be a great disappointment to them and Maine if Quoddy wasn't forthcoming.

In the Golden Land

It was an astonishingly comprehensive report, starting in with a glowing tribute to Maine's mineral deposits and continuing on to describe Maine's railroads, scenery, tourist trade, climate, water power resources, wild life, public utilities, real estate values, finances and recreational delights. Quoddy, they contended, was going to impart a fine impetus to all of these. Quoddy, they said, "should increase the annual recreational income of Washington County from $879,913 to $10,000,000 annually in ten years."

Quite aside, although completely harmonious, Doctor Sills' commission wrote a report of its own. And it's pretty good reading, having among other qualities quite a tinge of entertainment.

"We desire to state emphatically," wrote the commission unanimously, "that it would properly come under a program of public works because it would undoubtedly employ a large number of people now on relief rolls. . . . We would argue for federal support for this project largely on the grounds of social desirability . . . without definite assurance that the project would be within a specified number of years self-liquidating. In the present economic situation private capital would not be available and the government has already denied a loan to a private corporation on the ground that a sufficiently sure market for the power generated has not been shown. If, therefore, Quoddy Dam is to be built it must be built by the federal government and financed at a low rate of interest on the ground of public interest and social desirability rather than with the assurance of definite amortization of money advanced, although undoubtedly in time there should be a reasonable return. . . .

"Your commission, however, desires to base its main contention on the fact that the Quoddy project would be of great benefit to the people of Maine. Maine people have always been independent, hard-working, frugal, self-reliant."

We shall give you other excerpts from the Sills report in just a moment. But something occurred to us as we were copying that rhapsodic aside to the people of the great state of Maine. When the United States Army Engineers arrived at Eastport to make ready for the opening explosion, a certain number of them were charged with the duty of gaining title to the necessary land for the dam. Now, for a variety of reasons, some legal and some extra-legal, it was not desirable to invoke the laws of eminent domain. It was not deemed advisable to acquire land by condemnation. For example, the government got itself into quite a dither some time ago when District Court Judge Dawson in Louisville ruled that its right of eminent domain did not cover proposed condemnation proceedings in suits growing out of PWA slum clearance projects. And the Federal Circuit Court at Cincinnati upheld Judge Dawson.

In view of this, plus the fact that there were a number of important people in Maine who hoped earnestly that the government would not be niggardly in its treatment of the "independent, hard-working, frugal and self-reliant" citizens of the Quoddy district, Washington decided upon a buying-up program. This has not resulted in general happiness. At once the government's men discovered that the frugal men of Maine wanted as much as $4,000 an acre for rough and untilled land that rocks had a hard time living on. And when they hinted somewhat broadly that this asking price seemed a trifle exorbitant the owners graciously came down to $3,850. Of course, all the landowners weren't quite so thrift-sworn; some, whose land was assessed for only seven dollars and fifty cents an acre, asked a paltry $2,000. There was land to be had for as little as a thousand dollars an acre but you had to ride for thirty-six hours to get to it, which was why, the owner said, he had offered it at so low a figure.

But probably we had better get on with the report. And this was the report that sold Quoddy to the government. It says: "The philosophy of the Maine people is based on the idea that every man should produce the wealth of which he is capable by industry and ingenuity; that he should live frugally and keep out of debt; that he should be self-supporting and independent. . . . Since 1929 Maine has been watching other parts of the country receive very large sums from the federal government. Today, perhaps with typical Yankee shrewdness, Maine feels it is about time that she receive a modest portion of the vast sums that *seem to be available*. . . . Moreover, there is no question but that the building of the Quoddy Dam would be a great benefit to the state in connection with its unemployment problem. . . ."

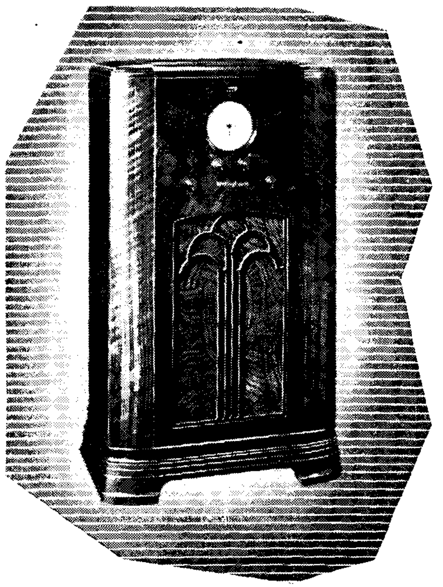
Merely a Beginning

This report was handed to Governor Brann on the fourth of last January. That hard-working gentleman dropped everything and rushed to Washington holding it aloft and crying, "What did I tell you?"

So the President's Allotment Board took the Sills report home to read and, catching the fever, wrote one of its own. In this it made no direct mention of the economic aspects of Quoddy at all but wrote: "The project has been found to be socially desirable and engineeringly sound." And having said that, it appropriated ten million dollars as the first installment of Quoddy's $36,000,000, part of which installment went to pay for that Fourth of July blast of which we have already spoken.

It might seem to you that this left

TONE! DISTANCE!
with amazing accuracy



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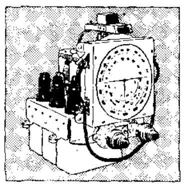

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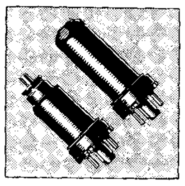

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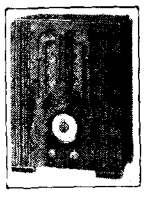

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the government nothing to do but go ahead harnessing up the mountainous tides of Quoddy and hope for the best. But for Maine it was merely a beginning. The average citizen of Maine, and particularly of the boulder-strewn and herring-scented Eastport sector, had manifested no particular interest in a hydroelectric plant on Quoddy. They had always suspected that somebody would do something about it some day. As far back as 1918, Mr. Dexter P. Cooper, who built Russia's Dnieprostroy Dam, began to draw plans for translating the awe-inspiring tides of Fundy and Passamaquoddy into electrical energy. He had three elaborate international plans, the most ambitious to cost somebody $150,000,000. For private utility interests he spent a half a million on surveys.

Mountains of Ocean

Yet for an imposing variety of reasons nothing came of Mr. Cooper's plans, adequate as they were. Canada went so far as to give him a permit to utilize her Fundy waters and for a time it seemed that two private power corporations—one in Boston and the other in New York—were going to foot the bill. But things like that can't be kept quiet, and in no time those excellent citizens of Canada who derive their wealth from herring fishing in the Bay of Fundy were discovered to be in a state of extreme agitation. What the engineers had to say about the Fundy project had been completely lost in the ensuing political callithump. And the honest fisherfolk of Fundy, being convinced by the office-seeking orators that with turbines, dams, dikes, spillways and millions of things like volts, amperes and ergs poisoning the water, the herring would perish, changed Canada's mind. And when the Cooper Canadian charter expired without anything further having happened to irritate the fishermen of Fundy, the Dominion had determined not to renew it in any circumstances.

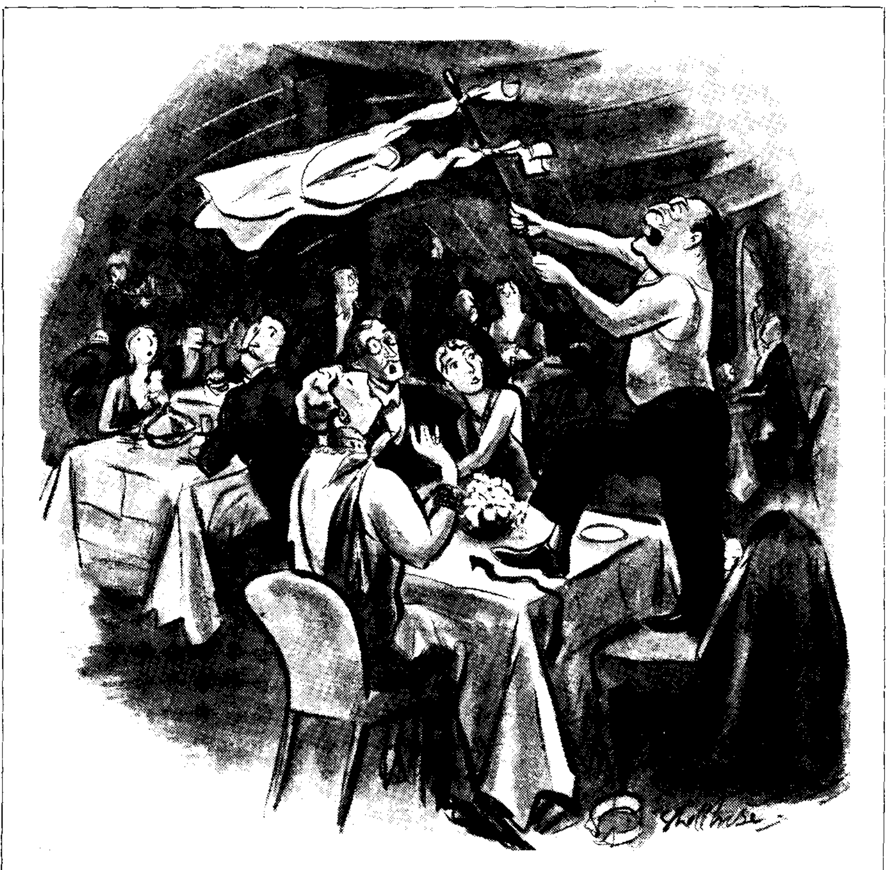
Mr. Cooper's plans, paid for by private power interests, omitted nothing. In Maine there was (and still is) the Furnald Law, which prohibits the transmission of power out of the state. In September, 1925, the voters of Maine granted to him the right to ignore this law but stipulated that the electricity generated at Passamaquoddy might not be sold in the state in competition with power companies already doing business there. Mr. Cooper is now working for the United States government and has transferred his Maine charter to his new employers.

This special privilege of generating power in Maine and selling it outside was urged upon the engineers, who nevertheless persisted in reporting that Quoddy was economically undesirable. Being an extremely literal and stiff-necked crew, they wanted to know: "What of it?" They gladly granted that 200,000 horsepower could be generated by Quoddy's tides—and probably a great deal more. But somehow the pro-Quoddy propagandists couldn't make them stop asking: "What of it?" Where, demanded these spoil-sports, were you going to sell the power when you got it outside Maine? And when you added the cost of transmission and distribution to the probably discouraging cost of production, why should anybody buy it anywhere? The private power interests, with transmission lines already strung, might easily put Quoddy power in the luxury class selling at luxury rates. And quite a number of the engineers refused to abandon their opinion that Quoddy was going to have quite a time of it maintaining a 24-hour service and that entirely too much of Quoddy's prime power was going to be absorbed in the operation of the plant.

To explain this it is necessary, alas, to describe Quoddy. You've doubtless heard of the Bay of Fundy and its tides. Fundy is an island-freckled arm of the Atlantic Ocean separating New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It belongs to Canada and inspires the Canadian travel bureaus to the same mixed metaphors as the Grand Canyon does the lily-gilders in the States. It's a steep, rocky pocket. When the sea comes into Fundy it suddenly discovers it can't go any farther in that direction. Therefore it billows skyward like a bishop's hiccough but it doesn't escape because the walls are too high.

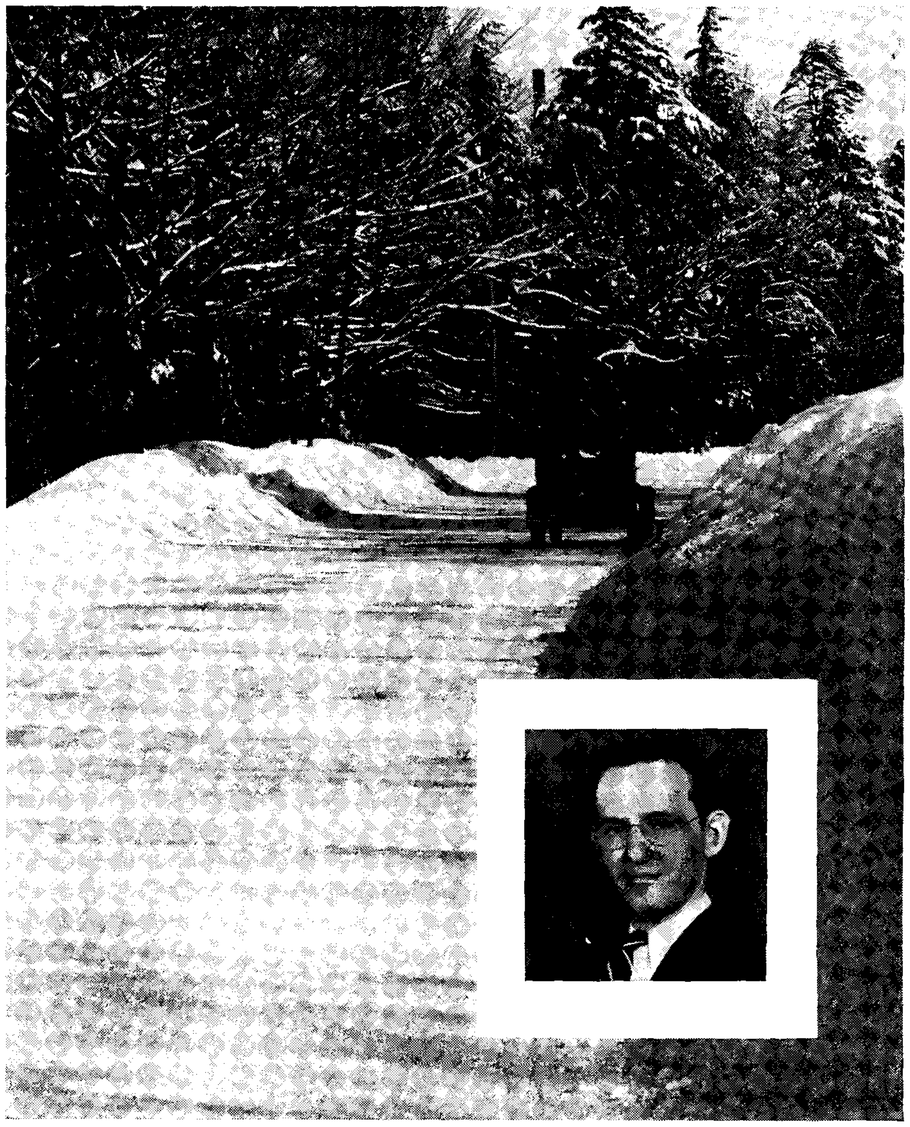
Therefore the tides of Fundy have a maximum up-surge of 27 feet and a

(*Continued on page* 50)



"It's *so* difficult to catch the waiter's eye!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE



Snapshot of William H. Cadugan of Scranton, Pa.

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WINTER DRIVING

Gentlemen:

I get lots of fun out of driving when the snow is on the roads. It's a shame so many people miss that pleasure, because their cars start "acting up" as soon as cold weather sets in.

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Believe me, I hot-footed it for the nearest Quaker State dealer and had the crankcase filled with your Winter oil. Now, during the cold weather, the motor starts as easily and runs as smoothly as it does in June.

After my experience with cheap oils, I know that you're right when you say "pay a little more, and get a great deal more." More savings—and lots more pleasure out of driving.

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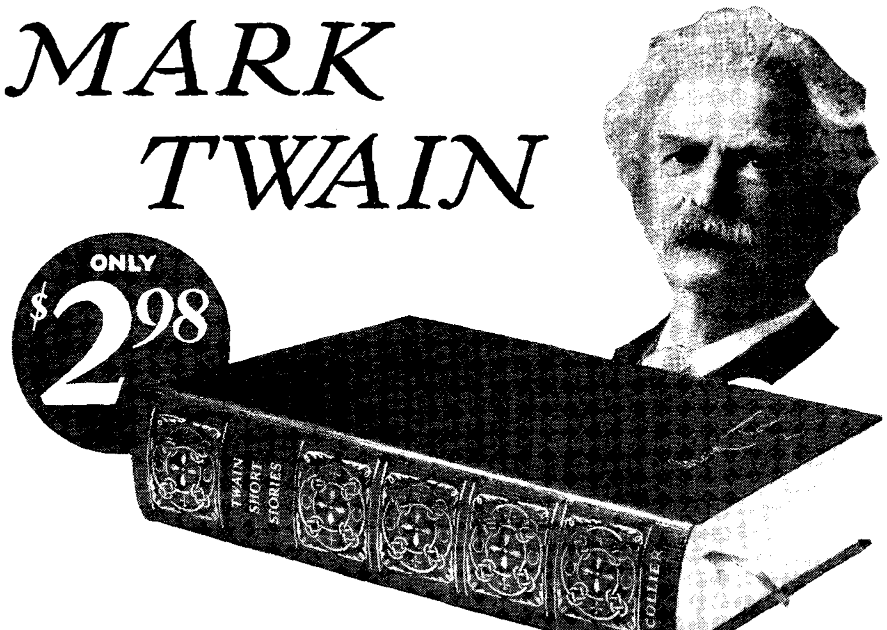

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(Continued from page 49)

minimum of 17. These figures are, of course, natural ones in normal circumstances. When the Atlantic elects to put on a show there's no telling what may happen in Fundy. We are informed, and are in no position to discuss it further, that Fundy's tides have achieved sixty-two feet. It is at such times that the neighborhood rains fish, old ships and sailormen's boots.

Off the southwestern side of Fundy you enter Quoddy. What the moon-pull does in Fundy it does in Quoddy. Yet Quoddy's tides are more conservative than Fundy's—their range being from 13 feet to 24½ feet. But that is ample. To all intents and purposes, Cobscook Bay is a part of Passamaquoddy Bay. For our immediate purpose we may consider them one. Actually, between them is a chain of islands. As the tides surge in and out of Quoddy, the water rushes between these islands and Cobscook arm. The project, therefore, entails the building of a series of dams from island to island, from Lubec at the lower end to Pleasant Point.

A Rambling Report

This water, caught as it rushes in, will be impounded in basins from which it will be released as called for by the generators, which may not depend for all their impulse on the tides, which for several hours of the twenty-four are unavailable for Quoddy's operation.

To facilitate the work of the government, to which Governor Brann is properly grateful, he is being urged to call a special session of the legislature to create a State Power Authority. Such a body would, the government hopes, find some means of disposing of Quoddy's power. Just how this might be done, in view of the Furnald Law and the charter granted to Mr. Cooper, is still something of an enigma. But a similar deal was made with the state of Washington. In the latter state the Grand Coulee power dam is rising in the uninhabited wilderness with no visible consumers of its kilowatt output.

Grand Coulee's advocates in Washington State promised the federal government that a power authority would be created to merge all of the state's power plants and transmission systems with Grand Coulee and its little sister, Bonneville. The voters will be asked next year to decide. At this moment it is extremely likely that the preponderant vote of Seattle and Tacoma, which have their own municipal systems and enjoy lower kilowatt rates than they could hope for under the Authority, will reject the idea. And that will leave the government holding a highly electrified bag.

At this moment Maine's private power interests are undecided how they will meet the Power Authority issue if and when it arises. If they can control that proposed body and make such use of Quoddy's power as they see fit and at rates they choose to name, they may withdraw their opposition. The federal government will, in any event, find itself in a nasty situation. It can't comfortably permit Quoddy to lie idle, a monument to an incomplete power policy, nor may it under the laws of Maine invade the private power field. Governor Brann has already pledged the private power interests that Quoddy will not hurt them.

"Many uses," says he, "have been suggested for the developed power of Quoddy. Some of them are the supplying of electricity to farms and households, the electrification of railroads and the supplying of power to manufacturing plants. The power will not be utilized to establish industries competing with existing and established industries in the state. Plants for the manufacture of chemical products, aluminum and stainless steel are among the possibilities suggested and these in no way would damage our factories and mills now in operation."

All of which would seem to leave poor Quoddy pretty much isolated for years to come. And it is an immensely baffling situation. If you should find yourself in need of a bit of exercise, devote yourself to a hunt for copies of the PWA and Federal Power Commission reports on Quoddy. The Federal Power Commission will assure you that courtesy demands that you ask Mr. Ickes. The commission made its report, condemning Quoddy on economic grounds, and sent it to Mr. Ickes' office. Therefore it is no longer the property of the commission which, naturally, wouldn't for the world offend Mr. Ickes by giving away his property.

And in the PWA offices you are told that while the report is a public document in the sense that it was made by government engineers at public expense, it has not been printed for popular distribution. There is, of course, a copy available and would you please drop in a bit later because, you see, a little searching through the files will be necessary. Here enters the exercise you're after. You return to the PWA offices. You keep on returning. But before you've worried the report out of those files you're exhausted. And when you have recovered, it dawns upon you that perhaps in the light of what has happened in the vicinity of Eastport, Maine, the PWA and the Federal Power Commission would prefer to hear no more about their adverse reports.

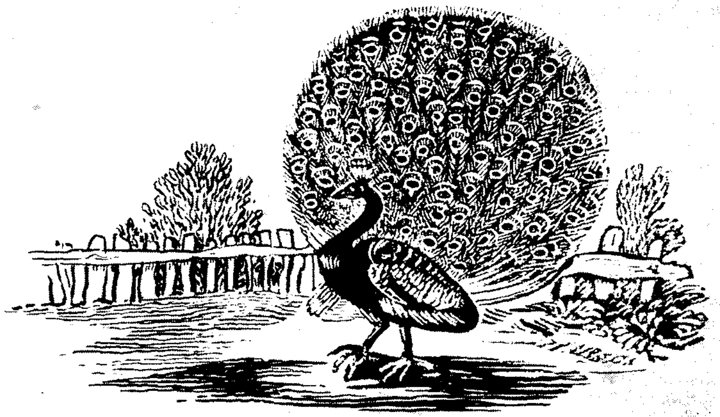
However, all is not lost. This runaround in Mr. Ickes' halls leaves you free to transfer your energies and to irritate somebody else. And you learn, among other things, that Quoddy is not the only eastern manifestation of the government's somewhat incomplete power program. We haven't time to go into it as we probably should, but you learn that certain of the less promising features of the Quoddy development are to be found in the Cooper-Santee power project in South Carolina and that several of the government power dams—started and projected—in Virginia, West Virginia and Ohio, among other places, are raising the question: "And then what?"

It's in the Army Now

We got to talking about it to a veteran of the United States Army Engineering Corps. He said he was like one of Lord Tennyson's heroes in that it wasn't for him to reason why. He built dams and (he thanked Heaven) didn't have to sell them.

But then, nothing surprises an Army engineer. There are veterans among them who rejoice in the Administration's power-dam policy for the simple reason that, after all, they're building power dams—and good ones. They hint at disappointments and even indignities they suffered under former administrations, such as counting the logs that floated down obscure creeks while they might have been harnessing such fecund rivers as the Ohio, the Platte, the Hudson and the Mississippi itself. And such as squandering their science upon the roustabout job of rolling boulders out of the Tombigbee—just to keep them busy when they might have at least been busy perfecting the plans of Quoddies, Grand Coulees, Bonnevilles, Fort Pecks, Wheelers and Norrises.

These Army men (and a rather fine lot they are too) are pretty discreet about talking of that past. But now they'll glow about Quoddy as a job even if they have their doubts regarding its economic worth. At any rate they're at work on a new experiment, one they've been longing for for years. It has challenge to it.



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Shadowed

Continued from page 11

went quickly to a man standing a little back from the crowd. He kissed her tenderly before they moved away. The stranger was a slender, handsome man, very carefully dressed, pale-skinned and self-possessed.

There was a hollow spot inside of Johnnie, because he was never going to see the girl again, as he went to a hotel and got a small room and called up the men whom he had come to New York to see.

That afternoon he met them and told them the problems that had brought him east, and the next day he met them again and got their answers. So now he was ready to go home. At the hotel desk he asked where he could make a reservation on an evening train, and he was crossing the lobby in the direction pointed out to him, when Dead Pan stopped him, his eyes red from lack of sleep, his brown suit badly wrinkled, and his appearance as disturbed and anxious as was possible for his inexpressiveness.

"You've got a room here," Dead Pan said abruptly. "We'll go up there. I want to talk to you."

JOHNNIE hesitated and then turned to the elevators and they went up to his room.

"I came in from the West on the same train with you yesterday," Dead Pan commenced. "I don't know if you noticed me."

"I noticed you."

"You got acquainted on the train with a girl named Donnel and did quite a bit of talking with her."

"Wait a minute!" said Johnnie. "I don't know anything about you—your name or business or what right you have to be asking any questions—"

"Beg pardon. Anleysen. Make it sergeant."

He displayed briefly in his palm a bit of metal on which Johnnie read the words "Police" and "Los Angeles."

"I see," said Johnnie. "Believe me, I never dreamed on the train that you were a police officer."

There were conclusions to be drawn from a policeman following a girl with a handbag full of bonds across the continent, but Johnnie refused to draw them. No, sir!

"I met a girl on the train," he admitted, watchfully and guardedly, "but she didn't tell me her name—"

"Jane Donnel. She met a man called Livington at Grand Central."

"I saw her meet a man. I don't know his name."

"Have you seen the Donnel girl since you've been here in New York?"

"No."

"Do you know where she is now?"

"I don't. And if I did know I wouldn't tell you unless you showed me some good reason."

"Reason!" Anleysen exclaimed, running his fingers through his red hair in his trouble. "I've lost her. Not my fault entirely. I'd wired ahead to the New York police to have someone meet me, but there was a mistake somewhere. So I was alone here. She and Livington took a cab and of course I took another cab and followed them. They went to a hotel, but Livington didn't get out of the cab. The girl did. I ought to have gone into the hotel after her and stayed right there. I didn't. It was a question in my mind which one to follow and I figured the girl was there where I could find her when I wanted to, so I followed the man. He stopped at several places and came out again and finally he stopped at one and didn't come out; that is, he came out some way I didn't see him.

"I'm a stranger in this city and I didn't have the help I ought to have had. But of course, I thought I still had the girl. I went back to the hotel that she'd gone into, but she wasn't there. She had checked out half an hour after she registered."

"See here," said Johnnie. "What do you want of Miss Donnel?"

"I don't want her. I want to know where she is."

"Is it Livington that you want then?"

"No. It's the same way about him. I want to know where he is. I had an idea that you might be able to help me, and I still think that's possible. You and the Donnel girl talked a lot on the train and if you was to tell me everything she said—"

"Not a chance," Johnnie declared. "Anything she said to me was said in confidence and it's going to stay that way. I don't understand what this is, anyway. You say you don't want these people and you're all upset because you've lost them. What is this all about?"

"Well," Anleysen said doubtfully, "if you feel like that about it, I guess *I* better tell this much, though I'm not supposed to say anything: we suspect this Livington of something but we've got no proof on him. They're looking for proof now out in Los Angeles. If they find it, I'll get a wire, and then I'll want him."

"Is what you suspect him of something that, if she knew it, would keep Miss Donnel from marrying him?"

"You bet it would! I figure they ain't married yet because I'm having the license bureaus watched. He's taken out no license yet, unless he got it beforehand in some names that I don't know about."

"In that case—" Johnnie hesitated. "If you do find them and you get that telegram and decide to arrest him, I want you to let me be there, so I can help her if she needs it. I'll be right here at this hotel." He had decided that in the last five minutes. He wasn't leaving New York until he learned the rest of this.

"That's not a bad idea at all," Anleysen assented. "I might have use for you. Anyway, you can identify this fellow, if he denies it, as the one that met her at the railway station, and I never saw him but that once myself, and we've got no picture of him, only a description."

"Well," Johnnie commenced, "she and her aunt were *motoring in the mountains*—"

"Not like that," Anleysen interrupted. "Give me her own words and do it slow because I've got to write it all down."

JOHNNIE wasn't sure he could remember her words. It was rather surprising the way that they came back to him. There was even something of her own accent and feeling in it as he repeated what she'd said about the man she loved, his kindliness and gentle nature, and his love of beautiful things and of the ocean. Johnnie hadn't liked the man very well when he saw him, but he put that down to his natural dislike of city-bred and carefully dressed men, and now he didn't mention it. He had decided, too, not to tell Anleysen about the safe deposit, which he felt sure could be no help to him. There was something uncanny in the way Anleysen put his finger on that incident.

"Did this girl have any jewelry with her?" he inquired.

"MOTORING" at the bottom of the world

[As related by Stevenson Corey, Chief Supply Officer for the Byrd Antarctic Expedition.]

"On March 28, 1934, the men had to abandon one of the tractors out on the trail. It was 62 degrees below zero, and after six hours of work they gave up trying to get the motor started . . . ignition trouble."

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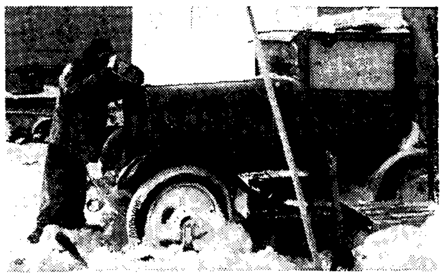

"Eveready Prestone was invaluable. During both the expeditions to the Antarctic, or Little America, it functioned with 100% dependability. Motor freeze-up—even in that frigid country—was *one* thing we never had to worry about. Eveready Prestone was always in the cooling system, doing its stuff!"

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"Yes," Johnnie admitted. "She had some that was her mother's. I don't know what it was; I didn't see it."

"Did she have any money?"

"Well, she had some bonds. They're her own." He went on and told about them in the words that she had used in telling him.

Anleysen wrote it all down laboriously in his small notebook, careful to leave out no word.

"Well," he announced, when Johnnie had finished, "I don't see anything to help in that. Not yet anyhow. I didn't hardly expect to, right off the bat. I've got to keep this by me and keep chewing over it until maybe it clicks and I see something in it that might hook up."

After Anleysen had left him, Johnnie felt queer about it and as if he had betrayed the girl. What he would have liked was to find Jane Donnel and tell her what Anleysen had told him and talk the matter over with her and decide between them what ought to be done.

ANLEYSEN had left Johnnie an address and a telephone number which he was to call up if any information came to him regarding Miss Donnel or the man with her. In the early evening Johnnie called the number and a voice answered, but Anleysen wasn't there and whomever he talked with seemed prepared to receive information but not to give out any. Johnnie could not feel sure whether he ought to stay in his room, in case there was a message for him, or whether it was all right to go out of the hotel; but later he went out and wandered about the streets looking at the people going in and out of picture shows and theaters, in the hope that he might see her; and in the morning, following an idea that had come to him in the night, he went to all the hotels he could find and asked if Miss Donnel was registered there, but she was not at any of them. After that he walked about the streets and went in and out of department stores, looking for her.

He knew it was ridiculous to search for her like that, but he couldn't think about anything but her, and he had to be doing something.

Johnnie had called the number Anleysen had given him when he first got up and at intervals since, and he had kept calling his hotel or stopping in there, to learn if there was any message for him. There hadn't been anything; but when he wandered into the hotel again, about two o'clock in the afternoon, he found a big, taciturn young man awaiting him.

"You're Romar?" this youth inquired.

"That's right."

"Come on along with me."

A small car was parked outside the hotel, and they got into it, and a half-dozen blocks away they picked up Anleysen, who was waiting on a street corner.

"You've found them?" Johnnie asked him eagerly.

"Why, no. No, I ain't. I've got nothing except a hunch, but it's a good one and I think it might pan out."

They drove north and then east, crossing a long bridge onto Long Island, and turned south and east again. After a while they saw the ocean, and still later came close to it and to long stretches of white beach and sand dunes where bungalows, set upon posts, stood widely scattered or in groups. They stopped and a man who had been hidden behind one of the sandhills came and spoke to Anleysen. Then they waited and presently two other cars with about a dozen men in them stopped near them and Anleysen went and talked with the men, while Johnnie got out of the car and waited. The men got out of their cars and scattered in both directions along the beach and disappeared, some behind sandhills, some into bungalows, and the cars went away, and Anleysen came back to where Johnnie was standing.

"All set," he announced; and Johnnie knew there was no use asking questions.

Anleysen and Johnnie waded ankle-deep in sand to one of the bungalows which stood by itself on the crest of a sand dune, and Anleysen took a key out of his pocket and unlocked the door. The place was empty and they looked it over outside and in. It was small and neat and prettily furnished. Behind it someone apparently had been digging for a drain, a trench some six feet long and nearly as deep which extended part way under the building, but they must have dug in the wrong place, because they hadn't found the drain. Anleysen uncovered a new shovel with which the digging had been done, inside the house under some burlap. He relocked the front door from the inside and put the key in his pocket, and set two chairs in a corner where they were not visible through the windows.

"All we've got to do is wait," he said, motioning Johnnie to one of the chairs. "It might turn into something and again it might not. I brought you along because I promised, but it's understood you ain't to do anything."

It was unpleasant waiting. They couldn't see out through the windows from where they sat and there wasn't much Johnnie could hear, except the continual tumbling of the ocean. Far down the beach some people were bathing and once in a while he heard their voices; then these stopped. It had been about four o'clock in the afternoon when they reached the bungalow. About six, Anleysen took a couple of thin sandwiches from his pocket and gave one to Johnnie. They ate and waited. It was getting dusk and Johnnie heard the almost inaudible dry rustling of footsteps in the sand and someone came up onto the porch and unlocked the door, and then he heard Jane Donnel's voice:

"Oh, how pretty!"

He heard her and whoever was with her go into the room next to the one that he was in, and heard their voices, and Anleysen, a gun now in his hand, went to stand against the wall beside the connecting door, but Johnnie sat still. Jane came to the doorway and caught sight of Johnnie and stared at him in amazement and then reddened suddenly with anger.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. Then she saw Anleysen and grew pale, but she was less white than the dapper man behind her.

His gaze went swiftly from Johnnie to Anleysen and he turned back to the door, but two of Anleysen's men were already standing there, and another at the back, and still more were hurrying toward the bungalow.

"No go," Anleysen informed him. "Stick out the mitts."

THE man looked at the gun and then into Anleysen's eyes with the manner of a cornered animal; then he held out his hands and Anleysen put handcuffs on them, and Jane turned with blazing eyes to Johnnie.

"Well!" she said bitterly. "I suppose you managed to find out who my aunt was and sent word to her, but there isn't a thing any of you can do because we were married this afternoon in Connecticut and I've already wired her!"

"All right, all right," Anleysen told her. "Save it. We'll straighten that all out later."

They trooped away from the bungalow all together through the sand, and the cars came back, and the handcuffed man was put into one of them, and Jane into another. Johnnie wanted to get in with her, but Anleysen motioned him to the car that they had come in.

"Maybe now," Johnnie said, after the cars had started back to town, "you'll

(Continued on page 54)

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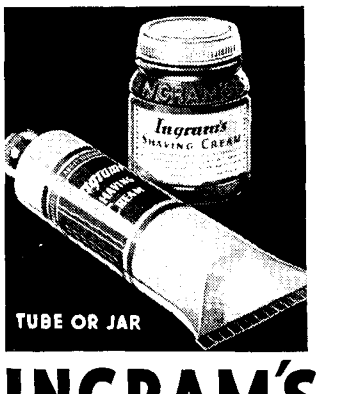

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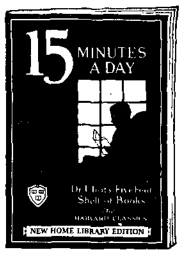

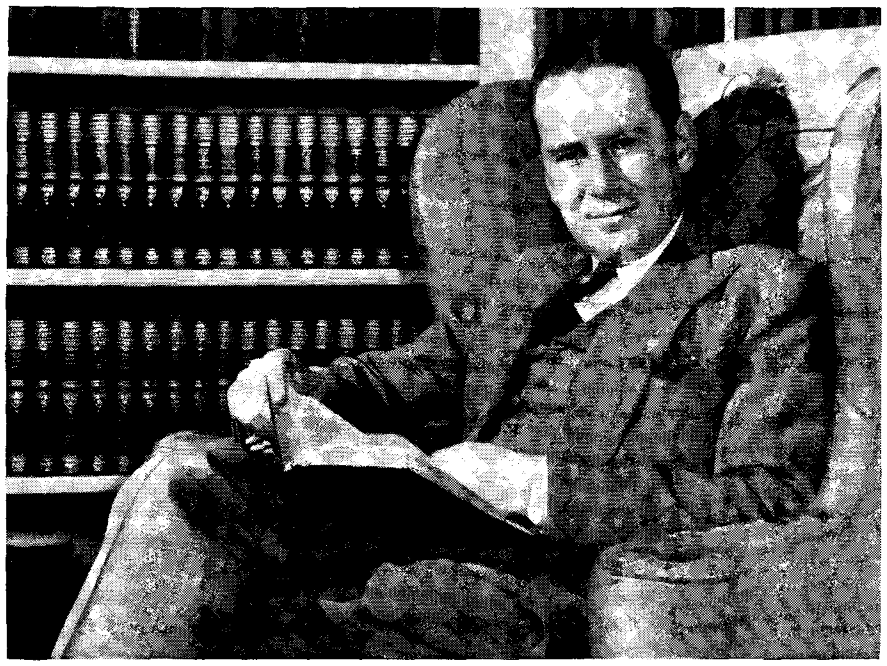

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CLIP COUPON ON TOP

(Continued from page 53)

tell me what all this is and why you have arrested him."

"Why, sure," said Anleysen. "He killed his wife. It's murder and we've got the proof of it. This morning I got the wire that they had found her body."

"I see," said Johnnie, feeling chill.

He'd heard of such things, of course—a man living with a woman of whom he has grown tired meets a young and beautiful girl and— But now a troubling thought occurred to him.

"I hope you haven't got any idea," he said, "that Miss Donnel knew he had done that. I know she didn't."

"Why, I don't know what she knows," said Anleysen. "My guess would be she doesn't know about it. I watched her when I put the cuffs on this fellow, and she didn't seem to know what it was all about; but we'll find out quick enough how much she knows once we get her to headquarters."

THE cars rolled through the New York streets without attracting any attention, and got to police headquarters and Livington and Jane Donnel were taken into some inside room where Johnnie could not go, and Johnnie paced a long corridor and waited anxiously. After a long while Anleysen came out to him.

"Well," he said, "the girl is in the clear. She didn't know that fellow even had been married. Not knowing anything about our case in Los A. she won't be held even for a witness. As for this Livington, the skids are under him and he's sliding toward the rope. I guess I'll tell you all about it. This started about a month ago when some neighbors near where Livington was living in Los Angeles came and told us his wife had disappeared. He told us she'd gone east, and his story seemed all right, but then he disappeared himself. We kept working on the case and got more and more suspicious, till we were certain there'd been murder; but we couldn't prove it and we couldn't locate him. Somebody told us they'd seen him with this Donnel girl, so I went and saw her aunt but didn't tell her what it was about.

"The girl had left the house just before I got there, to go to Frisco for a visit, so her aunt said. I followed right down after her to the station, because I thought if she was going to Frisco it might be to meet Livington. But when I got there I found the ticket she'd bought was for New York. I phoned the office and got on the same train, without even time to send for my pajamas, and the office instructed me, if she met Livington, I was to mark him down and wire Los A. and wait instructions about making the arrest.

"He must have known that we were looking for him, but I guess he felt pretty safe. This name Livington that I call him by was the one he'd been using in Los A., but it wasn't the name he had given the girl, and he was using the one he'd given her. I don't have any idea he knew that she was being followed but he's cagey and he knew she might be, so as soon as he met her he started to cover up. He had her go to a hotel and register and then leave there and go to a room he'd got for her, and he didn't see much of her for a couple of days until he was sure that it was safe. She's in love with him and did everything he said and asked no questions. Well, he was safe all right. He'd fooled me and I'd lost 'em and in this town I had no chance to find them. So if it hadn't been for you—"

"For me?" asked Johnnie Romar in amazement.

"Why, sure. How did you think I found these people if it wasn't by what she'd told you on the train? I didn't see it at first but when I'd chewed on it for a while I got it. The ocean! About every time he'd met her, so she said, they'd gone somewhere to the ocean. She said he loved the sea. I saw that was his build-up which he'd started with her from the first, getting ready to tell her they'd spend their honeymoon in some lonely spot beside the ocean. That didn't tell me where they were; there's thousands of such places around here. But if he'd got a place like that ready for her, he wouldn't have done it till he knew that she was coming, and that meant he'd rented it within a week. These bungalows are advertised in the newspapers, and lots of 'em are rented through agents, and the police here gave me some smart men to help, and the second day we located a bungalow that had been rented by a bird that answered his description. So I went out there, and when I saw the preparations he had made, I knew we had the right place and we only had to go out there and wait."

"Preparations?" Johnnie Romar asked. He didn't understand this even yet.

"Sure. You saw the place. We found her telegram in his pocket that she'd written to her aunt, and that he'd never sent; and he had a ticket—one passage—by steamer to Mexico, and a passport which had his picture but a different name; and he had her bonds and jewelry which she'd given him to keep. So, if I hadn't happened to get there to the Los A. railroad station, she would just have disappeared. Her aunt thinks she went to Frisco and we'd have been looking for her there."

"Oh, my God!" said Johnnie Romar, realizing Anleysen's meaning now; and he felt cold and sick.

"I'm taking him back with me, of course," Anleysen went on, "and I'm taking no chances with him. I guess he won't fight extradition. His right wrist will be cuffed to my left and we'll eat and sleep that way, but I can't figure yet what to do about the girl. She doesn't know more than a little of this yet, and she's just dazed and frightened. But it'll be in the morning papers, and she's going to be in a tough spot when she learns the whole of it. I'm going to prepare her for it. She's young and I don't think it'll break her. But it won't hardly do for me to take her back with us on the same train."

"I'm taking her back," said Johnnie Romar. His throat was choking and his pulses beating.

"Yes? Well, that's all right; and when you get off at Salt Lake maybe you will have found some woman on the train—"

"I'm taking her to Los Angeles—to her aunt. She loved this fellow. I suppose some day she'll get over it, but it'll take time. When she does, she'll never care for any man again that is anything like him. It'll be someone different."

"I SEE," said Anleysen. "And you're different. Well, now, do you know, I had an idea you felt like that about her. That's why I took you along with me. I got to kind of liking this Donnel kid, watching her on the train, and I was afraid you might hold this against her. I'm glad you don't. I haven't told you the whole about this yet. This fellow—old china and furniture! His business! All he knows about those things is just enough to talk about them. His business was that hole under the bungalow. We've been tracing him for a month, in a dozen different cities, under more than that many different names, and now we're getting all the facts at once, and they're finding a dead girl buried under every house he's lived in. These kids—they want to live; they reach for life, and they've had no experience yet to tell 'em what leads to life and what to death. She's a fine kid."

"You're telling *me*," said Johnnie Romar.

The Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 9

Thereafter he devoted himself exclusively to his flask and his college. When he sang of Alma Mater, his eyes rolled fervently and he was carried into a sacerdotalism which sat upon him as strangely as his hat.

Lois also sang occasionally. There were probably few colleges in the East, Margaret estimated, with whose songs Lois would not be familiar.

THE afternoon wore into fragile shadows. As the light faded, the shallow light of autumn, crisp air became cold and the stone stadium clammy. The little old lady had grown quiet. She coughed a little but would not prepare to leave until assured that Clark was through for the day. Then she took one last look around the great circle of the stadium, now shifting and restless in the sudden cold and the lack of warming interest in the waning game.

As they moved down an inside ramp, a quick outpouring of people ahead indicated that the game had ended. Passage was more difficult, the crowd became pressing at the rear, and movement was slow. Below, as they reached a turn in the descending ramp, they could see football players in a charging group hurry through a private passage protected from spectators by wire.

"We will go down, now, and meet your gallant son," Margaret Bailey told the old lady, who was again a quiet little old lady with head drawn in from the bustle of unaccustomed contact with sixty-five thousand people.

Police guarded the dressing-room entrance, admitting only stragglers in uniform. One of these, tall, with a classic profile, walked slowly with an attractive girl in a short cocoa-brown coat and skirt of diagonally-tiled plaid. He carried his helmet. The tousled, curly hair was about the color of his silken yellow pants. The girl looked into his face with sweet adoration and the young man gazed down upon her in such a manner as to thrill other young women in the waiting crowd and make them enviously respectful.

Margaret acknowledged this quick and effective exhibition of technique. Lois had her man and Freddy, the he-bear, was also still at hand. Margaret was conscious of a curious excitement. She supposed it was because she was so close to the heroes still in the very smoke of battle. She could hear noises of happy young men inside.

Cal Calhoun, amid a quick clatter of flattery from the waiting crowd, left Lois and came to the door. He smiled in the bold manner which all pretty girls know and which thrills all pretty girls, regardless of how they may actually respond.

"Waiting for somebody?"

"Please tell Clark Jenkins that his mother is here."

"And who shall I say sent the message?" His voice was low, persuasive, studiously musical; that charming smile was mostly a crinkling of the flesh near his eyes and a trick with the mouth. The eyes were blue and hard as gun steel. Those eyes might make him anything.

She dismissed him without effort. Men like this were well-worn books, more or less compulsory reading, in her educational library. She was pleased to find that her essential attitude toward a person like Cal Calhoun had not changed because he had been a crowd's hero throughout that afternoon. Nor, she assured herself, was she interested in Clark Jenkins except as he concerned this little old lady of quality.

Football players were gladiators and should not be confused with heroes. So Margaret Bailey maintained stoutly as she breathed defiance into the very doors of their smelly fortress, pungent with the odors of liniment, sweat and steam.

The dressing-room was gay with victory. The first tough game was "in" and the squad was relaxing. Young giants, healthy with exercise and cleanliness, were in various stages of dress. Boys who had shown little regard for limb or life on the field were now meticulously grooming their charms. The day was done and the night was to begin.

Those just out of the steam showers, with towels knotted about their middles, walked on bare toes over the rough matting to the lockers. The shower room itself, sunk a few inches, was a riotous bath. Water, flowing from the jets faster than the outlet could take it away rose and fell in soapy wavelets as heavy feet sloshed about in it.

There was hearty song, a splashing of water, a throwing of soap and slapping of wet towels. These youthful gladiators of the stadium who had played like men beyond their years now, in the reaction from combat, played like little boys.

Clark Jenkins, naked, was stretched on the trainer's bench when a sturdy young man with flying coat tails, loosened woolen scarf and a hat blocked by contact with the crowd burst in.

"Have you seen Mom?" he blurted.

"Wasn't she with you?"

"No—I lost her."

The boy on the table leaped upright, dark eyes blazing. "You what?"

The other hesitated. "Well, I left her in the lobby when we came in and Tony and me went out to lay some dough. When I came back she was gone."

"You mean she didn't even see the game?"

"I don't know. Tony took a cab to the stadium and I went back to look for Mom about a quarter after one and she was gone. I looked all around and nobody remembered her. Gee, Clark, I missed almost all the first half myself!"

"Let it go, Jake." Clark jumped from the table and headed for his locker.

"I'll be damned, Pete, if you—"

CLARK was hurriedly dressing when Cal Calhoun came in.

"Your mother's outside, Jenkins."

"Thanks, Cal. Pete, go see how she is. Tell her I'll be right out."

"Who's the spiffy doll with her?"

"Don't know who she could be. You took a load off my mind, Cal. I thought she was lost."

"She's in good hands. Mink and haughty."

Pete was back, cheerful. "Hell, she came out in a cab and this dame handled her like a baby. I knew she'd be all right."

"Who's the girl?"

"I don't know—but she thinks she's Garbo."

"Mom's been out in the cold all day. Pete, take them to the dining hall and get some hot coffee. I'll be over and we'll all have dinner."

"I can't take the girl. She's gone."

Cal Calhoun grinned. "Tough luck Clark—she was a beauty."

Pete scoffed heartily. "She looked all right—but she's a mean little egg. Give me a dirty look. I didn't do nothin'."

"Maybe Mom knows her. I'd just like to thank her, anyhow."

"Anyhow—" Calhoun mimicked. "I'd

(Continued on page 56)

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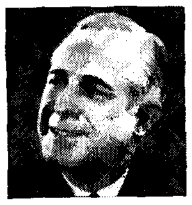

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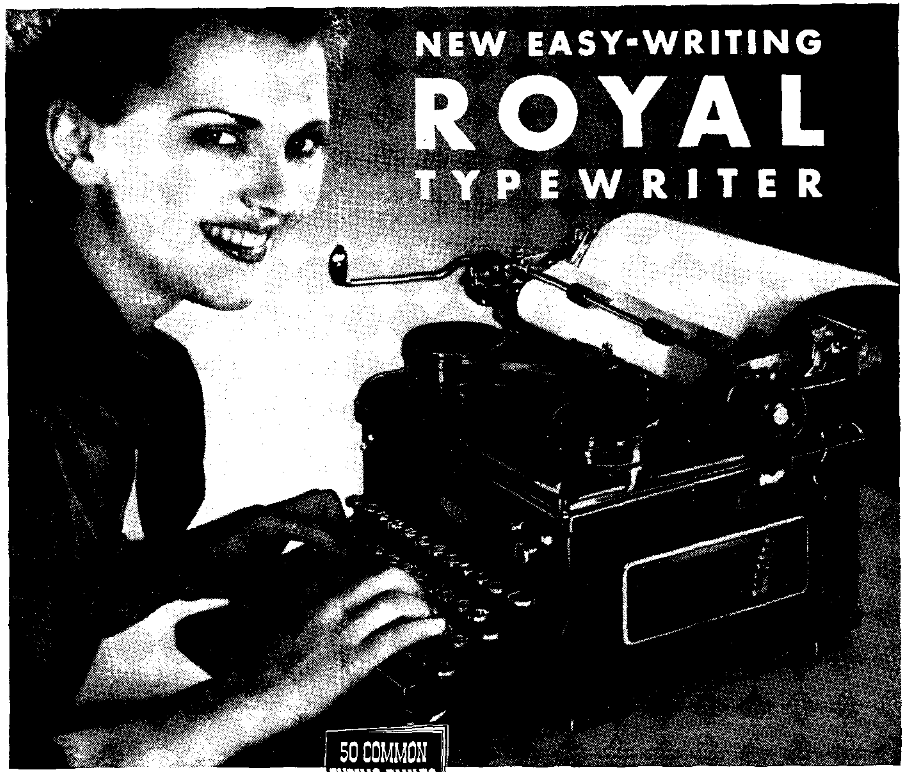

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(Continued from page 55)

like to give her a little thanks myself." His big chest expanded as he pulled off his sweater.

"Beat it, Pete, don't keep Mom waiting again."

"Wanna show you something first." Pete flashed a roll of bills. "How's that for one afternoon?"

"Okay. Split it with Mom. Scram." Clark aimed a robust kick at his laughing brother.

At the door Pete met a short, stout little man with a round, smiling face.

"Hey, Pete—old lady's outside."

"What time we leavin', Tony?"

"Seven o'clock. I got to be back to check up. If I don't, that Booboo he steal my joint."

Tony came to Clark with a wide grin and outstretched hand. "Put 'er there, Clarkie. I had a good day."

"Okay, Tony. Want to eat with us?"

The little man lit a cigar. He became important. He spoke loudly. "No—can't make it. Gotta see coach. I talk to him about a high school center I see last week. He says he needs a center next year."

Cal Calhoun shook off his pants. "He'll need some backs with me gone."

"Huh," Tony scoffed. "All you do is carry the ball. If Clark don't block, you be bum."

Cal grinned. "They still pay off on touchdowns, my dear friend. So you had a good day?"

Tony exhibited a fistful of green money. "Lots of people work all year for that much. I make it today." He spoke to Clark: "Here's twenty, kid."

Clark Jenkins was looking into the mirror, combing his hair. "I don't need it, thanks."

Tony was explosive. "G'wan. I got plenty. I get six-to-five. Lotsa fish today. You see scores? Lotsa upsets today. I bet I clean up big in pools back home. Here, make it thirty. I tell you I clean up big. Buy old lady new coat. She's cold in car."

He thrust the bills in the boy's outer pocket.

Cal Calhoun said lightly: "Where's my cut? I made the touchdowns."

"Huh. I bet you get yours."

"Oh, I do all right, Tony—but any time that stuff gets too heavy in your pockets, I'll take it off your hands."

Apollo in the nude, Cal walked lightly toward the showers.

HENRY CLAY CALHOUN gazed critically at the front of a dress shirt. It was clean and hard as the face of an iceberg. He seemed uncertain about it. His gaze wandered idly, lingering on a double-decker bed, two floor lamps, two desk tables, two straight chairs, a well-worn and very easy chair and other odd bits of furniture. Pennants were strung irregularly about the top casing. Many photographs of girls decorated the wall above one of the desks—Cal's desk. The place was disorderly with masculine trappings, with shoes, hats, neckties and soiled linen.

He flung himself on the lower bed and looked up at the springs of the top berth. Black silk socks clung to the roped muscles of his calves so tightly that he needed no garters. Thin white trunks pulled in tightly above his hips. A silk undershirt billowed over a deep chest.

Clark Jenkins opened the door, tossed his coat on the nearest table, sat down in the big chair, propped his right leg up and started reading a sports extra.

Calhoun spoke: "Is it a one- or two-stud shirt this year?"

"Who cares? Say—that Harvey Morrison must be good. He beat Minnesota with an eighty-yard run in the last two minutes. Didn't you know him in high school?"

Calhoun waved his legs at the springs above. "Played against him—and beat him three straight years. He wasn't so hot."

Jenkins smiled. "A few more games like today and he'll walk home All-America."

"I'll have something to say about that. Wish I knew about that shirt."

Clark looked up from his newspaper. "How many shirts have you got?"

"One."

"Is it a one-stud or two-stud?"

"One."

"Then it's a one-stud year. How do you suppose Morrison ever got way out there?"

"How did we get over here?"

"But that's so far away—have they any alumni in your district?"

"No. Some steel man takes care of them. He's a guy who likes to take bows. A salesman comes in his office and fixes it."

"They must be putting out plenty."

"So-so. Morrison wasn't such a bargain in high school. Folks get away?"

Jenkins dropped his paper and walked to the window.

"Yes."

"Your mother get a kick out of the game?"

"I don't know about the game. She doesn't understand it. But seeing the school and the crowd—she couldn't get over the size of the crowd. She'll be home by eleven-thirty."

"Find out who the doll was?"

"Yes—a freshman. Name's Bailey."

"Margaret Bailey?"

"Yes. She found Mom waiting in the hotel. Her brother stood her up, too, and so she took care of Mom. Must be a nice kid. I'll have to hunt her up and thank her."

"I should think so."

"Looks like she knocked you over."

CAL spoke slowly. "Ever hear of Jim Bailey, the big race-track man? She's his kid and she runs for dough. There was a piece about her in the *Wave* when she entered."

"Guess I missed it."

"She's a New Deal girl, studying economics, socialism and all that stuff, so she can use her coconut for the benefit of her fellow man."

"By the time she's graduated she'll be a capitalist again."

"Well," said Cal Calhoun, "I'm one of her fellow men and I've no objections to capitalists or communists, either, if it means dough. How much did Tony win today?"

"Around eight hundred."

Cal snorted. "And he gives you thirty and gives me the bird. But I didn't have such a bad day." He went to a closet and came out, proudly displaying a dress topcoat, folding hat and a stick. "Think these will knock over a Park Avenue pullet?"

"Where'd you get 'em?"

"Good old Soapy."

"Wait till he tries to get them back."

Cal practiced opening the hat. "Oh, I don't know. I guess his dad will think it a small price for such a victory. He'll buy Soapy more."

"Didn't Soapy have a shirt, too?"

"Hundreds of 'em—but none of these Park Avenue fellows have athlete's neck. What'll you bet I don't have Fuzzy White's camel coat before the end of the season?"

"Not a dime. What's the Park Avenue gag?"

"No gag. The genuine article, the big time. She's down here with dopy Freddy Brackett."

"He's the guy that brought a girl from Minsky's to the Prom."

"This is no Minsky. She's an artist. Studio and everything. Wants to paint me. I've seen her name in the Broadway columns. How'm I doin', pal?"

"Freddy and his mob don't usually bring their gals around to us."

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for Quicker, Safer Relief

When a doctor is constipated, what does he take for relief? That ought to prove how safe, how gentle, how effective a laxative is.

Now more than 50,000 doctors use Pluto Water themselves to keep "regular." And —recommend it for their patients. For they know that Pluto is the sure way to eliminate dangerous accumulated poisons. They know it is not a habit-forming medicine. They know its action is gentle and quick.

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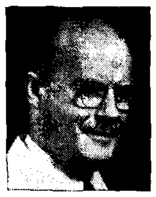

Dr. W. M. of Michigan reports: "Pluto Water is the only laxative." Your own doctor, too, will tell you there is nothing better. That's why you also can always depend on this famous laxative.

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"She wanted to meet me. Looks like the old room did pretty good today on two touchdowns."

Clark laughed. "Takes money for Park Avenue. How you fixed?"

"Not so good. I've got to check on that soph who scalps my tickets. Believe he's knocking down. Ten bucks for two on the forty-yard line is pretty cheap. You got any extra bucks until pay day?"

Clark took two five-dollar bills from his watch pocket, looked at them for a moment, then pushed them toward his roommate.

"You act like you're glad to get rid of Tony's dough." Cal placed the money in his wallet and patted it affectionately. "I'll have this thing moaning with pain, one of these days."

CAL strode to a basin in one corner of the room and prepared to shave. "Freddy will be down for the count by ten o'clock and after that it's everybody for themselves. If I'm not in when you go to bed, leave the window open."

"Okay—only be careful. The dean is still sore at you. He might get tough."

Calhoun laughed as he scraped blond hairs from what would not have been much of a mustache, anyhow. "Not in football season, he won't. The alumni would fire him. Why don't you go call that Bailey kid and move in?"

"I don't have your technique, Cal."

"Nor my profile, either, son. But you don't need it. She's tailor-made for you, interested in the lower class and all that. That's why she picked up your mother. All you have to do is feed her a line about how you are playing football to make something out of yourself —you wouldn't be lying, either."

Clark propped his right leg on the chair before him and stroked the knee gently. Cal said: "That leg's your own fault. I was down when you blocked that guy. The trouble with you is you listen to all that guff the skipper puts out about you being a great blocker. Listen, I can throw as good a block as you any day."

"Good. Let's see it sometime."

"If I ever need it, you'll see it."

Calhoun adjusted his tie. He was pleased with what he saw in the mirror. "How's the ensemble, kid?"

A white silk scarf was knotted at his throat. The hat that came with the coat rested at a jaunty angle. He tapped the hat playfully and slipped the stick that came with the hat under his arm. He paraded up and down the floor and practiced his routine. He went to the window and said:

"Ah, see the gold gondola of the skies—"

"Is that part of the act?"

"The gold gondola is the moon. She's an artist, isn't she?"

"So are you. You look like the movies' idea of a blue-blood. Most of them I see around here are shrimps."

"Right," said Cal Calhoun. "And it's up to roughnecks like us to strengthen the aristocracy. It's a sacred duty. Now, while I'm taking care of this little package of Freddy's, why don't you tune in on that Bailey dough?"

"I don't even know where she lives."

"Look in the directory."

"She'd probably have a date, anyhow."

Cal laughed derisively. "Well, I knew you were a goof."

"What do you mean?"

"When you thought she was just another dumb frosh, you were hot for thanking her; but when you find out she's got a few bucks, you get buck fever. Well, you'll probably wind up back in the coal mines when you might just as well set yourself up for life. It's been done—don't forget that."

Clark grinned. "How about love, Cal?"

"If you can't love all that dough, you're daffy—and the kid wouldn't be hard to take, either."

"Why are you so interested?"

Cal paused. "Well, I feel a personal responsibility for you, since you're my roomy. I want to see you do all right for yourself."

"I'll do all right."

"Sure. Figure it out today. Dear old Alma Mammy took in over a hundred thousand at the gate; the skipper will get bigger dough for his radio and newspaper stuff; Tony and a lot of other gamblers just sit around and collect heavy. You get a bum leg. You might just as well have had a fractured skull. Is that what you call all right?"

"It's better than the coal mines."

"You're getting an education, I suppose. What'll you do with it after you have it? Play pro football or coach, I suppose. Well—not *Colonel* Calhoun. I'm strictly a share-the-wealth guy."

He stood, a handsome young giant, at the door in reverential pose, the new hat over his breast, sardonic eyes lifted toward the ceiling, and sang:

"Alma Mater, college glorious
Soul of Truth and Bride of Youth—"

He laughed harshly: "Hell, even the music's phony."

He bowed elaborately, slammed the door, and went away, jauntily whistling the rest of the college hymn.

Clark Jenkins, suddenly weary and annoyed, walked to the window and watched his roommate swing down the quadrangle. Colonel Calhoun, of the Southern Michigan Calhouns, would do all right—if he didn't run into something.

The night was clear. Clark was thankful for that. Tony was a reckless driver and the road home was a long string of hills and curves. His mother would be warm in her new coat. She had looked so proud, so much younger, in it. When he got the money he would buy her a good fur coat. He knew she had always wanted one, without ever thinking she might get it.

He would give it to her, some Christmas morning. She would wear it to church, so that the jealous neighbors might see.

He walked to the table which served as a desk and from the drawer took a small black notebook. In it he wrote: "Oct. 13. Tony, $30. $20 for Mom's coat. $10 loan to Cal."

Idly, he glanced through the preceding pages. In this book he had kept a record of every cent given to him by Tony since he had entered college. There were occasional mentions of small sums furnished by other admirers. One day, when he was out of school, he would return it all.

CLARK returned the book to the drawer and walked to the window. The moon, a gold gondola, right enough, was perched for the moment precariously atop the highest of the lampblack Gothic turrets which were, by day, gray sandstone.

It was a bright, joyful night. The crisp air crackled. The buildings were alive with light and laughter and music. The people of Atlantic, the *legitimate* people, were celebrating a major victory; but nobody had thought to ask the boy from the coal mines—most responsible for that victory.

He was not bitter. It was fair enough. He was there to play football. They paid him a salary for his services. He was also getting an education. He would be permitted to wear the football letter and call himself an Atlantic man throughout the future years. He could play golf and do business with them, if he wished.

But it was sort of understood that he would not expect to smudge up their

(Continued on page 58)

For Sound Sleep
And Steadier Nerves...

Try This Natural, Drugless Way That Helps So Many Nowadays

HERE is a way that is helping thousands to do away with restless hours of nighttime tossing. A way to which they accredit *sounder sleep* and *steadier nerves*, as well as new energy next day.

It is not a drug, but a delicious food-drink approved by thousands of physicians and used in 54 different countries today. Called Ovaltine, it was originally created in Switzerland as a strengthening food for invalids, convalescents, and the aged.

Then physicians noted that, when taken as a hot drink at bedtime, it was also a remarkable aid to sound, natural sleep.... This is how its action is explained:

First:—As a hot bedtime drink, Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second:—Ovaltine, on account of its ease of digestion, gives the stomach a light digestive task to perform. Thus helping to do away with that hollow, restless feeling that keeps so many people awake.

Third:—Ovaltine not only helps to bring sound sleep quickly but, in many cases, helps to improve the quality of sleep. That is why so many users report they awaken in the morning so greatly refreshed. Looking and feeling like different people as the result of the sound and restful sleep they've had.

Remarkable Reports

Great numbers of letters from delighted users of Ovaltine are regularly received. For example, Mrs. Edith B. Hawkins of Lake Ronkonkoma, N. Y., writes:—*"Of late years, I have often gone for weeks with very little sleep. I read about Ovaltine and thought I would try it. The first night I slept better than I had in years. Now I am drinking Ovaltine every night and I sleep like a baby."*

Another delighted user, Robert Martin, 30 Pasadena St., Pittsburgh, Pa., says:—*"I have been a chronic sufferer from insomnia for the past year. Refusing to take opiates, I was finally advised to try Ovaltine. I did, and today I have no trouble at all getting seven full hours of sleep each night."*

These letters cover, of course, only two individual experiences. Naturally, we do not claim or guarantee that similar results will occur in *every* case where Ovaltine is used. But inasmuch as these statements are so typical of thousands we have received, we believe a thorough trial of Ovaltine is justified by every intelligent person in cases of "nerves" and sleepless nights.

See For Yourself

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Try it and see for yourself.

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 3 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of hot milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight. See if you don't fall asleep more easily and naturally than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

In the morning when you awaken, take stock. See if you don't feel fresher—and *look* more rested, too. Phone your druggist or grocer now. You'll be glad you did.

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine. *(One package to a person.)*

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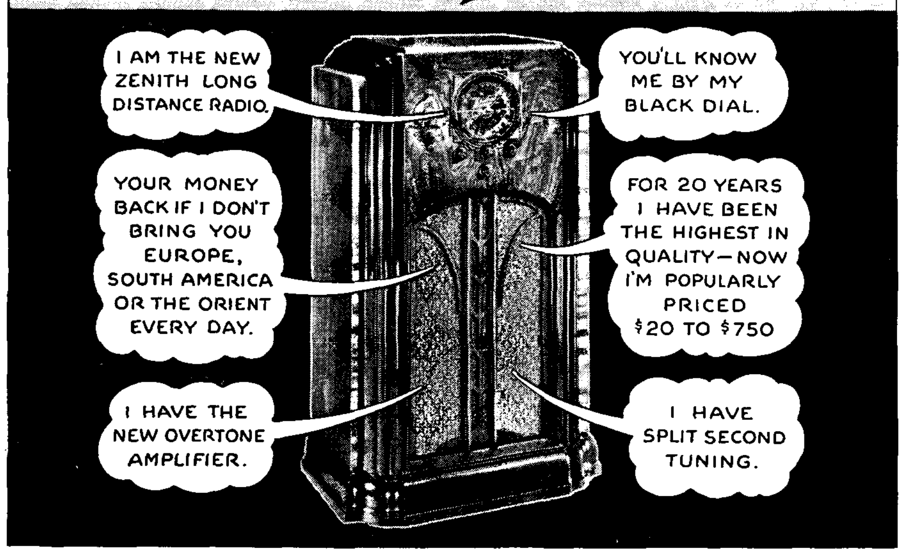
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You'll find them amazingly low priced—yet still holding to Zenith quality—and Zenith features found in no other radio.

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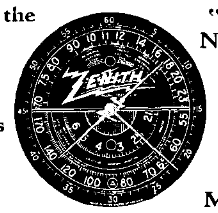

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Special for the Unwired Home. Ask the Zenith Dealer about the Farm Radio with Frepower—operates ten hours a day producing its own power at 50c a year

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STRANGELY ENOUGH

STRANGELY ENOUGH, with an ordinary anti-freeze some of the trouble occurs when the weather is *hot*. The anti-freeze boils off, evaporates, usually without your realizing it. Your protection is gone—and during the next cold snap, your car may freeze up. The best way to avoid trouble is to use Eveready Prestone, the anti-freeze that's guaranteed *not* to boil off—but to furnish protection against rust and freeze-up for the entire winter.

CHEAPER
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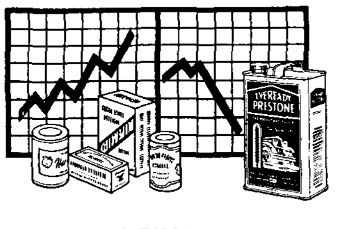
STRANGELY ENOUGH, the price of Eveready Prestone is actually cheaper than many "apparently cheaper" substitutes. The reason is that *one* shot of Eveready Prestone lasts all winter. You don't know how much of an ordinary anti-freeze you'll have to buy. Every time it boils off, you must buy again or risk a freeze-up.



STRANGELY ENOUGH, although the prices of many other products are going up, the price of Eveready Prestone has just been reduced. That's because last year's sales were by far the biggest in history. Turn to page 31 and find your car on the Protection Chart and see how little it costs to use Eveready Prestone.

SPECIAL OFFER... A "Weather Wheel" which will help you to forecast the weather. Also "Weather as a Hobby"—a 48-page illustrated book, prepared by weather experts. Full of fascinating weather facts. Send 10c (stamps or coin) to National Carbon Co., Inc., P. O. Box 600-X, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 57)

drawing-rooms with his muddy coal-mine ancestry.

It had been done, of course; Cal might get away with it; but Clark Jenkins was hardly the type. In his mind he had made a bargain.

He returned to the desk and consulted the student directory. He had never before called a rich girl on the phone. It would be like ringing the doorbell into another world.

MARGARET BAILEY was alone in her room, reviewing for an examination in History 1, which was the story of ancient Greece, when the phone rang.

His voice was rich and rough, his manner slightly hesitant but matter-of-fact. He was sorry he hadn't been able to thank her for having taken such excellent care of his mother but he wished to do it now and if there was any way he might help her at any time, would she please call on him?

She said that it had been a pleasure, that his mother was delightful. She congratulated him upon the victory.

He thanked her again and said goodby. She said goodby.

It was exactly what he should have done, and she would have been annoyed had he attempted to make anything more of it. But she was vaguely disappointed.

On Tuesday afternoon, at one, she was arranging her notes during roll call for Biology 1. The professor called, "Mr. Jenkins." The class was seated alphabetically and she did not turn; but there was fluttered excitement among the other freshmen at this unexpected appearance of the varsity quarterback.

He was waiting after the period. He was like his picture except that the eyes were even darker. He looked neither fierce nor scornful, now, but bashful and uncertain. He wore a gray sport jacket and trousers, black and white shoes, and his white shirt was freshly laundered. He was not quite what she had expected.

"I'm Clark Jenkins. I just wondered if you were the same girl—"

"Yes." She extended her hand. His was hard and bony and the skin was firm. He looked very strong and solid.

He walked with her. "Aren't you new in the class?" she asked.

"I should have taken it in my freshman year. They checked up on me. Must have it to graduate."

"What course?"

"Philosophy."

"So am I. Like it?"

"It fills gaps in my mind."

"Are you interested in economics?"

"You have to be, these days, don't you? We are making economic history—I hope." He laughed dubiously. His eyes were strong.

"What do you think of the Administration program?"

"I don't know how it will work out over the long run; but it has certainly made changes among my people."

"Tell me about them."

He grinned. She saw a dimple. His teeth were too big but white. "Are you sure you're not taking journalism?"

"I suppose I have been quizzing you; but I'm writing a paper on the improvement in living conditions and I thought you might have some fresh material. How's your mother?"

"All right, I suppose. She's too busy to write much. She said some nice things about you, though."

"You should have heard what she told me about you."

Her smile was provocative. He said: "Let's get back to the coal mines."

They met the football coach. He said, with a half-grin: "Get off that leg, Jenkins."

They sat on the library steps. Margaret Bailey was annoyed.

"Can't you even walk about without taking orders from the coach?"

"He's right. I forgot. Got my leg bunged up a little last week and must rest it for Saturday."

She asked: "Do you think football is worth all the effort everybody gives it?"

"Do you?"

"I certainly do not."

He looked at her, half amused, half serious. "How much do you know about football?"

"I know that you are paid to play."

"Who told you that?"

"Oh, everybody knows it."

"Do you *mind*?"

"I don't think it's ethical."

"You'll discover, about the fourth semester of your philosophy course, that ethics are made of very stretchy rubber." His voice was hard.

"That doesn't excuse."

"If the college says it's all right, who am I to differ on a question of ethics with those who teach me?"

"Let's get back to the coal mines."

He spoke positively. "No. You've got me under indictment and the defense wishes to be heard."

She frowned. "But it isn't important."

"It is to me."

"All right."

"You know," he said, "what conditions have been in coal towns—what the life is?"

"Yes."

"You saw how my mother looked, bent over, bogged down from hard work, long before her time?"

"Yes."

"Did she tell you my father was crippled?"

"She did."

"All right. That was my life. Because I can play football, I get a chance to change it. Do you think I want to have my back broken under a fall of slate? Do you think I want my wife to work as my mother has worked? Do you think I want my children to do what I had to do all my life?"

"No—but that doesn't make it right!"

"I'm not cheating anybody. I do what I'm paid to do. I give more than value received. The college makes plenty of money out of my labor."

SHE looked quizzically out over the grass and the trees, then leveled her gaze directly at him. Her eyes were clear blue, frank and strong, her teeth were white and each seemed to have been individually and perfectly wrought. She had a fine skin, still showing summer's tan. Her upper lip was delicate and sensitive.

"Do you know," she said, "I had an entirely different idea about you."

"From what Mom told you?"

"No—I knew nobody could be quite like that; but I thought you football fellows were just a lot of paid gladiators."

"Aren't we?"

"Yes—but I did not expect to find you talking about ethics and economics. I think I shall take up the study of football in all its different aspects."

"That's quite a job." She thought she saw the satirical mood of his picture in the program.

She was annoyed. "Am I being funny?"

"Oh, no. I was just thinking that I had an entirely different idea about you."

"Really—what was it?"

"I'd rather not say."

"Come now, Jenkins, don't be squeamish. We haven't been, you know."

"That's what surprises me. I guess I was just afraid of you."

She laughed joyously, flattered and amused. "Wait," she cried, "until I tell Dad about that."

(To be continued next week)

The Big Shotgun Wedding

Continued from page 17

around like they aimed to rush me, but their daddy says: "Take it easy, boys." Then he steps over toward me, shoving half a twist of Bushwhacker tobacco into his mouth.

"I allus heared you was a religious man, Sam'l Fraser," says he, sad.

"Too dern' religious to go drawing a shotgun on a slip of a gal that ain't done nothing wuss than to get lost in a cave all night," says I.

It didn't feaze old man Cunningham Yackey. He looks at Benjie and he looks at Alwyna; then, he rares back and orates: "Sam'l Fraser, it 'pears like I and you been reading the Good Book differnt. Up to Bushwhacker us folks respects the God-given innercence of a boy like Benjie jest as much as we respects a gal's virtue. My baby boy ain't looked in a gal's direction until this gal come over from Pike County with her store clothes and her flighty, irreverent ways. My baby boy gazed upon her lewd actions an' found them powerful tempting—yay—like Delilah and Salome and the 'ooman taken in adultery. If y'all Pike County folks recollect—"

MISSUS YACKEY gives a snort. "No use a-talking Scripture to a Pike County hoss-killer, Paw!" she says. "The p'int is this little rip lured our Benjie into thet cave an' kept him there all night whilst half of the folks in Bushwhacker was a-hunting them—"

"That's a falsehood, Mrs. Yackey! It was Benjie who suggested that we go into the cave. Ask him!"

"Shet up! Benjie'd allow to anything with you making them eyes at him. The p'int is thet all the folks in Bushwhacker knows about it by now, and our Benjie is ruint. Plumb ruint!"

Jest to be cantankerous, old man Cunningham spit out a big chaw on my parlor rug.

"Reckon ye've got the bead on me, Sam'l," says he, "but this thing ain't finished yit, by Joe! She's ruint our baby boy and she's a-going to do the right thing by him afore we're through. I'm warnin' ye 'pinely. Come on, ol' 'ooman. Let's light out from here!"

What say? Oh . . . Benjie? Why, he never done nothing. He jest stood there in a red skin full of shame. Said nary word. Old man Cunningham Yackey walks over to him and says gentle, "Don't feel bad, Benjie. We'll attend to it, yit!" Him and the missus then walks Benjie outer my parlor with them other Yackeys acting rear guard.

After I'd unloaded Yackey's gun and throwed it into the street arter them, I turned my eye on Alwyna.

"Gal," says I, "why couldn't you be satisfied with Pike County boys? You've started real trouble!"

Alwyna had begun to cry.

"I liked Benjie because I could be his very first girl," she says. "I'm plumb particular that way, Cousin Doc."

"H'mph," says I. "Reckon you know what this means. I and your daddy and all your men relations will have to guard you with guns from now on. And thet's going to be a heap of worry." Then, I says, "Be you in love with Benjie Yackey?"

She cried some more.

"I thought I was, Cousin Doc, but now I don't know. If he'd acted like a man instead of a big spoiled baby, I might have been willing to marry him. But now I'm not sure. I'm not sure of anything."

Well, son, I was sure of one thing. Them Yackeys wouldn't rest easy until they'd forced Alwyna to marry Benjie. And thet us Frasers couldn't no-ways allow. So I tucked my pistol in my belt and I drove Alwyna out to her daddy's farm.

Old man Shelby Shipp and his missus had been setting up all night worrying about Alwyna. When I told them what had happened they was worried wusser.

"This place is too close to Bushwhacker," says Shelby Shipp. "Reckon Alwyna had better stay at her Cousin Oliver's until the Yackeys calm down."

Missus Shelby Shipp gave Alwyna a piece of her mind. She says, "Serves you plumb right. Idee of dressing in boy's pants and chasing through the woods after coons. Can't say as I blame them Yackeys for thinking what they think!"

"Believe it or not, Mamma, I'm still a good girl," says Alwyna, pert.

"Thet ain't neither here nor there," says her daddy, loading up his squirrel rifle. "No datter of mine is a-going to be pushed into marrying any man. Come along to Cousin Oliver's."

Word of the sitchyation spread like a grass fire amongst us Pike County Frasers. Mr. Pete Lanstetter, the Bushwhacker mail carrier, told it around Silex thet them Yackeys was biling mad. The hull family had turned out for a Knob prayer meeting and mighty mean talk agin us Frasers was reported. It begun to look like a shootin' quarr'l.

The fust move was made by old Missus Yackey. She drove up in front of my office one evenin' in a brand-new see-dan, bought special for the puppose. She had Benjie Yackey in the seat with her. Benjie was dressed in a new mail-order suit, with a topcoat and hat to match. But he didn't look natchel. Missus Yackey led him by the hand into my office.

"Sam'l Fraser," says Missus Yackey, "I want yer to see what thet pesky gal has done to my baby boy!" She swung Benjie around so's I could look at him.

"Aw, I'm all right, Maw," Benjie said, weak.

BENJIE sure didn't look all right. He looked plumb peaked. It seemed like he had shrunk down to only six foot seven or so and had fell off to mighty nigh two hundred and twenty pounds.

"Can't see how thet's any of my business, Missus Yackey," I says, dignified.

"Set down, sonny, and rest," says Missus Yackey, "whilst I try to argue some sense inter this hoss-skinner."

"Speak yer piece, Missus Yackey," says I.

"Sam'l Fraser," says Missus Yackey, "I come to make peace betwixt us. Paw Yackey an' the boys is in favor of comin' down here an' ridding Pike County of all you Frasers; but I'm an old 'ooman an' don't want no killin' if'n it can be avoided."

"Reckon us Frasers won't run nohow," says I.

Benjie kind of grins.

"You're a spunky little cuss, at thet," he says. "Jest like Alwyna—" then he gulps and tears come to his calf eyes.

"Shet up, Benjie," says his maw, "I'll handle this. Ye'll fret yerself inter a fever." Then, she cuts loose on me: "Thet pesky gal has plumb bewitched our baby boy. He's a-pining fer her and a-wasting turrible. It 'pears like he's bad in love with her. His Paw and me have told him she's no-'count—ain't enough meat on her to keep a bed warm and ain't enough strength in her to heft a double-biler. But Benjie 'lows he wants her; and by Joe, we aim to give Benjie what he wants!"

(Continued on page 60)

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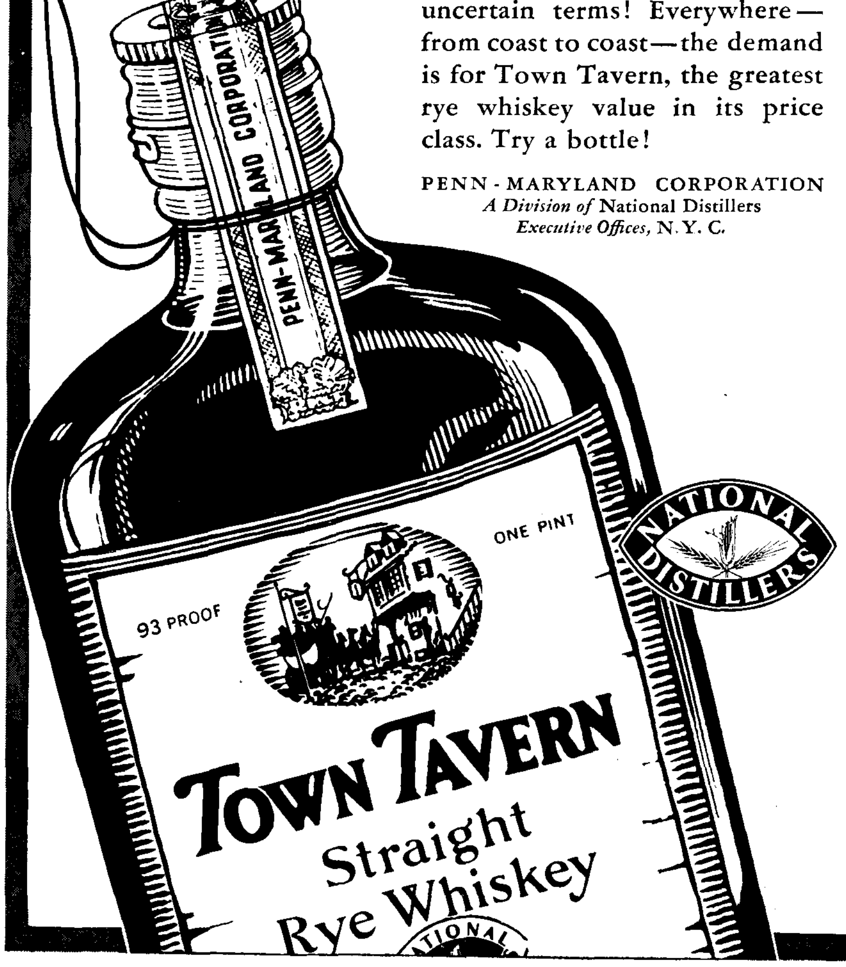

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up fresh as

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(Continued from page 59)

I jest filled my pipe deliberate.

"State yer proposition," says I.

Benjie jumped up, his mouth trembling.

"I fergive her for compromisin' me, Doc," he says. "'Twas my fault as much as hers, maybe more. We didn't mean no harm. Maybe we sinned against the Lord like my paw claims, but—"

"Shet up, Benjie!"

"But, Maw, I can't stand this any more. I got to make it up with Alwyna. She's the onliest one, ever. I love her fitten to die for it!"

Missus Yackey shushed him down. Then she come out with her terms. She allowed Benjie could have the new seedan and two hills of land and six mules and the new sorghum mill and fifty red hogs and I don't recollect what all else. She said the Yackeys was willing to have a preacher marry Alwyna to Benjie quiet and decent. All the Yackeys would keep away from the church but her; she had to be there to look after Benjie. Old man Cunningham Yackey insisted on praying over the couple afterward, but Missus Yackey would see to it he didn't pray longer than an hour. Yep, them was the terms.

"SUPPOSING Alwyna don't want to marry him?" says I.

"She'll marry him," Missus Yackey said, grim. "No gal with any heart could taken a look at Benjie in his present condition an' refuse to do the right thing!"

Benjie snuffled.

"She's the onliest one," he says. "She's my honey. You let me talk to her for five minutes, Doc!"

I stood up with my dignity on me.

"Nope," says I. "This here sitchyation is a family matter. The honor of us Frasers is involved. I'll tell the family whut you offer. But even afore I agree to do thet, you'll have to apologize fer pulling a shotgun on thet innercent gal!"

Missus Yackey tied the strings of her black bonnet and shook her head.

"Don't reckon God would like thet, Sam'l Fraser," says Missus Yackey, raring a head and a half taller'n me. But Benjie he pushed between us and showed a little spunk fer the fust time:

"I'll git on my knees to her, Doc!" says Benjie.

I told them I'd send a nigger with us Frasers' answer, soon as I could call the family together at my brother Oliver's.

Well, son, family pride is a mighty ticklish thing. Some forty head of Frasers and their relations turned out for the basket dinner at my brother Oliver's. There was a gun in every car they drove. When I noticed Uncle Ted Smith, eighty year old if a day, with an old cap-and-ball Navy revolver in his pants, I reelized for the fust time that the sitchyation had gone a mite too far. It swung me over to the idee that maybe we should pull for a marriage betwixt Alwyna and Benjie.

But us Frasers is a fighting family with the dander up, and my jedgment didn't prevail. Old man Shelby Shipp went a-raring around saying by billy damn no datter of his could be bluffed into marrying a Yackey. The rest of the menfolks took their idees from him.

"Shelby, you dern' fool," I says, "if we send word we won't allow the wedding, them Yackeys will be over here after Alwyna some night."

"Let 'em come," says old man Shelby Shipp. "I reckon Pike County folks ain't *all* cowards, yet!"

The womenfolks had kept Alwyna in the house, but she come busting out to where I was setting on the well curb, thinking.

"What's all this ninny-moo talking about, Cousin Doc?" she asked me. "Why are y'all sitting around like it was a funeral?"

"Never mind, gal," says I.

But she kept after me until I had to tell her about Missus Yackey's visit. She listened mighty close. I could tell thet love had been a-working on her. She was dark under her eyes and peaked around the gills; she'd fell off some, too, and didn't have much to lose neither.

"But what did *Benjie* say?"

I told her. Y'see, it was in my mind thet she could put a finish to the quarr'l. But when I got to the part about Benjie having tears in his eyes, Alwyna took the bit like an angry filly.

"The big sissy-baby!" she said, "letting his mother lead him around by the hand. I wouldn't marry him in a million years. You can tell him I said so!"

"Thet's fighting talk, Alwyna," says I, solemn.

"I'm not asking you to protect me," she says.

"Arter all, the boy *does* love you."

"Well, I don't love him."

"Ye'd rather see a big shooting fight, eh?"

"I won't marry a big sissy hillbilly I don't love."

Thet's how we run on, getting nowhere, until I said all of a sudden, "Benjie says you're his onliest one, gal. He meant it, too." It was too much fer Alwyna. She started to cry and run back into the house. But she wouldn't agree to marry Benjie Yackey.

Well, sir, I had to send word to Bushwhacker. I couldn't get a darky who would go; they were all afraid of them Yackeys. So I jest wrote old man Cunningham Yackey a postal card, saying diplomatic but dignified thet Alwyna had decided to stay single.

Next day, we heard thet Mr. Pete Lanstetter, the Bushwhacker mail carrier, had delivered my postal to old man Cunningham pussonal. Mr. Pete Lanstetter allowed in Silex thet old man Cunningham read thet postal and spit tobacco juice all over it and tore it up and throwed it in a red hog waller beside the road. It looked like a shootin' in old Pike, son.

THET same morning, I had a call from Joe Ned Nickerson, the sheriff over to Bowling Green. They tell it on Joe Ned thet he's a powerful coward and deputizes his missus to arrest white men, sticking to arrestin' darkies hisself. Joe Ned was in a sweat of fear thet morning.

"W-what's this I hear about you Frasers starting a fight with the Bushwhackers?" says Joe Ned.

"Pussonal matter," says I.

"Those Yackeys are ignorant people, Jedge," says Joe Ned. "They're dern' primitive, in fact. They might go to sh-shooting y'all."

"Reckon we can shoot some, too," I says.

"I got to do my duty and maintain law and order in Pike County, Jedge."

"Go right ahead, son."

"B-but, what if the sitchyation gets out of hand? The court only allows me five deputies!"

"Jest keep yer deputies outer the line of fire," says I, "and they'll last ye."

Thet was a-plenty fer Joe Ned Nickerson. He lets out a squawking sound and yells, "I'll have to get the soldiers. I warn y'all boys. One shot fired, and I'll have to get the soldiers!"

I rared back and I says, "Be sure they're U. S. reg'lars. We don't want no National Guard boys hurt."

Jest hoomer, son. Didn't mean nothing by it. But dern' if he didn't go and telephone Jeff City by the long distance, claiming there was a bad sitchyation in ol' Pike and begging for help. He lets on now like he never done it, but Miss Siprisia Altenberger thet's the telephone

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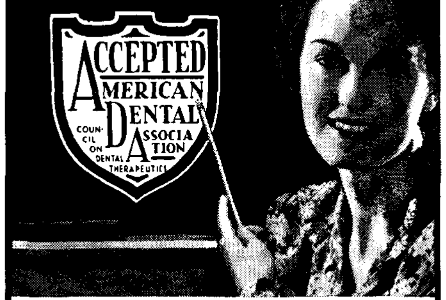

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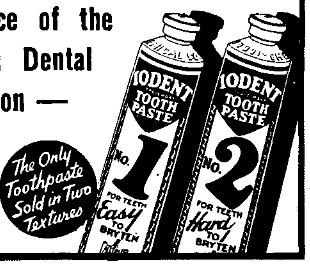

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operator at Edgewood allows she heard him a-phoning.

Well, sir, I was joking on the ragged edge of trouble. Thet very night, Alwyna disappeared.

Yep, she disappeared. All my brother Oliver could tell us was thet she et her supper and made out like she felt bad. She went on upstairs to her room; and along about eight-thutty the folks got worried and Oliver's missus thought she'd take a look. The bedroom was empty and Alwyna wasn't nowheres to be found.

Oliver and old man Shelby Shipp come a-raring into Eolia.

“The Yackeys has kidnapped Alwyna!” yells old man Shelby Shipp.

“They've taken her to Bushwhacker to make her marry Benjie!” yells my brother Oliver.

It sure was a creetical moment.

“Go get the boys,” says I, quiet. “Reckon we'll have to go over there and bring the gal home.”

I SET down in the parlor to oil up my pistol.

Oliver and Shelby hadn't been gone five minutes when there come a big pounding on my front door. I took my gun and opened up cautious.

There stood Benjie Yackey and Alwyna. Benjie had his daddy's old turkey gun in both hands. He had the muzzle pushed agin Alwyna's ribs. There was a folded paper stuck in the breast pocket of his mail-order suit.

“Put down thet pistol, Doc!” yells Benjie, fierce, “or I'll shoot this little Jezebel and you along with her. You're a-going to marry me an' Alwyna here and now!”

I looked right sharp at Alwyna.

Well, sir, thet gal jest give a long, straight stare, and winked.

“D-do as he says, Cousin Doc,” she says, making her voice quiver like she was scared witless, “it's our only chance to live!”

“You're dern' right!” yells Benjie, in a big voice, “I taken enough off'n this gal and you, too.” Then he pokes Alwyna in the ribs. “Git inter the house and let's finish this business accordin' to the law and the Scriptures!”

“All right, Benjie,” says Alwyna, plumb meek.

“Got the license?” I says.

“In my pocket. But don't make no false moves!”

We went into my parlor and I switched on the chandelier light.

“C-couldn't you put the gun down now, Benjie?” Alwyna asks, pretending to shiver.

“No, you sly Pike County baggage,” yells Benjie. “This time you're a-going to marry me to the last ‘Amen.’ ”

“All right, Benjie,” says Alwyna.

Well, son, I married 'em. It's a nice legal question on the surface of it whuther there was improper strain and duress. But thet wink Alwyna give me put my conscience clear. When I'd finished my extry special double-ring ceremony, lendin' Alwyna the second ring, Benjie laid his shotgun down. All the fight had died outer him. He turned to Alwyna and said: “I'm plumb sorry to of *made* you marry me. You sure are my honey gal!”

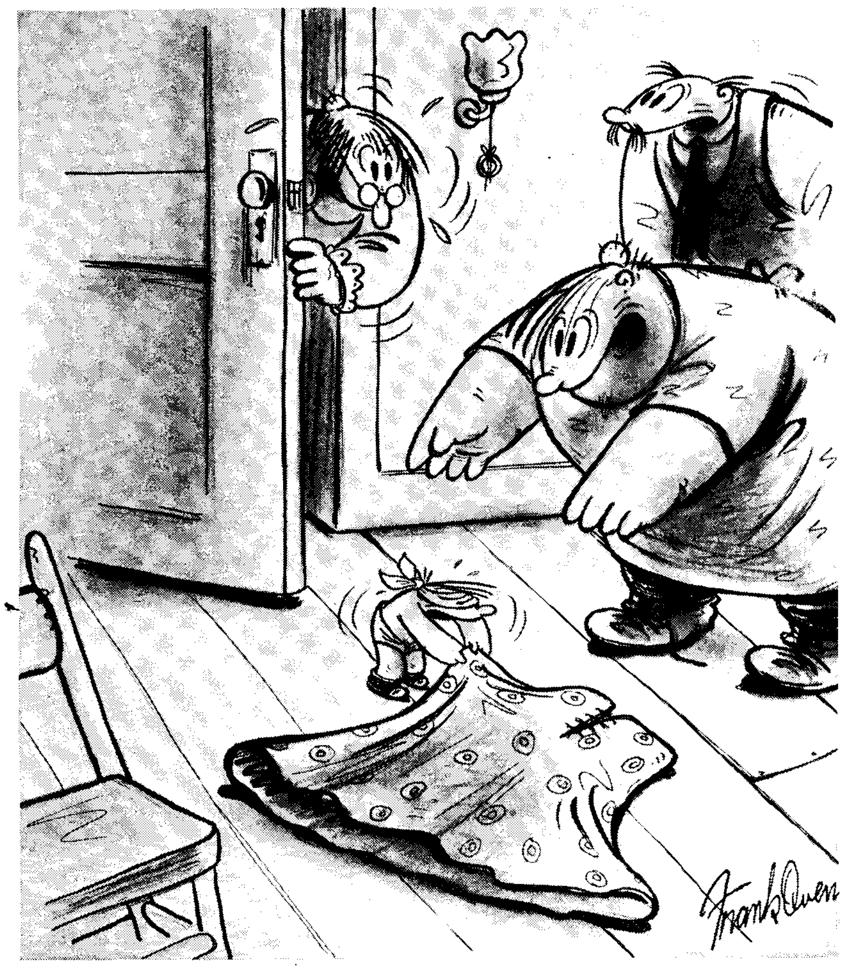
Alwyna she jest laughed.

“Now, Cousin Doc,” she says, “you marry us leaving the shotgun out of it this time!”

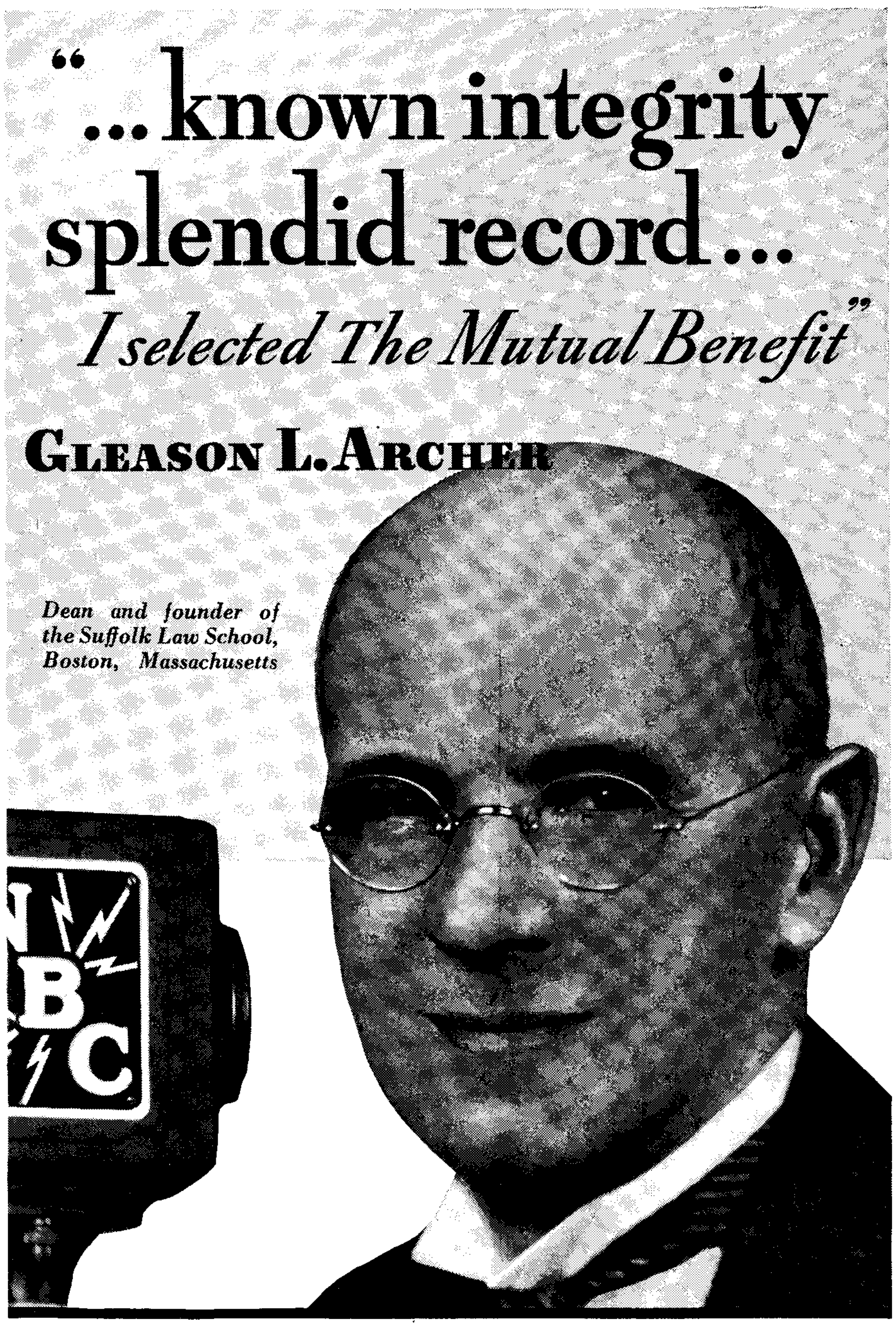
I done thet, too, finishing in the nick of time. Fer both Frasers and Yackeys come piling into town, all heeled, an' each thinking the t'other had kidnapped Alwyna and Benjie. It took me some fast talkin' to calm 'em all down. Reckon there must have been a hunderd Frasers and Yackeys present at the final handshaking. Biggest shotgun wedding ever held in these parts, son.

Philbert
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



“You've never played blindman's bluff before, but you know it wasn't Papa you tagged!”



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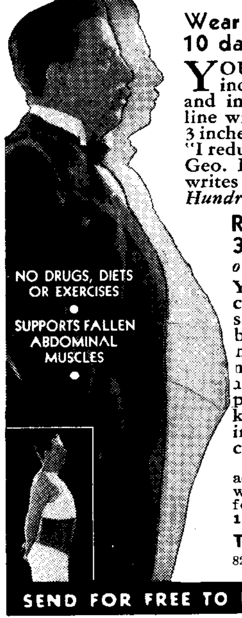
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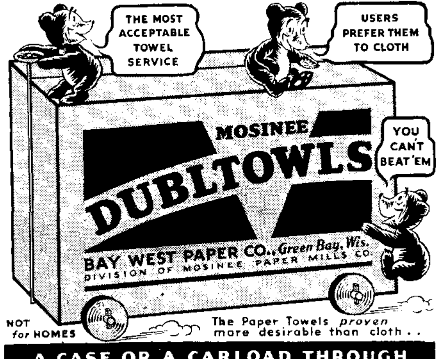
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A CASE OR A CARLOAD THROUGH A NEARBY DISTRIBUTOR *Write for Name*

Deepwater Island

Continued from page 21

yet—and yet, our father came back—"

Dick saw Willard Wayne's heavy neck redden; the color rose and rose until Willard's eyes, no longer slow and mild, stared bleakly out of a purple congestion. Ernest, however, turned a sickly green.

Dick's own eyes turned ugly. "So you did know that?" he said. "You've known it for a long time, haven't you?"

"Stop," said Willard Wayne thickly. "You don't know what you're saying!"

"I take it," Dick said, "that I was not supposed to know about that little circumstance."

Willard's voice rose. "I object to your tone," he blustered. "I object to the whole line you've taken. It isn't up to us to go raking through the dead ashes of the past!"

"'Dead ashes' be damned," Dick snorted. "The past is going to be raked out plenty before this contest is over, and you know it as well as I do."

Ernest Wayne turned away uncertainly, as if he would like to escape.

"You've told me what I wanted to know," Dick said. "You put me in mind of a couple of tide pools full of octopi—easy to see to the bottom of, but not pretty to look at. I can understand now why James Wayne never trusted either one of you!"

"What—what—" The edge of Ernest Wayne's voice sounded frayed out, raveled. "What do you mean?"

"How long," Tonga Dick asked them, "have you two supposed yourselves to be the sons of a murderer?"

Ernest Wayne stiffened. "That's a lie!" he shouted.

Tonga Dick Wayne ignored him. "I've always imagined," he said, "that you two had no guts; but I never understood you until now. You're a lower basket of cats than I could possibly have imagined, by several hundred feet. What a touching faith you have had in your own blood, all these years!"

Willard Wayne sat motionless. "Well?" he said at last.

"I don't wonder that John Colt scares you out of your wits," Dick said.

THERE was a silence then, raw and uncomfortable. Willard Wayne spoke to Ernest, his voice heavy and dead: "You see, I was right. We have to go back to Honolulu—at once—tomorrow. Some way, somehow, we've got to settle out of court with John Colt, at any cost."

"Yes," Ernest said.

"You won't have to go to Honolulu," Dick said sardonically; "you can save yourselves the trip. John Colt will be here within twenty-four hours."

"Colt? Here? What could make him come here?"

"I make him come here," Tonga Dick said.

The eyes of the two brothers snapped sharply to Dick's face. Probably they did not believe him; but they were grasping at straws.

"You hold something over John Colt?" Willard asked.

"Do you mean," Dick asked incredulously, "am I in a position to blackmail Colt?"

"Somewhere in that man's life," Willard Wayne said, "there must be something that he doesn't dare have turned up. It's been our only hope, all along, that we could find out what it is. And if you've got hold of it—"

Dick Wayne had meant to tell them, tonight, what he knew. He had meant to tell them that their father had not killed Garrett Waterson—had even meant to give them an irrefutable proof. But now his temper broke, and he could not bring himself to tell them anything at all.

He stood up. "Get out of here," he ordered them. "Get out of here, and stay out! I can't stand looking at you any more!"

A faint flicker of self-assertion reappeared in Ernest Wayne. "You can't order us—"

Willard Wayne signaled to Ernest with his eyes. Together, after a moment's hesitation, they left.

DICK WAYNE went to bed, but it seemed to him that he was not allowed to stay there long. The first light was hardly showing in the sky when his brothers were at him again, literally clamoring at his very bedside.

"What the devil's the matter with you now?" Dick demanded.

Ernest and Willard Wayne were now neatly dressed in their standard white linens, for, early as it was, their habitual rising hour was already well past.

Looking at them now, however, Tonga Dick saw that something more than habit had routed out his brothers this time.

"What is the meaning of this?" Ernest Wayne demanded, spinning a yellow sheet of paper onto the bed.

"What's the meaning of what?"

"Nobody but you," Ernest accused him, "could have had that radio message sent."

Dick picked up the paper, and by the poor but increasing light read what was typed upon it. Instantly he was more wide-awake than if he had never slept at all.

"When did this come in?"

"Just a few minutes ago," Willard told him. "You ought to know. There isn't anybody else that could."

Tonga Dick looked at the message again. It read:

MAKE NO SETTLEMENT UNTIL I ARRIVE. GARRETT WATERSON.

Dick's first reaction was, for special reasons of his own, one of immense relief. But his next thought, which followed immediately, brought him a new uncertainty. The new turn of events relieved him of certain necessities; but it also took the game out of his own hands in a way that he did not like.

Ernest Wayne's nervousness did not permit him to wait Dick out. "Well—what have you got to say?"

"This message is genuine," Dick said.

At this Ernest and Willard looked at each other, as it seemed they were always doing. It annoyed Dick.

"This is incredible—this is fantastic," Ernest said unsteadily.

"Some kind of a hoax," Willard added.

"There's no hoax about it," Tonga Dick assured them.

"Garrett Waterson has been dead twenty years," Willard said flatly.

"No, he hasn't."

Once more his brothers went through their characteristic hesitation. "If he had been alive," Ernest spluttered, "we certainly would have heard of it before this!"

"The trouble with you," Dick said, "is that you can't seem to get over the notion that your father was a murderer. Try to get this through your thick heads, once and for all—Garrett Waterson was not killed by your father or anybody else. Garrett Waterson is alive today—very much alive."

"How do you know this?" Willard demanded.

"I work for him," Tonga Dick said.

"You what?" Ernest Wayne bleated.

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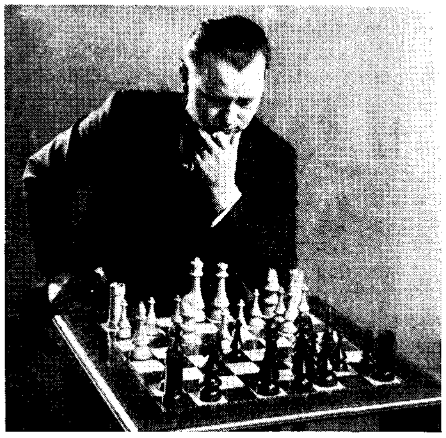

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"He's lying," Willard expressed himself.

"And just why," Tonga Dick asked with elaborate patience, "should I be lying?"

"Willard," Ernest said, "do you suppose this thing could possibly be true? Because if Garrett Waterson is alive, and we can produce him—do you see what that means? John Colt's case is absolutely exploded."

"Is it?" Dick said.

They were stopped once more.

"You mean," Willard said at last, "that Garrett Waterson really is incompetent?"

"I mean," Dick said, "that the whole situation is going to be just exactly what old Garrett Waterson chooses to make it."

"You don't suppose," Ernest demanded, "that he'd let himself be proved incompetent in an effort to steal this island? Or do you?"

"How should I know?" Dick snapped.

ERNEST and Willard Wayne watched Tonga Dick morosely as he ate his breakfast. He was able to enjoy that, in a way. Uncertain as he was about what this new turn of the wheel might mean, the confusion of his brothers was so much greater that it provided a form of entertainment.

Even when they had abandoned the presumption that Dick was lying, they could not get over their suspicion that the man who had signed himself Garrett Waterson was an impostor.

"The Pacific islands are swarming with old reprobates who claim to be famous old characters," Ernest Wayne objected. "If it became known that there was any advantage in being Garrett Waterson, at least six of them would probably turn up."

Willard supported him: "It's easy enough to make a claim of being somebody that's twenty years dead."

"That's perfectly true," Tonga Dick admitted. "However, as it happens, that is impossible in this case. James Wayne was aware of Waterson's existence, and his whereabouts, continuously since his disappearance."

"That's ridiculous," Willard said flatly. "Uncle Jim never said one word about such a circumstance, not in all these years. If this were true he certainly would have told Ernest and me—he would have had no possible reason for concealment."

"Except possibly," Tonga Dick suggested mildly, "your own untrustworthiness. Though I might add one other secondary reason. . . ."

His brothers ignored the insult.

"But of course," Ernest said with sarcasm, "he confided in you."

"I ran into Garrett Waterson while I was knocking around the South Seas," Dick explained. "Later, Uncle Jim found it convenient to have me carry certain messages to Garrett Waterson. That's all there was to that."

"Messages? What messages?"

There was no reason for holding back anything now. He had been employed by old Garrett Waterson on condition of complete secrecy as to Waterson's whereabouts, identity—even his very existence. He had decided to break that pledge, rather than permit John Colt to seize Alakoa in the name of Karen Waterson or anyone else; but now that Garrett Waterson had come into the open of his own accord, that consideration was abolished.

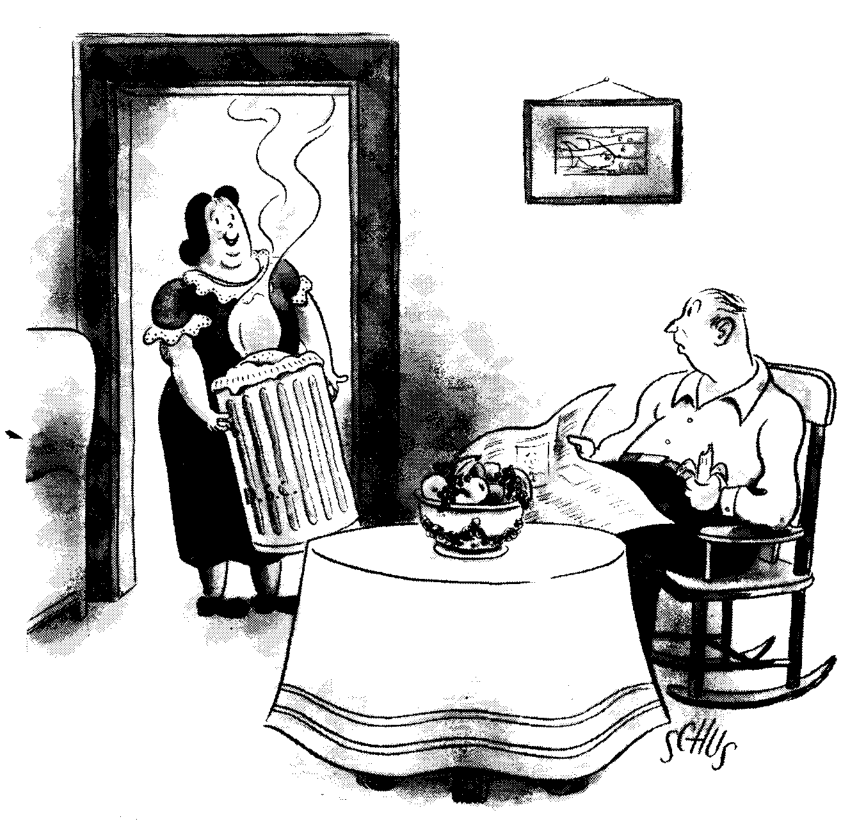
"For a long time I didn't know what messages," Dick told them. "I believe I know now."

They failed to catch him up on that, and the oversight emphasized their bewilderment.

"But why on earth," Ernest demanded, "should he have wished to hide himself? That's the mystery here!"

"There's no mystery about it," Dick declared. "The only reason his actions look mysterious to you is that they were perfectly simple. Garrett Waterson was always a man of violent temperament. Everything he did was in terms of violent extremes; the projects he attempted, the fights he got into—even his eating and drinking—everything was always on a spectacular scale with him. When he was overtaken by ultimate ruin, his reaction to that was violent too. He left Alakoa and Hawaii in a tremendously bitter state of mind. He wanted to get away from the past, and from the part of the Pacific that he knew, and never again see anyone who had known him. And he carried out this attitude in terms of violent extremes, just as he had always done everything

(Continued on page 64)



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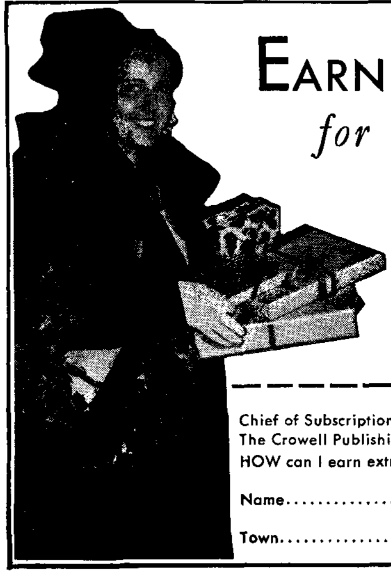

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(Continued from page 63)

else. That's all there was to that. What's complicated about it?"

"It's fantastic," Ernest declared. "It's completely unreasonable. I never heard of anything like it."

"That's because you never hear of anything that happens in the world outside Alakoa," Dick said. "You don't even take part in the life of Honolulu. If you did, you would know that Garrett Waterson's reaction to his financial collapse is a very common sort of thing. Very often men jump out of skyscrapers, or shoot themselves, or drown. And a great many more just drop from view, and you never hear about them any more. Garrett Waterson was one of those—that's all."

"Dropping from view is *one* thing," Willard said, "and going to extraordinary lengths to hide yourself, and conceal who you are, is something else."

"Waterson went to extraordinary lengths in everything he ever did," Dick retorted. "The Pacific is a big place and there are more than twenty-five thousand islands in it; but only a few of them have any white inhabitants, and I suppose Garrett Waterson knew half the people in the Pacific. He couldn't imagine leaving the Pacific any more than he could imagine living inland, so of course it was pretty hard for him to evade the people that he knew. When a man is trying to drop out of sight, and fails at it for a while, it's apt to become an obsession with him. He gets to thinking that everybody he sees is talking about him secretly. So he draws apart more and more, until at last—"

"It's completely unreasonable," Ernest Wayne said again.

"Human nature always seems unreasonable to people who don't know anything about it. Unreasonable is what it is; you just have to get used to it."

"Granting that an ordinary man might drop out of sight that way," Willard said, "it still would have been impossible for Garrett Waterson. He was too big, too important—"

Dick was getting disgusted again. "No, he wasn't—he only imagined he was. Once he was broke, he wasn't of any importance or interest to anybody—except to you, and to you only because you thought he was a skeleton in the closet. Doubtless this will surprise you, but the fact is that Alakoa is a small, obscure and unimportant speck on the map, suitable for supporting a few hundred people, and of no other significance whatever. The fact that Garrett Waterson once had hold of it for a while would not distinguish him in the eyes of anybody, except yourselves."

BOTH brothers looked scandalized. "If all this can be proved," Ernest began, "I mean, if his actual identity can be proved—"

"Of course it can be proved! It's a plain, demonstrable fact—can't you understand that?"

"If Dick is to be believed," Willard said, "our worries are over, Ernest! They can go ahead and investigate their heads off, and it won't get 'em a thing. And Karen Waterson's case against us falls flat as—as—"

"As a bird in the hand," Dick suggested.

"Their whole case is based on proving Garrett Waterson's incompetence," Willard amplified, "and if we can produce the old man himself their claim is utterly exploded!"

"Don't be so sure," Dick said.

That stopped them again. "You mean," Ernest said, "that the old man is not in his right mind?"

"Of course he's in his right mind. He's eccentric as hell, just as he always was; but he's sound, all right."

"Well, that's all we need to prove."

"How are you going to prove it if he decides he doesn't want you to?"

"You mean," Willard demanded after a moment, "you think he'd throw in with this little crook, and actually help her steal Alakoa?"

"How should I know? This 'little crook' is his granddaughter."

"It's unbelievable," Ernest Wayne wished to think, "that he should deliberately let them prove him to be of unsound mind!"

"For three and a half million dollars, I can find you plenty of people only too glad to furnish proof that they are dangerously nuts. Think that over."

Suddenly a new angle occurred to Willard Wayne. "I suppose," he said, "since you are working for Waterson, as you say, *this* boat of yours isn't yours at all, but his—is that right?"

"Certainly."

"Then," Willard developed, "whatever business he's in now, he must be enjoying a considerable success. That alone ought to furnish proof that he's competent."

"Unfortunately," said Dick, "there's a catch in that, too—and it's a big one."

"Just what business *is* he in?" Ernest demanded. "Where does his money come from? Or is that something else that isn't supposed to concern us?"

"It concerns you very much," Dick said.

"Well?"

Dick Wayne grinned sardonically, even maliciously, and stood up, preparatory to walking out. "Ask Garrett Waterson," he suggested. "If he doesn't feel like telling you, it won't do you any good to know."

JOHN COLT, aboard a Diesel boat hardly better than the sampans the Japanese fishermen used, arrived at Alakoa at sunset.

Dick Wayne, watching the little vessel blunder and grope its way through the reefs—she was sounding frantically with no less than three lead lines—knew at once that the one-eyed Captain Ramey had managed to sell John Colt a charter at last, if only for an excursion. Now that Garrett Waterson had dealt himself a hand, nobody could any longer guess what was ahead. But, in spite of his own entirely uncertain situation, Dick grinned, genuinely tickled. Whatever the outcome, for the moment he had John Colt well up in the air, and his brothers too.

Ramey's boat dropped anchor five hundred yards from the Holokai. Evidently Dick's brothers had sent orders to the dock that John Colt should be brought to the house immediately upon arrival, for Alakoa's shore launch put out immediately, Hokano steering, and took off John Colt. Tonga Dick watched this maneuver impassively. There was no longer any danger that his brothers would be bluffed into something by Colt. The decision would rest with Waterson himself, and no one else. And it was true, as he had told them, that he did not know what the grim and incommunicative old Waterson would do.

He got his binoculars now and focused them upon Ramey's boat. The swift twilight of the latitude was closing sharply, but the glasses were still able to bring out every detail aboard the Diesel boat. The little tramp vessel sat awkwardly on the water, her snub nose tilted upward inanely. She had a disorderly, faintly disreputable look, but Dick knew she concealed a surprising turn of speed. Her name was The Seal, for no reason, unless it was that the islands had no seals.

Karen Waterson was leaning on the rail, talking to Captain Ramey. Dick could see the stitching in her narrow hat brim, and the shadow of her lashes. The movement of her lips, while he could hear no least sound of her voice, had a strange effect, making her seem immeasurably far away.

As darkness fell, Dick saw Captain Ramey leave Karen's side, and in a moment or two a light showed in the Seal's galley. Tonga Dick smiled a little, without much humor, as he deduced from this that Ramey had been left in the lurch by his cook.

Now the shore boat put out from the dock again, this time pointing directly to the Holokai. Tonga Dick watched it approach with a minimum of interest. By the time it was coughing alongside, he had made up his mind that if his brothers had sent for him he was not going to go ashore until he very well felt like it. But it was Charles Wong, who, with an unexpected, lank agility, pulled himself over the Holokai's rail.

"What do they want up there now?" Dick asked wearily.

"Nothing, Mister Dick, that I know." Wong was nervous; there was a flutter in his long-boned hands as he produced a twisted slip of paper. "I came to you of my own thought. Up at our receiving station they keep hearing some ship calling the Holokai—they can't tell what ship. Its call letters aren't listed—no one ever heard them before. We think it may be some outlaw station. At any rate, the call comes in very persistently; and we didn't hear you answer, so I came to tell you."

"What were the call letters?"

"I have them written here."

Tonga Dick took the paper Wong offered him and unfolded it. Even before he made out its typewritten characters in the failing light, he knew what ship it would be that was trying to get him now.

"They were still calling when you left the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come here, Wong."

Tonga Dick ran back along the deck and dived into the little kennel, abaft the galley, which served as a radio shack, and Charles Wong came pattering after him. He clamped on his earphones and carefully, with micrometer delicacy, began to turn the big dial of the short wave receiver; but for minutes there was no result.

"He must have shut down," Dick said at last. "If you catch it again at the Alakoa station, you'd better answer and take the—"

JUST then the hunted signal came in, so powerfully that the effect was blasting. Somewhere, unexpectedly close at hand, Garrett Waterson was calling Dick Wayne from the sea.

Dick quieted the blocked and clattering receiver. "Good Lord! He's right on top of us! Yes, he's calling us, all right."

He pressed a switch, and the generator, bolted to the deck, began to speak in a mounting whine. Behind the grill of the transmitter the tubes began to heat, until the radio shack was dimly lighted by their glow. The automatic starting switch clashed, and there was a weird blue flash in the gloom as the relays gave the generator full power.

Dick watched the voltmeter high on the panel of the transmitter. When the needle had crawled to 3,000 he began to work his key.

Charles Wong started to say, "Is it—it is from—"

"Be still!"

Dick's earphones began to zing with the measured letters of a message that was something more than news:

SAR WIT WATERSON ABOARD QTP ALAKOA 2 HRS.

Dick Wayne could not believe his own ears. Angrily he worked his key, sending out a protest—

RPT ALL—RPT—

The message from the sea hesitated and started over again. Abruptly it changed its pace, breaking into a racing chatter.

WHT IN HELL IS MTR U CANT U UNDERSTAND ENGLISH QTP 10 PM STAND OUTSIDE CORAL TO PILOT THRU SHOALS—G. WATERSON QSL?

Tonga Dick Wayne acknowledged with a curt "QSL," and shut off his generator.

"Garrett Waterson's power yacht Sarah will be in in two hours," he told Wong, "and—Waterson himself is on board."

CHARLES WONG, stumbling after him out of the radio shack, looked as if he had seen a ghost; obviously he had been able to hear, and to understand, the international code.

"Do—do you want your brothers to know?"

"It doesn't make a particle of difference, either way."

"I was just thinking," the Chinese said; his voice was thick and hesitant. He cleared his throat and tried again: "I was just thinking that if they knew—if they knew, they might be rushed into some compromise that would be—that would be unfavorable to—"

"It doesn't matter what deal they make with Colt," Dick said. "This thing has passed out of John Colt's hands—just the same as it has passed out of mine."

Charles Wong waited a moment, and seemed about to say something more; but changed his mind, and lowered himself over the side of the Holokai into the waiting boat.

The launch chattered its way back to the dock, and presently, after its voice had died, there came across the water the sound of a racing automobile engine as Charles Wong, handling his car badly, raced through the village toward the hills.

Dick stood for some minutes with his hands on the rail, staring at the darkening sea. Roughly checking known distance against the relative speeds of the Sarah and the Holokai, he estimated that Garrett Waterson must have pointed the Sarah north no more than a few hours after Dick had set sail with the Holokai.

If Garrett Waterson had given Dick his confidence more fully, or if Dick himself had not been in such haste to race north with the Holokai against all orders of her owner, every phase of their situation would be quite different now.

Yet, viewing it as he did, he could not be sorry that he had acted when he had. It seemed to him now that only Waterson's delay had given him such opportunity as remained. It was an opportunity that was diminishing minute by minute, cut away by the steady drive of the Sarah's screw.

HURRIEDLY Dick Wayne's eyes swept the bay. An outrigger canoe, sailed silently in the light air by a single Hawaiian spearman, was coming in across the still water from a day's fishing beyond the reefs. Dick sent a low whistle across the water, and the outrigger sheered in close to the side of the Holokai.

"Take me over to that stranger boat." Tonga Dick swung over the rail and dropped into the moving canoe.

"Okay, Captain Dick."

Karen Waterson was still standing by the rail, quiet and alone, as the silent outrigger sliced close. Tonga Dick stood up, reached the boat's low rail, and swung aboard.

"Stand on and off," Dick told the Kanaka fisherman, "and wait for me."

(To be continued next week)

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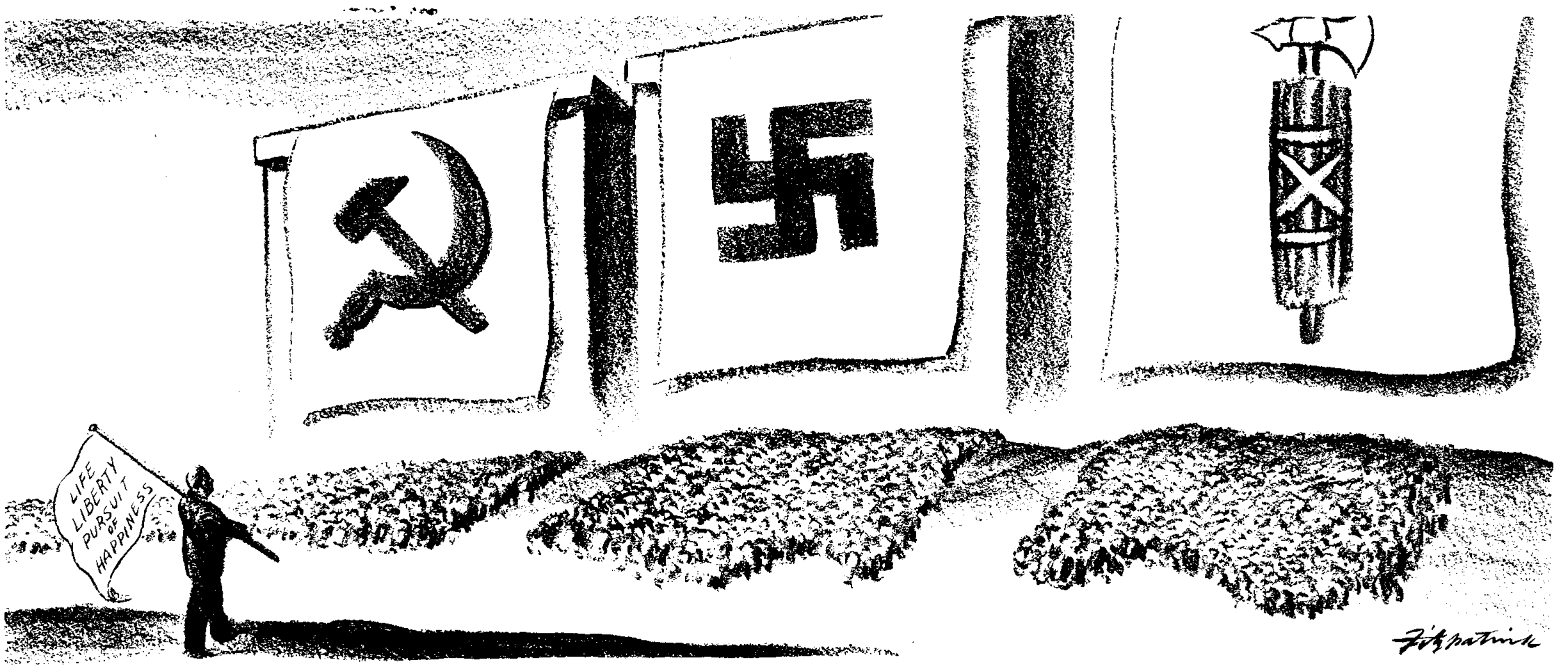

The Rights that Are Ours

GET out your copy of the Declaration of Independence and read it once more in the light of the day's news. Our historic assertion of the principles by which we proposed to live makes strange reading in this period of world disturbance.

Ideals and principles which until recently seemed too obvious and too settled even to justify lively discussion are challenged and denied in large areas of the world. Rights won after decades and even centuries of agitation and struggle have been lost by more than half of the population of Europe as well as by the people of Louisiana.

The world entered at birth by most Americans who now have reached years of discretion seemed safe and solid. National independence and personal freedom were the commonplace birthright of every normal American child, or at least of every white child, and of most others. Men and women, too, were free to follow their inclinations, to develop their talents, and to seek their fortunes in whatever fields their qualities and opportunities suggested.

This free world in which we tried out our capacities and made our personal successes and failures seemed to Americans the only normal and desirable order. Similar ideas, with varying acceptance, prevailed in most of Europe. Only in the Russia of prewar days were different doctrines preached half-heartedly by a decadent oligarchy of aristocrats.

Our ideas and principles were the distillation of centuries of debate and effort. When Thomas Jefferson wrote, "We hold these truths to be self-evident," he meant precisely what he said. To Americans of 1776, or of 1926 for that matter, it was self-evidently true "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

To Americans it was equally true and axiomatic "that to secure these rights Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

In Russia, in Italy and in Germany such principles are not merely denied. It is treason to express them. The German, the Italian or the Russian who has the hardihood to say that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, or that the individual has any right which a government need respect, commits an offense which his particular tyrant will quickly and drastically punish.

We think that these strange developments are the follies of foreigners and that Americans are immune to such political insanity. We flatter ourselves. The people of Louisiana surrendered their liberty to the late Huey Long hardly less completely than the people of Italy surrendered to Mussolini or the Germans to Hitler.

The German Reichstag at Nuremberg last month formally accepted "the principle of leadership" by which the wish of Hitler became the law of the land. The Reichstag in effect abandoned the pretense of being a deliberative legislative body.

Long before the Germans gave up their last vestige of representative government, the legislature of Louisiana had surrendered to the late Mr. Long. Representative self-government was suspended in Louisiana. No citizen of Louisiana had any right which the local dictator need respect.

There is nothing peculiar about Louisiana. What happened there might have occurred elsewhere. Other states have had the good fortune to escape dictators. Few in Louisiana realized what was occurring until free government had been virtually overthrown. Then it seemed too late.

The truth is that dictators first ingratiate themselves by their gifts. Hitler promised Germans self-respect and national independence. Mussolini offered Italians efficiency in business and government at a time of disorganization and corruption. Huey Long offered free textbooks, good roads, and later a share in other people's wealth once he got around to redistributing it. All this is good bait, as the record shows.

But history, long, winding and often bitter, shows that only when people have the fortitude to retain their freedom have they the chance to lead satisfied or happy lives. Nobody who visited Louisiana during the last year could escape perceiving the anxiety with which the most thoughtful and most public-spirited men and women viewed conditions and events.

Certainly no observing traveler returns from Germany or Italy without vivid impressions of the soul-sickness with which dictatorship has afflicted once-proud people. Dictators are efficient, but their efficiency is directed too often to evil ends.

Rights which were worth struggle and sacrifice a hundred and fifty-nine years ago are still worth struggle and sacrifice. The young men who wrote their names at the bottom of the Declaration of Independence realized keenly the chances they took. They pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor for the support of their principles. If their venture had failed they knew that each and every one of them stood an excellent chance of hanging.

It is much safer and easier now, in the United States at any rate, to defend these historic rights. They are worth preserving in the states and in the nation, here and abroad. Thanks to brave men and wise men who have gone on, we have a heritage of freedom. We still enjoy these fundamental human rights in the United States in spite of the successes of dictators elsewhere.

The young men and women now coming into power will have the responsibility of defending, or of yielding, this great possession. They must make another of the great historic decisions. They may find comfort and courage in the record. A free life is the best life, and its preservation is worth endless sacrifice and struggle.

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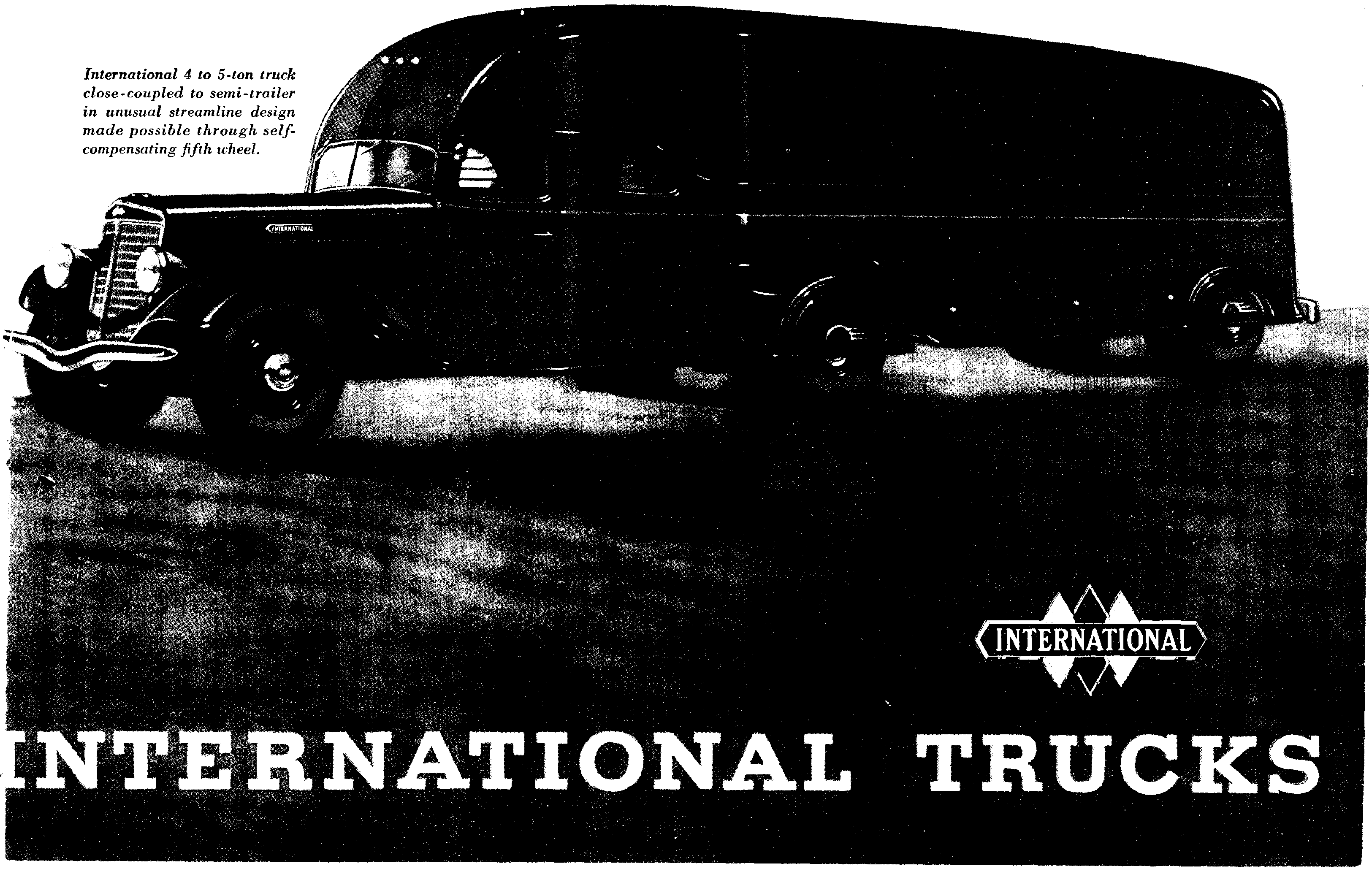

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